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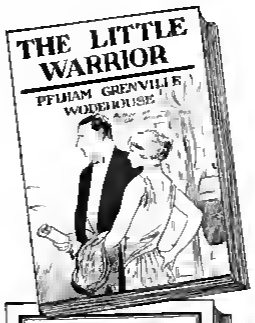
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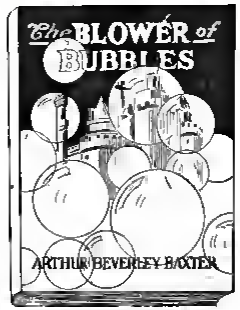
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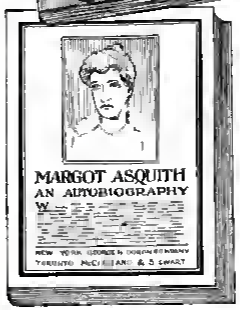
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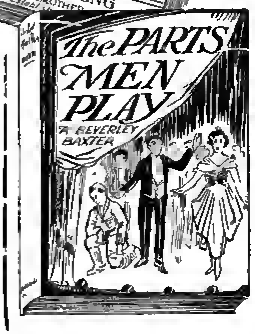
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A New Canadian Author

Arthur Beverley Baxter is a young Toronto man who went overseas to the war and while invalided began to write short stories. Boldly venturing, he sent one of these to Chambers' Journal, which accepted it and asked for more. He wrote several which appeared in the magazines, and have since been published in a volume, "The Blower of Bubbles." When the war ended Mr. Baxter wrote a novel which appeared serially in Chambers', and Lord Beaverbrook engaged him as one of the editors of the London Daily Express, where he is at present.

Mr. Baxter's short stories won him immediate recognition as one of the writers of the day. His novel does much more than confirm his reputation. It has just been published in England, the United States and Canada (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto). "The Parts Men Play" is one of the outstanding books of our time, and places Arthur Beverley Baxter in the front rank of novelists. It is not only a great story, but it is greatly told. The author has gifts of a high order, and apart from his narrative altogether writes a book that is intensely interesting because of its by play of humor and keen comment on life.

As a Canadian who knows both England and the United States, Mr. Baxter, in "The Parts Men Play," tells a story which does much to interpret each nation to the other, and does it in that striking way which gives fiction its highest justification. The book should excite a wide interest in Canada.

(1) Margot Asquith—
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(2) The Little Warrior—
By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

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(3) The Thread of Flame—
By Basil King

A noted Canadian author with a world wide reputation. This novel, from first word to last, was first published in Canada in MACLEAN'S.

(4) The Blower of Bubbles—
By Arthur Beverley Baxter

A collection of short stories, all but one of which were published in MACLEAN'S.

(5) The Parts Men Play—
By Arthur Beverley Baxter

An Anglo-American romance by this brilliant young Canadian who can tell a story with a purpose. His first work appeared in book form in Canada's National Magazine, MACLEAN'S, and all his best work has been run in MACLEAN'S. Also "Spanish Doubloons," by Camilla Kenyon. Five of these books are now in preparation for publication probably during the Spring or Autumn of 1921.

Reminiscences of a Raconteur. By Colonel George H. Ham.
The City of Peril. By Arthur Stringer.
The Man From the Desert, and other short stories. By W. A. Fraser.
The Man Who Knew Too Much. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.
The Drama of Our Great Forests. By Arthur Ermine.

Give Credit Where Credit is Due

This editorial from a daily paper of Toronto does not give credit slightly due MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

Here are the facts. Before the war the work of Arthur Beverley Baxter was published first—and almost exclusively—by MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. During the war, while on service and after being invalided home, Mr. Baxter wrote more fiction—"The Blower of Bubbles" and "The Parts Men Play"—the latter running in its entirety in MACLEAN'S, the former almost entirely. Mr. Baxter's reputation, which MACLEAN'S has been proud to assist in building up, has become international and their two books were also published in London and New York—after they appeared in MACLEAN'S.

An editor of this Toronto newspaper a few months ago attended a banquet, at which Mr. Baxter and Lord Beaverbrook were present, and lauded Mr. Baxter for his splendid work in "Chambers's Journal" and in "The Daily Express," without mentioning the part MACLEAN'S had played in connection with the work of Mr. Baxter. This editorial shows that he has 'forgotten' again!

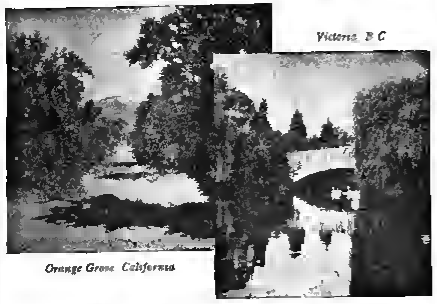
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Volume XXXIV Number Three

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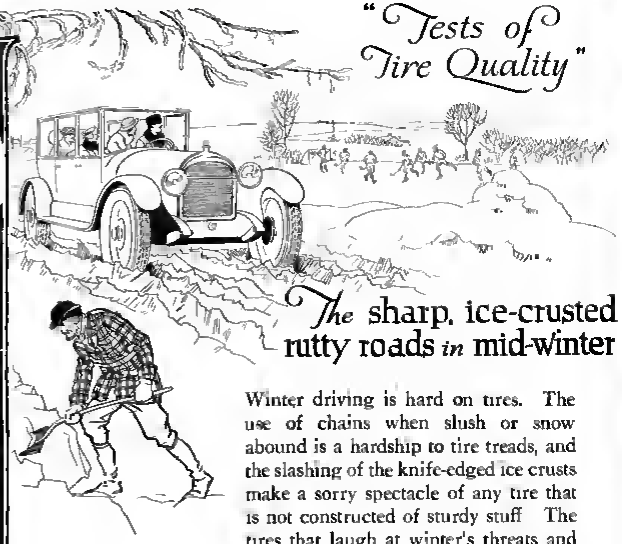


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BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

Getting Back to "Normalcy"

ALTHOUGH there were as spectacular developments which might seem to warrant the change it was generally agreed that the first month in the New Year found an improvement in business and financial sentiment. The prevailing mass views of this group of people are somewhat intangible but extremely important part of a country's opinion and the fact that the pessimism of December appeared to have been appreciably modified was something very much for the general good. Too much should not be made of the change, for there may be some months of further hesitation and rough sledding as investories are marked down, but so far as it goes the improvement is cheering.

Seeking for definite evidence we have the following summary of how several important Canadian industries are affected. Automobiles—recovering slightly. Condensed milk—recovering. Building supplies—quiet. Electrical equipment—active. Implements—slowing down. Furniture—slow. Paint and varnish—fair. Rubber goods—slow. Woollens—slow. Cotton goods—slow at reduced prices. Steel products—generally less active.

Wage Adjustments

PERHAPS most significant in the changes now going on are the wage adjustments. Almost daily we read of Canadian firms making an agreement with their employees for the acceptance of a reduction in wages in order that the business might be kept going at a production cost more in keeping with the declining prices. Among the industries to reach a settlement of this kind were clothing trades, and one or two of the cotton mills, while certain lumber operators, steel companies and the Cobalt mines have announced wage reductions. In many cases the new wage scale has followed a period of shutdown at plants, which probably took this course as a means of forcing the issue.

Index numbers of living costs in Canada continue to show gradual declines but the retailer has been aggravatingly slow to put them into effect at the point where the consumer fully benefits. Wholesale prices on forty leading commodities dropped more than twenty-five per cent. from May to December, according to the estimate of Professor H. Michell of McMaster University, and the cost of a family budget, as estimated by the Department of Labor, Ottawa, declined from $16.92 in June to $14.84 in December.

Wage earners, therefore are naturally slow to accept reductions but they must admit that their lot was a fortunate one during the long period of inflation. There is much to be said for the policy of one manufacturer who was faced with the alternatives of wage reduction or a shutdown, but who found another way, at least for an experiment. He called his workers together and told them that their average output during the past three years had been at least 25 per cent. below each man's capacity. He said that, if they would increase their production by twenty-five per cent., he would maintain their wages, keep the plant going, and still have a little profit on the operation.

Stock Market Signs

USUALLY, the stock market heralds a change in economic conditions six months in advance. If that harbinger can be depended upon, the action of the Canadian exchanges and security markets generally early in January were hopeful signs. The depression of December was left behind and an all round upward movement was visible. Not quite all round, either for the paper stocks had little share in the recovery. They had their turn last year, and there are few who care consider the outlook for paper stocks a bright one for the next few months. Still the dividends of the paper companies are apparently secure for some time to come, and that may continue firmness in their prices.

While the revival in the stock market in January included a few speculative issues, it was largely confined to the bonds and preferred stocks. This conservative attitude by traders is counted as the natural beginning of a strong market as investors feel their way along. Any reasonable return of confidence such as has been manifested has first to deespate the idea that the country is going to the bow-wows and when that idea is disposed of people begin to think that dividends after all may not be seriously interrupted. For weeks there have been preferred stocks selling at a price to yield 9 or 10 per cent. apparently quite regardless of intrinsic values. That could be explained while sentiment was depressed, and few had the courage to say that industry would become normal within any given time.

It was in the Victory bond market however that financial history was made. The slump which followed the refusing of the Victorys at the end of November was overcome in a series of sweeping advances carrying all the Victory issues up to or beyond the prices asked by the Market Committee before their dissolution. The meaning of this movement is apparently that a new level of security prices has been established. Easier money is within sight, as commodities are liquidated and what more natural than that the cash of business houses with a few spare thousands should put it into Victory bonds, which are perfectly safe and perfectly liquid? Therefore, within a month the Victorys, as the premier Canadian security, so altered the bond market that investors were rarely to accept a yield of ½ to ¾ of 1 per cent. below what they demanded in December.

Embargo Removed

AN IMPORTANT decision by the Minister of Finance late in January involved the discontinuance of the embargo against the importation of securities held abroad. This financial policy began with mild restrictions in February of last year, which were subsequently materially tightened. Their removal now will go far to bring normal conditions in the securities market, which could not quite find its balance or necessary stability until such an abnormal barrier was removed. The relisting of Victory bonds at the end of November and their excellent behavior in the market made the continuance of the embargo appear no longer necessary. There had been fear that the return to normal conditions by throwing down the bars would upset the securities market but the recovery of sterling in Canada and the high money rates prevailing in England compared with Canada, have changed conditions, and at this writing the effect of the removal of the restrictions appears to be slight.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
J. VERNON McKENZIE, *Editor* J. L. RUTLEDGE, *Associate Editor*
Volume XXXIV TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1921 Number 3

MY CONFESSION OF FAITH

By T. A. CRERAR
LEADER OF THE NATIONAL PROGRESSIVE PARTY

TO-DAY thousands of Canadians to whom public affairs a few years ago were either a jest or the subject of a ceremonial process at stated intervals, are taking a serious interest in the management of their country and its future. Thousands of man and women are sternly determined that the old political order with its jail-bery and corruption, its prostitution of the public interest for private pelf, its vicious political machines and cynical "bosses," its shameless patronage system in the matter of offices and contracts—shall be banished to the limbo of forgotten things.

The sacrifices and sufferings of the war have opened many eyes to a new vision of public service and responsibility and to a daily growing number of people who realize that the only monument worthy of our dead is a newer and better Canada the idea of any reversion to the old political standards is an intolerable thought.

It is perhaps an exaggeration to give the whole credit for this wholesome change to the war alone. Even before its grim advent we were beginning to blaze new trails and reach out, often blindly it is true, for improvements in our political and economic life. But the war crystallized and brought into full activity in a few short years impulses and ideas whose fruition would under normal peace conditions have been of slower growth.

Again, say some of my older friends, you make too little allowance for the difficulties which confronted the country's leaders in earlier days and the peculiar conditions which they had to face.

There is, I admit, something in the contention. Until the beginning of this century Canada was more or less a pioneer community whose inhabitants were mostly engaged in a desperate challenge with the wilderness and were attempting to provide half a continent with the physical machinery of civilization. A large element of our population had come from other lands to better their personal fortunes and were engrossed in the task. Under such conditions disinterested idealism and clear political thinking does not flourish and close attention even to the elementary duties of citizenship was not a settled practice with any great proportion of our citizens. Save in one or two localities they were firmly dispersed over a vast area. Communication was difficult and the freedom of intercourse, the mutual understanding and the regular interplay of ideas which are indispensable to a healthy state of public opinion were simply not available.

A Government can rarely rise above the source from which it derives its origin and though many able and disinterested men freely gave their talents and energies to public life, the level of our governments in both the Federal and Provincial spheres has been deplorably low and their efficiency and foresight have often left much to be desired.

Our Painful Railway Problem

THE richness of our natural resources gave ample opportunities to the scheming exploiter and his political tools to advance their private fortunes at the public expense and the apathy and indifference of the electorate allowed them a clear field for their operations. It would be an invidious task to rake up and catalogue what I regard as the prime errors of the past but our present railway problem is a sufficiently painful example. What defiance was he offered for the statesmanship which in the last 80 years has poured over one billion dollars into the maw of reckless promoters and selfish contractors and left us with a railway muddle whose reasonable solution presents a baffling problem? The wanton exploitation of our public lands and other resources and the scandals attendant thereon could easily have been averted or minimized under better standards of government and citizenship. So though the blame must be shared by the people as well as the politicians of both parties my main indictment attends

The first manifestations of the new spirit were visible



Hon. T. A. Crerar, formerly Minister of Agriculture in Sir Robert Borden's Union Government, now the acknowledged leader of the National Progressive Party. By the Farmers—and others—he is regarded as Canada's next Premier.

Selling as they do their products in the open markets of the world and buying in restricted markets they feel its burdens more acutely than any other class. And nothing could or can to-day shake their conviction that the points which would help to reconcile men to the climatic hardships of pioneer life on the western prairie have been seriously decreased by the toll taken by our protected manufacturers. My views and those of our organizations upon this subject are too well known to bear reiteration at any length but one or two points I would like to emphasize.

We are quite unrepentant in our hostility to the existing tariff system. We believe that protection is morally wrong inasmuch as it permits a particular group of people to enrich itself at the expense of the rest. We deny that it is economically sound, holding that it has neither added to

quite naturally in the prairie provinces and likewise naturally among the farming communities there for in areas where the process of settlement is going on the population inevitably is composed of people of a critical and radical temper. The effects of misgovernment are most keenly felt and exploitation of various kinds is always at its worst. It is about sixteen years ago since there first were discerned on the horizon the signs of a political uprising which has been commonly referred to as the farmers' or grain-growers' movement, but has now assumed a wider significance, justifying the adoption by its supporters of the title National Progressive party.

This western movement had its origin in a protest against existing economic conditions which denied the farmer any control over the machinery of the marketing, financing and transportation of his crop and allowed selfish interests to interpose themselves between him and his markets and to exact a toll quite out of proportion to any services rendered by them. The Grain Growers' Association came into existence and their early energies were concentrated on securing certain reforms in the conditions under which grain was marketed.

Due credit must always be given to the pioneer efforts on Parliament of enlightened members like Dr. J. G. Rutherford but it was the process of organization by the farmers which quickened interest at Ottawa in their grievances. The members of the associations soon realized that self-help was the best kind of remedy for their ills and accordingly founded and developed the great co-operative organizations through which a large proportion of their business is now handled. When men have become accustomed to work together in business the transition to concerted action in politics is easy and natural.

When it was realized at Ottawa that there was a definite limit to the expansion of their co-operative schemes as long as antagonistic forces were in control of the various governments, it was inevitable that the farmers should begin to give consideration to public policies and the whole political system. It was equally certain that they would feel the need for manifold reforms in this sphere and lay plans for their accomplishment.

Circumstances naturally brought the tariff to the forefront in all discussions of future policy by the farmers of the West.

the aggregate wealth of the country nor improved the condition of Labor. What is responsible for the disappointing growth of our population revealed at each census and for an annual exodus which reaches appalling dimensions for a new country, unless a wrong economic system? We believe that Canada like all other countries has certain basic capabilities. In our case they lie in the direction of the production of grain livestock lumber and minerals and our greatest chances of permanent prosperity lie in concentrating upon those particular lines.

But the protectionist policy which both the historic parties have sponsored and maintained since 1879 has handed and weighed down these natural industries with the burden of sustaining a long string of secondary and artificial industries which are often merely of the fabricating type and are also often dependent on foreign countries for their raw material. These artificial industries have drained labor from the land and are largely responsible for the serious rural depopulation which is now visible

Next—Labor's Political Views

"MY CONFESSION OF FAITH" *is the third of the series of signed articles by leaders of the chief political parties in Canada, which is appearing in* MACLEAN'S—*Premier Meighen and Hon. Mackenzie King have contributed their views in preceding issues. Mr. Crerar's article is, perhaps, not the least interesting, owing to the fact that he is the leader of a brand new party—a party which is challenging with increasing virility the supremacy of the old-line parties. There will be a fourth article in this series shortly, when the views of a prominent Labor politician will be given.*

As long as these protected industries have plentiful orders and can run full time the workers in them can contrive an existence but what is their lot when through adverse business conditions factories have to close down or reduce their staffs? Why are so many thousands of hard working people on the border line of starvation to-day in this country of such natural riches? Go to Prince Edward Island, the most purely rural community in Canada, and then cross over to the industrial area in Cape Breton and judge which is the healthier and happier society. Can it be seriously argued that John Thomson, growing grain, and Marie Guerin, making butter on an Eastern Townships farm, are not both happier, healthier and greater contributors to the national wealth than the same pair of people making tire fabrics or cheap jewelry out of imported raw material in a Sherbrooke factory?

There is great lamentation about the amount of our imports and the state of the exchange but it should not be forgotten that raw materials for our manufacturers comprise a large part of our imports. Does anyone think our fiscal position healthy? Our imports far exceed our exports and we have to send millions yearly abroad to pay interest owed to external creditors for bonds mortgages and other forms of their investments. The fact is that as a nation we cannot hope to reach a stable economic basis until a change in our fiscal system gives freer play to our natural industries. When they are allowed to flourish as they might, our export figures will increase and our urban industries will prosper as never before

Agrarian Leaders Nor From U S

IT IS a gross travesty of facts to assert as some ill-informed critics do, that the leaders of the anti-protectionist movement in the West are for the most part American immigrants whose sympathy with British and Canadian institutions is rather imperfect. I think I may claim to know the chief personalities in the agrarian movement as well as anyone. Former citizens of the United States have played their part in it but I think I am correct in saying that the main force of criticism of the protective principle has come from British-born farmers and that the majority of the leaders are of undiluted British blood. The attempt to oust economic arguments by the cry of disloyalty is cheap and unworthy of intelligent people.

My manufacturing friends often lament the bitterness of the western protest against the tariff and profess great mystification as to its cause. Let them recall the past. In 1911 there was offered to the country the chance of concluding a reciprocity treaty with our neighbors on most favorable terms. The western farmer saw in it the opportunity of free access to a market offering infinite advantages to him. The measure moreover made no real inroads upon the protection which our manufacturers enjoyed. But they bent their whole energies to defeating its enactment and by a combination of circumstances and methods which are scarcely a happy memory to some of their devisers, succeeded in their purpose.

The western farmer at once interpreted the hostility of the Canadian manufacturers as clear evidence that they were determined to keep him in thorough bondage not only in regard to the conditions under which he could buy what he required but in regard to the conditions under which he could sell what he produced. Such a threat was a challenge which any free community was bound to take up. My friend, Premier Drury, warned the opponents of reciprocity what would happen if they defeated it and they know him now as a true prophet.

The western farmer formed the resolution to put himself by organization in a position to secure a square deal and every year he has learnt to use his political strength with increasing effectiveness. Since the Underwood Tariff came into effect he has realized the enormous advantages of the American market for his grain and even more for his livestock and dairy products. Now that it is being jeopardized he is not inclined to feel any greater affection for the interests which, in 1911, thwarted an arrangement containing some possibilities of permanence

It affords the friends of reciprocity some pleasure to see that even hide-bound protectionists view with apprehension the revival of duties against our agricultural products on the scale of the McKinley Tariff. I hope their restoration may be averted but under the circumstances I cannot blame the American Congress. There are however not wanting signs that the present protectionist mood will not be permanent with our neighbors who now need export markets and have secured the same economic position as Britain in the forties of last century

How the Resentment Has Spread

THIS feeling of resentment at the domination of our national life by certain selfish urban interests first developed among the western farmers but it has now spread to the rural communities of Ontario, the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, and is beginning to be clearly visible in Quebec. But as no movement can exist merely on the discussion of sectional wrongs and grievances and plans for their removal our associations soon came to adopt a wider purview and deal at their meetings with the wider phases of national life.

The time has gone by when inhabitants of our cities can look down upon the farmer as hopelessly ignorant of public affairs. His education has been proceeding at a rapid rate. Our climate makes the occupation of agriculture somewhat exhilarating and thousands of our farmers have used the long winter evenings for reading and reflection. In hundreds of places they have held regular meetings and discussed thoroughly the numerous questions of the day. This healthy process enabled delegates to come to our annual conventions with definite ideas on these questions and the mass decisions of the associations were there embodied in concrete resolutions, which in due course formed the basis of the New National Policy. Their discussions covered a wide field and were not confined to the tariff and purely agrarian interests. they embraced such subjects as education, taxation, control of the liquor traffic our railway problems, our constitutional position and Imperial relations, the better organization of the social side of rural life and subjects of a similar character

Admittedly much that was vague and indefinite emerged in the discussions and the remedies advanced were often Utopian in character but on the whole the intellectual activities of the farmers movement have represented a clear and definite aspiration for betterment in our government and civilization. If they had done nothing else they have made a valuable contribution to our national life by quickening public interest in many pressing questions.

There are people who deplore the present ferment and see a Bolshevik in the mildest-tongued critic of our existing system. But was not Sir Adolphe Caron right when he declared the present unrest to be a healthy sign and told an Ottawa audience that abuse of reformers and even of agitators was about as effective a means of suppressing democratic discontent as swatting mosquitoes was of abolishing malaria?

T. A. Crerar Says:

"IF IN SUCH AN SMALL TREPIDATION *that I avail myself of the invitation of* MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *to make a confession of my political and economic faith for the benefit of its readers, and in view of the high cost of paper I will spare them any superfluous personal preliminaries. It is a trite saying that the Great War, perhaps the most momentous event in history, has changed the face of the whole civilized world and left a permanent impress on the moral and mental outlook as well as on the political and economic ideals of countless millions of men and women. It was impossible that Canada which has played so active and glorious a part in that war could remain immune from the universal consequences and not partake in common with many other countries marked evidence of a new political consciousness among her citizens*

T. A. Crerar

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Drastically Reform the Senate

DO NOT imagine that our program and aims are merely confined to reformation of the tariff. It is exceedingly important but will take us only part of the way to the goal which we have in view. We have a very fair machinery for the free expression of public opinion. Our criticism is not directed against our Federal Parliament so much as against the methods which party managers fortified by campaign funds derived from the purses of privileged interests used to manipulate it for their own and their patrons' ends. We believe it could be substantially improved by a drastic reform of that strange political workhouse, our Senate and by the adoption of the system of proportional representation. We believe that there is more real happiness to be derived from the creative impulse and the co-operative impulse than from the possessive and acquisitive impulse and the impulse to authority and dominion over others.

The co-operative movement, great though its recent progress has been, has been hampered in the past by the absence of the legislation which is necessary to give proper encouragement to this ideal and is on all the statute books of really progressive countries. One of the great flaws in our national equipment is our faulty machinery of distribution. In this very year of grace, when food prices in our cities were abnormally high apples were rotting by the million in Ontario orchards and the fishermen of Nova Scotia could not get a market even at miserable prices, for their catches. We believe that the application of the co-operative principle on a wider scale than is now being attempted would help to solve the cost of living problem which makes life a constant financial crisis for so many people. Its extensive development can also be made to serve on a useful link between the city and country. In Toronto for instance the U F O are helping members of the Labor Party to establish a co-operative store in the city.

Our Relation to England

THE question of our national status and relations to the other units of the British Commonwealth presents some difficult problems and must be settled in the near future. The idea of any centralized Parliament in London welding the British nations together in a close bond to defy the rest of the world and pursue a policy of Imperialism is repugnant to all progressive minds in Canada and our view is that the permanent unity of the British Commonwealth and its best services to mankind can best be evolved by strict adherence to the principle of voluntary co-operation in the solution of matters of common interest. Our belief is that there is no department of our national life which Canadians are not able to manage themselves as well as any other people can do for them. The independent course of our representatives in the Assembly

ILIAD of the OYSTER

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



Parrot Feathers laid her unconscious hero's feet upon one rock and broke the oyster loose with another

"Our Remote Ancestor was Probably Arboreal"
—*Eminent Scientist*

FROM his hut in the tree-top Probably Arboreal looked lazily down a broad vista, still strewn with fallen timber as a result of a whirlwind that had once played havoc in that part of the forest, towards the sea. Beyond the beach of hard, white sand the water lay blue and vast and scarcely ruffled by the light morning wind. All the world and his wife were out fishing that fine day. Probably Arboreal could see dozens of people from where he crouched, splashing in the water or moving about the beach and even hear their cries borne faintly to him on the breeze. They fished for the most part with their hands and when one caught a fish it was his custom to eat it where he caught it, standing in the sea.

In Probably Arboreal's circle, one often bathed and breakfasted simultaneously if a shark or saurian were too quick for one, one sometimes was breakfasted upon as one bathed.

In the hut next to Probably Arboreal his neighbor Slightly Similar, was having an argument with Mrs Slightly as usual. And, as usual it concerned the proper bringing up of children. Probably listened with the bored distaste of the bachelor.

"I will slap his feet every time he picks things up with them!" screamed Slightly Similar's wife, in accredited shrew in her shrill falsetto.

"It is natural for a child to use his feet that way" insisted the good-natured Slightly. "and I don't intend to have the boy punished for what is natural." Probably Arboreal grinned he could fancy the expression of his friend in making this characteristically plebeian plea.

"You can understand once for all, Slightly," said that gentleman's wife in a tone of finality, "that I intend to supervise the bringing up of these children. Just because your people had neither birth nor breeding, nor manners —"

"There there, my dear," broke in Slightly, with a warning in his voice. "Don't you work around to anything caustal, now, Mrs. S, or there'll be trouble. You understand?"

On one occasion Mrs Slightly had openly charged her spouse that his grandfather had a tail five inches long; she had never done so again. Slightly Similar himself, in his moments of excitement, picked things up with his feet, but, like many other men of humble origin who had become personages in their maturity, he did not relish having the matter commented upon.

"Pose old Sim," mused Probably Arboreal, as he slid down the tree and ambled toward the beach, to be out of range of the family quarrel. "She may tried him for his property and now she's sure on him because there isn't more of it.

Nevertheless, in spite of the unpleasant effect of the quarrel Probably found his mind dwelling upon matrimony that morning. A girl with bright red hair into which she had tastefully braided a number of green parrot feathers, hit him coquettishly between the shoulder blades with a handful of wet sand and gravel as he went into the water. Ordinarily he would either have taken no notice of her at all or else would have broken her wrist in a slow dignified manly sort of way. But this morning he grabbed her tenderly by the hair and sentimentally ducked her. When she was nearly drowned he released her. She came out of the water squealing with rage like a wild-cat and hit him on the shoulder.

"Parrot Feathers," he said to her, with an unwanted softness in his eyes as he sputtered her by the throat and squeezed, "beware how you trifle with a strong man's affections—some day I may take you seriously!"

He let the girl squirm loose and she scrambled out upon the beach and threw shells and jagged pieces of flint at him, with an affectation of coyness. He chased her, caught her by the hair and scored the wet skin on her arms with a sharp stone until she screamed with the pain and as he did it he hummed an old love tune, for to-day there was an April gladness in his heart.

"Probably! Probably Arboreal!" He spun around to face the girl's father Crooked Nose, who was contentedly cunneling a mollet.

"Probably," said Crooked Nose, "you are flirting with my daughter!"

"Father!" said the girl ashamed of her parent's tactlessness. "How can you say that?"

"I want to know," said Crooked Nose, as sternly as a man can who is constitutionally muffled, "whether your intentions are serious and honorable?"

"Oh father" said Parrot Feathers again. And putting her hands in front of her face to hide her blushes, she ran off. Nevertheless she paused when a dozen feet away and threw a piece of driftwood at Probably Arboreal. Probably Arboreal let him on the chin, and as he rubbed the spot watching her disappear into the forest he murmured aloud: "Now, I wonder what she meant by that!"



"Oht Oht Oht" he cried. "Something has me by the foot!"

Mona said Crooked Nose, don't be so Pe Don't pretend to me you don't know what the child meant. You've made her love you. You've expressed your admiration on an innocent young girl and now you have the nerve to wonder what she means! What have you got me for her?

"See here Crooked Nose" said Probably "don't blush with me." His finer sensibilities were outraged. He did not intend to be coerced into matrimony by any father even though he were pleased with that father's daughter.

"I'm not buying any wives to-day Crooked Nose."

"You have hurt her market value" said Crooked Nose, dropping his domineering air and offering a willingness to reason. "Those marks on her arms will not come off for weeks. And what man wants to marry a scarred up woman unless he has made the scars himself?"

Crooked Nose" said Probably Arboreal, angry at the whole world because what might have been a youthful romance had been given such a sordid turn by this disgusting father "If you don't go away I will scar every daughter you've got in your part of the woods. Do you get me?"

"I wish you'd look them over" said Crooked Nose. "You might do worse than marry all of them."

"I'll marry none of them" cried Probably in a rage and turned to go into the sea again.

A HEAVY boulder hurtled past his head. He whirled about and discovered Crooked Nose in the act of recovering his balance after having flung it. He caught the old man half way between the beach and the edge of the forest. The clan including Crooked Nose's four daughters gathered hurriedly to see the fight.

It was not much of a combat. When it was over and the girls took hold of what remained of their late parent to drag him into the woods Probably Arboreal stepped up to Parrot Feathers and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Feathers" he said, "now that there can be no question of coercion will you and your sisters marry me?"

She turned towards him a sobered face. Grief had turned her from a girl into a woman.

"Probably she said 'you are only making this offer out of generosity. It is not love that prompts it. I cannot accept. As for my sisters, they must speak for themselves.'

"You are angry with me Feathers?"

The girl turned sadly away. Probably watched the funeral cortege winding into the woods, and then went manfully back to the ocean. Now that he had refused him he desired her above all things. But how to win her? He saw clearly that it could be no question of brute force. It had gone beyond that. If he used force with her it must infallibly remind her of the unfortunate affair with her father. Some heroic action might attract her to him again. Probably resolved to be a hero at the very earliest opportunity.

In the meantime he would breakfast. Breakfast had long been delayed, and it was an true then far back in the dim dawn of time as it is now, that he who does not breakfast at some time during the day must go hungry to bed at night. Once more Probably Arboreal stepped into the ocean, stepped in without any premonition that he was to be a hero in deed that he was chosen by Fate by Destiny by the Presiding Genius of his planet by whatever force or influence you will to champion the cause of all mankind in a crucial struggle for human supremacy.

He waded into the water up to his waist and bent forward with his arms beneath the surface, patiently waiting. It was thus our remote ancestors fished. Fish ran larger

in these fewer as a rule As the deeper waters they were monarchs The smaller fish therefore sought the shallows where the big ones, greedy cannibals, could not follow them A man seldom stood in the sea as Probably Arboreal was doing more than ten minutes without a fish striking against him either accidentally or because the fish thought the man something good to eat As soon as a fish touched him the man would grab for it If he were clumsy and missed too many fish he starved to death Experts survived because they were expert by a natural process of weeding out the awkward It had come about that men were marvelously adept A bear who stands by the edge of a river watching for salmon at the time of the year when they run upstream to spawn, and scoops them from the water with a deft twist of his paw is not more quick or skillful than was Probably Arboreal



"Probably" said Crooked Nose, "you are flirting with my daughter!"

SUDDENLY he pitched forward, struggling he gave a gurgling shout and his head disappeared beneath the water

When it came up again he twisted toward the shore, with lashing arms and something like panic on his face

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried. "Something has me by the foot!"

Twenty or thirty men and women who heard the cry stopped fishing and straightened up to look at him

"Help! Help!" he shouted again It is pulling me out to sea!"

A knock-kneed old veteran with long intelligent-looking mobile toes broke from the surf and scurried to the safety of the beach, raising the cry "A god! A god! A water-god has caught Probably Arboreal!"

"More likely a devil" cried Slightly Simian who had followed Probably to the water

And all his neighbors plunged to land and left Probably Arboreal to his fate, whatever his fate was to be. But some spectacles are always interesting; they sat down comfortably on the beach to see how long it would be before Probably Arboreal disappeared Gods and devils, sharks and octopi were for ever grabbing one of their number and making off to deeper water to devour him at their leisure If the thing that dragged the man were seen if it showed itself to be a shark or an octopus a shark or an octopus it was if it were unseen it got the credit of being a god or a devil

"Throw me a line" begged Probably Arboreal who was now holding his own although he was not able to pull himself into shallower water It is not a god nor a devil It doesn't feel like one And it isn't a shark because it hasn't any teeth It is an animal like a eleft stick, and my feet is in the cleft

But they did not help him Instead Big Mouth a seer and very fibre great of the day emitten suddenly with an idea raised a chant and presently all the others joined in The chant went like this.

Probably he killed Crooked Nose
He killed him with his fist,
And Crooked Nose he sent his ghost to sea,
To catch his slayer by the foot
The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer,
Drown drown drown his slayer.
The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer,
Drown his slayer in the sea!

"You are a liar Big Mouth!" spluttered Probably Arboreal, leaping on one foot and thrashing the water with his arms "It is not a ghost, it is an animal!"

But the chant kept up growing louder and louder

The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer!
Drown drown drown his slayer,
Drown his slayer in the sea!

OUT of the woods came running more and more people at the noise of the chant And as they caught what was going on they took up the burden of it until hundreds and thousands of them were singing

But with a mighty heave and wriggle Probably Arboreal went under again, up to his head and body his feet for hung the sense of momentous things A haze passed across the face of the bright morning sun; the breeze died down it was as if all nature held her breath And all mankind upon the land was interested the sea was no less concerned. For all of a sudden, and as if by preconcerted signal a hundred thousand oysters poked their heads above the surfaces of the water and turned their eyes—they had small, fiery, opalescent eyes in those days—upon the combatants.

At this appearance, mankind drew back with a gasp, but no word was uttered. The visible universe, perturbed earth and bending heavens alike, was tense and dumb. On their part, the oysters made no attempt to go to the assistance of their champion. Nor did mankind leap to the rescue of Probably Arboreal. Tacitly each side, in a spirit of fair play, agreed not to interfere agreed to leave the combat to the champions; agreed to abide by the issue

But while they were stirred and held by the sense of tremendous matters impending neither men nor oysters could be expected to understand definitely what almost infinite things depended upon this battle. There were no Darwins then Evolution had not yet evolved the individual able to catch her at it

BUT the was on her way This very struggle was one of the crucial moments in the history of evolution There have always been those critical periods when the two highest species in the world were about equal in intelligence and it was touch and go as to which would survive and carry on the torch, and which species would lose the lead and become subservient. There have always been particular instants where the spirit of progress hesitated between two forms of life, doubtful as to which one to make its representative

Briefly, if the oyster conquered the man, more and more oysters, emboldened by this success, would prey upon men Man, in the course of a few hundred thousand years, would become the creature of the oyster, the oyster's slave and food Then the highest type of life on the planet would dwell in the sea. Civilization, which was not yet, would be a marine growth when it did come the intellectual spiritual and physical supremacy held by the biped would pass over to the bivalve

Thought could not frame this concept then, another shellfish nor tree-dweller uttered it But both the species felt it they watched Probably Arboreal and the oyster with a struggling emotion with a quivering intentness, that was none the less poignant because there was no Huxley or Spencer present to interpret it for them they thrilled and sweated and shivered with the shaken universe, and the red sun through its haze peered down unwinking, like the vast blood-shot eye of life

An hour had passed by in silence except for the sound of the struggle, more and more men and more and more oysters had gathered the strain was telling on both champions. Probably Arboreal had succeeded in dragging the beast some ten feet nearer the shore, but the exertion had told upon him he was growing tired he was breathing with difficulty

He had swallowed a great deal of salt water He, too, was dimly conscious of the importance of this frightful combat he felt himself the representative of the human race He was desperate but could he save his breath, he felt himself the representative of the human race He opposed to the brute force of the oyster the cunning of man. But he was growing weaker

If only those for whom he was fighting would fling him some word of encouragement! He was too proud to ask it but he felt bitterly that he was not supported for he could not realize what agonized emotion had smitten dumb his fellowmen He had got to the plane where a instant swished into the air and everyone but Probably Arboreal himself saw what was hanging on to one of them

It was neither ghost, shark god nor devil. It was a monstrous oyster a bull oyster, evidently All oysters were much larger in those days than they are now, but this oyster was a giant, a mastodon, a mammoth among oysters, even for that period.

"It is an oyster, an oyster, an oyster!" cried the crowd, as Probably Arboreal's head and shoulders came out of the water again

Big Mouth the poet naturally chagrined and hating to yield up his dramatic idea tried to raise another chant

The ghost of Crooked Nose went into an oyster,
The oyster caught his slayer by the foot,
To drown, drown, drown him in the sea!

But it didn't work The world had seen that oyster and had recognized it as an oyster

"Oyster! Oyster! Oyster!" cried the crowd sternly at Big Mouth

The bard tried to persevere but Slightly Simian, feeling the crowd with him advanced menacingly, and said

"See here Big Mouth we know a ghost when we see one, and we know an oyster! You ingrate! You oyster! You sing that it was an oyster, or shut up!"

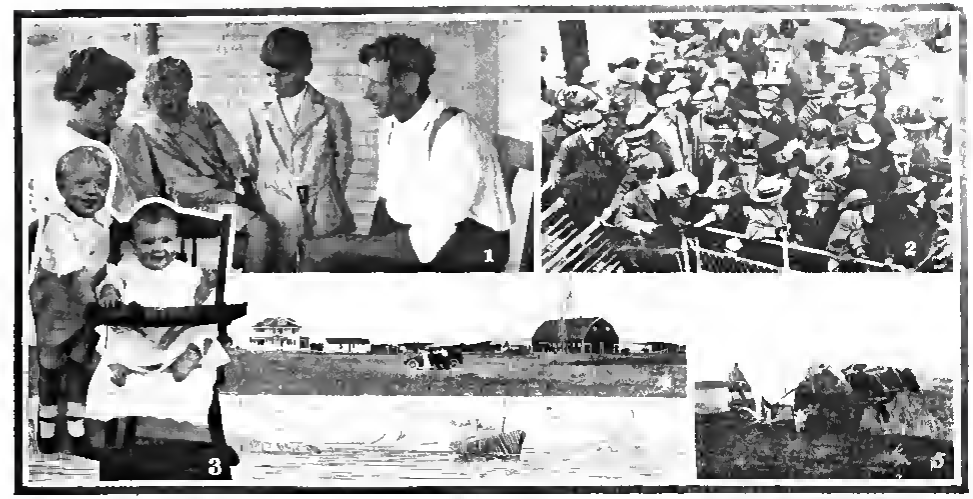
"Ghost ghost ghost" chanted Big Mouth tentatively But he got no farther Slightly Simian lifted him with a club, and the matter was settled Literary criticism was direct Immediate and effective in those days

"But, oh you gods of the water what an oyster!" cried Mrs Slightly Simian

And as the thought took them all a silence fell over the multitude They hushed at the struggling man in a new community of ideas. Oysters they had seen before but never an oyster like this Oysters they knew not as food they had always regarded them as rather ineffectual and harmless creatures. But this! Men of oysters was actually giving battle and on equal terms, to a man! Were oysters henceforth to be considered as enemies? Were oysters about to attempt to conquer mankind? This oyster, was he the champion of the sea sent up out of its depths, to grapple with mankind for supremacy?

Dimly, vaguely as they watched the man attempt to pull the oyster ashore, and the oyster attempt to pull the man out to sea, some sense of the importance of this struggle was felt by mankind. Over forest beach and ocean

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From steerage to land ownership—pictures that tell an evolution story all their own Upon right: Scotch immigrants waiting to land on Canada's soil I upon left: Immigrant settler and his family get settled in their prairie home. Lower right: Breaking the virgin prairie The "half" of labor is still a feature in pioneer operations in the West Centre: Athabaska years. Residence and farm buildings of thrifty Scotch settlers who landed with no assets but his brawn and initiative capital worth more than gold in Canada. Lower left: Will our future be in safe hands? Well, just take another glance at these sturdy little prairie Canadians children of Old Country settlers.

FUSING BABEL'S BROOD

The Human-interest Side of Our Immigration Department at Ottawa and How "Bohunks" Become Canadians

By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

EUROPE'S human overflow as it washed into Canada in the pre-war days was neither a promising nor an inspiring sight when viewed at close range It had nevertheless its own curious fascination for any modest student of the human tribe In this connection I have particularly in mind a night late in the fall of 1912 when I went forward to the colonist coaches of a train traveling east from Saskatoon for an hour or so's observation of the still unpelted ingredients of Canada's melting-pot

Let me paint a swift picture of one coach-load of these people who were fairly representative of the type of European immigrants flocking West in those days Across the aisle sprawled a coterie of swarthy sons of Italy, garbed in their inevitable corduroys and neckerchiefs—navvies who had been accepted as farm hands for the summer because real farm hands were scarcer than hen's teeth. Opposite and facing them sat the wife of one of them, a short squat, shapeless mass of a woman of ponderous girth whose crowning glory was a head-shawl of blue worked ingeniously with crimson flowers she had never seen on the prairie Around and about her was piled a heterogeneous assortment of dirty packages and unwrapped bundles of rags on top of which lay an unwashed and lously protecting infant with a shawl bound tightly about its middle. Behind this untidy company lounged Swedes and Finns, lanky of form and with great shocks of light hair that looked like bleached flax deep-chattering Russians and Ferdans and a motley he-pandied assemblage of other types Austrians Serbians Greeks, Bulgarians, Poles, an Arab or two, and here and there or an Anglo-Saxon of the lower grade There were half-blind men and cripples, as well as aged individuals who must have hobbled into Canada when the immigration officers were lushing the other way

Everywhere was squalor flattering rags and the rank odors of sweaty unwashed clothing garlic cheap whiskey and worse tobacco. Nowhere did there appear a face with a gleam of ambition or initiative but instead a set woodeny expression sat like a mask on the features of all the widely differentiating throng that gave one the singular impression of cattle huddling stupidly in the narrow gangways of the stock-yards. "Like creatures predestined for toil and tribulations,' kept recurring to my mind.

The first and only sign of "pep" among them was when loud words broke out between an Italian and a Slav. The Italian while passing along the aisle, upset the tin biscuit-box from which the Slav was foraging supper. The Slav was a giant of a man, and, when he seized the Italian to take him to task the latter drew a wicked looking dirk. Instantly there was an uproar and that rough-load of near-humans leaped into life cackling pow-wi mixed of the dialects of Southern Europe. Other knives were flashed out by men who hadn't the slightest idea what was wrong but gathered it was stabbing-time and they ought to get busy. The timely appearance of a uniformed trainman quelled the riot, which no doubt would have otherwise wound up with another messy job for a Western coroner's jury.

These foreigners were all in an ugly mood. The Canadian Government and the transportation companies had lured these beings from the four corners of Europe for their own particular purposes; for the future Providence would be left to work out its own miracles. Just now they were being shifted East from the prairie harvest fields, all headed for the cities—Winnipeg Fort William Port Arthur Toronto and even Montreal—where if rough on-skilled labor were in demand some of them would eke out an independent existence till spring, others would gravitate to the jails, the prison farms and the charity wards of the hospitals. In this one coach they were packed in like cattle—and there were three other colonist coaches freighted with a like variety and trundled after trainload to come The Western harvest was garnered and threshed, much of the golden grain on its way to the markets of the world—and Prairie Canada, having extracted all the labor it could get from them for one season was literally ejecting the "Bohunks" from its midst as the blower ejects the chaff and dirt from the grain on the wheat-fields No-where were they wanted except to apply their brute energy to labor the Canadian workman left beneath him

The problem that smote any thoughtful Canadian was: What is to become of these illiterate people with their hair-trigger temperaments when construction work ceases, as cease it will in Canada in the periodic pauses of progress? The sinister answer came a very few years later in the strikes and fatal riots that broke out from Fort Arthur to Vancouver following an oversupply of urban labor and again in the foreign agitations and plottings continually at work beneath the surface during the war all of which culminated in the colossal Winnipeg strike and subsequent street duels between the mounted police and the strikers I am quite well aware that many of the leaders in that strike were Anglo-Saxons, but it was among foreigners of the type above referred to that they got following. Few people removed at great distances from the Manitoba metropolis in those fevered days actually realized that secret objectives of the Winnipeg outbreak were mob-rule at Winnipeg, a Dominion wide strike to paralyse commerce from coast to coast, a revolution if necessary and the setting up of a soviet régime at Ottawa

Doing Things in a Hurry—Carelessly

HOW did Canada originally come to open her gates to those hordes of illiterates misfits and trouble-makers? Well, you have to go back a bit. The Canadian slogan of that great era of progress preceding the World War was "Get the country developed Get it peopled Any old kind of development and any old kind of people, as long as it's done in a hurry"

Things certainly were done in a hurry if we pause to consider what strides this Dominion has made even within the memory of younger men We have been eulogized as builders of a New World Empire of "limitless potentialities" Even admirers beyond our borders have been inoculated with that word "limitless"—a pet jingoism ever worked to our own harm. To this vain-glorious boast of our "limitless" resources to a great extent no doubt is traceable the national apathy that allowed to go unchecked for many golden years exploitation, wastefulness and the haphazard development that some day or another may have to be done all over again

In the matter of stimulating immigration however Canada has learned and profited by the mistakes and blunders of the past—mistakes and blunders committed in her zeal to grow big and powerful and attract to her shores in the face of tremendous difficulties the man power to handle the task There was a day when she could not afford to pick and choose new comers with keen critical eye Her farms and her factories her mines and her forests all were shouting to her, "Men! Men! More Men!" Nationally we were about "three sheets in the wind" with ten-frequent libations of "limitless" ideals in those days

But the sobering up process during and after the war changed things. Canada no longer allows the flood of immigrants to pour into the country helter-skelter. She now proposes to be a refuge for Europeans with more "divine discontent" than they have of back-bone and

energy The lessons of the past few years have taught her that she must bring more farmers in and have more surplus produce to hand out if she is quickly to bring back and maintain good times, good wages, eliminate unemployment, pay generous pensions and rewards to the men who did so much for her overseas and make her war debts easy to carry This is what her own experience has taught her over and over again what history has reiterated to her Windy demagogues with no inclination to engage in useful effort also has had quite enough of As one experienced Canadian thinker put it to me recently "The country is overrun with theorists perfectly sincere and agitators entirely dishonest ranging from those who would wipe out established industries and throw thousands out of employment down to those who would confiscate everything a man earns over $3 000 a year" schemes that have been tried and discarded generations ago by men who had more time to carry them out than we have to-day Flaxen-mouthed agitators and Red propagandists will henceforth find as hearty a welcome in Canada as pole-cats seeking admission to an afternoon tea

Picking the Wheat from the Chaff

THE Canadian Immigration Act has all along provided for the exclusion of Anarchists, Bolsheviki and all other types who disbelieve in organized government as well as criminals of our late enemies governments. But of late public demand has made the Immigration authorities particularly drastic on these points, and when the officers board the incoming immigrant boats before they touch at Canadian ocean ports every newcomer must meet a severe examination as to his or her mental and moral perspective and attitude toward the established government of Canada Shiftless persons and potential trouble-makers are soon rejected Other features which immediately disqualify would-be citizens of the Land of the Maple Leaf are mental weaknesses, diseases, an immoral past, alcoholism, mendicancy previous deportation, illiteracy and physical defects

It is no longer a case of enticing Old World settlers to come here, but of selecting the best of Europe's human overflow Hon Charles J A. Cahier, present Minister, has been quick to recognize this fact Provided present-day regulations and special instructions are carried out to the letter by immigration officers on duty at our ports it would be absolutely impossible for a medley, illiterate crew such as is described at the opening of this article to get into Canada To-day such a party would be gone over with a fine-tooth comb so to speak, and perhaps a very few of them would survive the process Previously the demands of wealthy Western contractors swayed things to a considerable extent at Ottawa, and with projected development standing still for want of farm-power, almost any kind of human being who could wield a pick and shovel, rut railway ties or carry water was allowed to come in, no matter what his nationality or his past happened to be

Exclusion of immigrants to-day not only debars foreigners defective in mind, morals or physique, but, for a temporary period at least, bans all nationalities not specifically adapted to Canada's present needs in the way of additional producers of labor Experienced farmers and farm-laborers ready to take off their coats, roll up their sleeves and resolve with hot fertile soil produce grains, fruits and vegetables where only timber or prairie grass is to-day will find a big, glittering word "WANTED" blazoned on the Dominion's front door-mat. For others, who are unable to run a farm or provide farm labor, the door mat is liable to be covered disclosing the simple injunction, "BEAT IT!"

Whereas, under normal regulations an artisan or laborer otherwise qualified could gain admission to Canada if he had on his person the equivalent of $25 and half that amount for every member of his family over five years of age, to-day he must be able to show $250 for himself $125 for every member of his family eighteen years old and $50 for every child over five years of age This drastic under-lining extends itself to March 31st next, and if unemployment shows no particular improvement by that date it will likely be renewed

Wa Must Afford in be Fastidious

CAN Canada afford to be fastidious in her selection of settlers from now on? Generally speaking men who have had close-up experiences with the various races flocking into Canada during the past twenty years or more will tell you that she would be better off to-day had she begun to be more particular just about that many years ago Doukhobors, Mennonites—and other eccentric contingents have cost her to a lot of trouble and expense. She still has too many shiftless gentry on her hands, not to mention a few races in the West and North who don't want to become Canadians either in spirit or in conduct and who resolutely refuse to discard their Old World language and customs, even going so far as to insist on their own schools to perpetuate the same

But these people were let in in a day when free land yawned for the pioneer Although it is a fact that of the 890 000 000 acres of arable land in Canada only one-third is in "farm holdings" and but one-sixth is under cultivation, leaving 250 000 000 acres idle and unproductive for



Waiting their turn to enter the "Land of the Second Chance"—Note the expectancy and hope in the eyes of the mother in the right picture and the awe-struck look in the child's face as they view for the first time the rugged shores of Canada. Below are shown a number of immigrants from South-ia Europe wearing their picturesque native garb

want of plows and oxen, there are to-day no free homesteads available in Canada, this statement I verified by direct inquiry in Ottawa All lands situated within fifteen miles from the railways are reserved for returned soldiers Improved lands may be bought to-day nevertheless for $30 an acre lands many times as fertile as those which sell in long-settled portions of the United States at as high as $400 an acre

Unless he be a fairly wealthy man when he comes here, it is difficult for an Old Country farmer to start in pioneering "on his own" in the West to-day. Experience has shown that it is much better policy to encourage the new comer from the Old Sod to hire out on a farm hand in Canada for a year or a couple of years before attempting to homestead for himself In that way he not only secures first-hand experience at the very work he is intending to launch out in for himself, but he also gets the benefit of training under a Canadian farmer who has been "through the mill" There have been innumerable failures on the part of Old Countrymen who started homesteading on their own, owing principally to their inexperience in dealing with Canadian soil and meeting climatic conditions On the other hand few failures are recorded of homesteaders who first gained a few years experience at farm work with some older farmer For these reasons, immigration officials state they are advising prospective settlers from the Old Land to engage first as farm help for a year or so and thus avoid the mistakes they would have to pay dearly for in lost time and effort on their own homesteads

But no less important than the sifting of the best-adapted to Canada's needs from the tide of immigrants flowing to the American continent is the subsequent direction of the stream of selected humanity after it reaches Canadian soil to those parts of the country where its respective units can do best for themselves in particular and for the Dominion in general The internal system of taking care of the disposition of the immigrant after he lands here is constantly improving but it is still far from perfect Naturally the great transcontinental railways, including those under Government ownership and control are interested in the immediate development of the vacant lands at or near the far Western and Northwestern reaches of their lines of steel The denser the producing population becomes in the distant sections of the West the greater of course will be the transportation business done by the railways between East and West in outgoing raw products and incoming manufactured goods.

This feature—the allocating of settlers—has long ago been sized up from the angle of dollars and cents. Statisticians have estimated that the value of a prairie settler to the railway line nearest his homestead is $746.33 a year, based on railway tariffs of 1915-16 To have a little of the old-time rehabilitator's fun with figures just capitalize $746 33 at 6½ per cent (interest which the Government is now paying on Victory bonds) and you find the railway owner has an investment representing $12 559 63 in each settler Since 1881, the Canadian Pacific railway located 48 147 settlers which number, on the basis above referred to represents a total investment worth $658 388 975 81

It has been further estimated that from the year 1881 to 1918 settlers have produced in actual net traffic returns for the railways approximately $457 863 573 00

In conjunction with these figures it must be remembered that when the railways including the privately-owned roads are earning money, Canada is earning money too The major portion of the railways' earnings returns to the country in general in overhead expenditures of the companies taxes, wages maintenance extensions and so forth. In any rate the pennant of the railways and the national habit of the Federal authorities in control of immigration is to get the settler to locate as far West as possible

This system in future years may prove less of to have been long-sighted policy, but to the meantime, Eastern Manitoba, Northwestern Ontario and Quebec, particularly the two first-mentioned are becoming restive under what they deem prolonged neglect on the part of the Federal immigration administration The agitation for more attention in the way of settlement and land development in Manitoba and Ontario began with municipal activities, the formation of district colonization associations and finally gained the attention of the Agricultural Departments of both provinces. The result is that plans are now actually in operation for aggressive work in settling up vacant lands in Northern Ontario Northwestern Ontario and Eastern Manitoba in particular

Ontario Getting After its Share

INCIDENTALLY, Eastern Ontario is also making its individual claim, not only for farm-labor, but for prospective farm-owners and settlers. Dr G C Creelman, the new Agent-General for Ontario, recently made the statement that so many first-class farms with all modern improvements were now vacant in Eastern Ontario, through casualties in the war, migration to the West and other causes, that owners were actually offering some of them for little more than is being asked for bare prairie lands in the West. Hon Manning Doherty, Minister of Agriculture in the Ontario legislature, who returned from his official overseas trip while this article was in course of writing told me that the very best type of English farmers are already locating on vacant farms in Lower Ontario Most of these immigrants are well fixed financially They are former English tenant farmers, who under the new order of things in the tight little isle, are lured with either buying the farms they and their ancestors rented for generations, or moving them to great many of them have announced that they prefer to make their new investment in Canada Hon Mr Doherty stated that the capital these yeomen and the thrifty Scotch farmers also coming would bring with them would run up into the millions.

The policy of the Federal Department in selecting immigrants is being as earnestly carried out by the Provincial Departments No immigration is being encouraged except that of farmers, farm laborers and domestic help Quebec, Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia's individual Agents-General and their assistants are now really engaged in a friendly rivalry to appropriate the cream of this Old Country movement to Canada "Ontario expects to secure four to six thousand this year," said Hon Manning Doherty "Seven hundred are booked for the first boat in March Incidentally Dr G C Creelman, our Agent-General, has been in Denmark and the outlook is that there will be a large influx of Danish farmers to the hinterlands of Northern Ontario. Early in the New Year Dr Creelman left for Sweden where more of the sterling class of Scandinavian pioneers will be encouraged to locate in the upper portion of this Province."

Manitoba's efforts to induce British and Scandinavian farmers in particular to locate in that Province will be no less aggressive than Ontario's Manitoba, like Ontario, has still a great deal of desirable land open for settlement—more than most Canadians imagine In the 252 000 square miles of territory there are vast resources in the way of agricultural possibilities, minerals, fur, fish and lumber yet practically untouched To utilize these resources, an editorial in a recent issue of the *Manitoba Free Press* pointed out there were only 553 860 persons, or about two to the square mile, "whereas," argued the *Free Press*, "Germany has 220 to the square mile, and in an area about one and one-half times that of Manitoba."

In the matter of British immigration, English newcomers to this country have always been by far the most numerous Scotch come second, Irish third and Welsh fourth Between July 1st 1900 and the end of the calendar year 1920, a total of 1,332,687 British immigrants poured into Canada of whom 834 769 were English, 16,067 Welsh, 271,605 Scotch and 81 530 Irish Thus British immigration was somewhat better than one-third of the total coming to Canada in that period The total from all countries, including United States, reached 3 828 989

Many From U S Cross our Border

UNITED STATES immigrants are the British close runners for first place in the same period the influx from our next door neighbor's domain being 1 049,212

The banner year for immigration in Canada was 1913, when the total from all countries ran up to 402 432, of whom 150 542 were British, 133,009 from United States and 112,881 from other countries.

Besides British and American immigrants forty-eight other nationalities are enumerated in official records as coming to Canada from July 1st 1900 to March 31st 1920, and among them the following seven were the leaders in point of numbers Austro-Hungarian 200 026, Italian 121,597 Russian 97,264, Hebrew 76,114 German 58,821 Chinese 47 918 and Polish 36 265 The Malay race wins the booby prize with the low number—5 These five copper-hued citizens from the other side of the world all came to a bunch in the year 1901-02. Evidently they didn't like the country well enough to write home and bring more of the folks out, or else the country didn't like them well enough to let more of the folks in, for there is no record of another Malay setting foot on Canadian soil since.

The Scandinavian race are generally accepted as the very best type of pioneers and good citizens especially in the bush country where patience and labor are finally rewarded with prosperity The influx of Scandinavians during the past twenty years is tabulated as follows: Danish 6,779, Icelandic 4,512, Norwegian 20,797, Swedish 28,578.

The agitation under way for some time in United States and Australia in particular to exclude Japanese immigration will no doubt create curiosity in Canada as to the number flocking here from the kingdom of the Mikado According to Government records the Japs have been flocking into Canada at the rate of about 1,000 a year Between the dates July 1st, 1900, and March 31st, 1920 the total influx of Japs here was 14 726.

Of the 3,623,039 immigrants landing in Canada between July 1st, 1900, and December 31st, 1920, Ontario ran an individual province secured the lion's share, a total of 958,781. Saskatchewan and Alberta, which are combined in the Government official figures, received 951 470, and other provinces, in order, took a division of the balance as follows: Quebec 646,651, Manitoba 492 126, British Columbia 390 196, Maritime provinces 167 895

Almost a Risey-Made Canadian

ASIDE from the value of their man-power and pioneer energy, the actual wealth in the way of bank accounts and tangible assets which immigrants bring into the country is an item of importance In the matter of American immigration to Canada it runs into hundreds of millions of dollars. For instance, since the year 1912-13, American settlers brought with them to Canada according to official records $124 586 430 18 In the year 1912 13 alone, immigrants from the United States brought in $26,795,546 15, and the following year $22 851 597 40

Recent rates of exchange between here and United States, against which Canadians complained so bitterly have proved a big inducement to American farmers to come over to Canada and invest their money which proves the old saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The American settler comes to Canada one reason or another. He comes from a country not only speaking the same language as our own but more identical with Canada in its climate, soil, customs laws and angles of view than any other on the face of the globe Like the Canadian settler in the West he is a born pioneer with innate initiative and love of overcoming obstacles and difficulties. The American sails for life reaching or sauntergement from the Immigration Department once he gets settled on his place He has a habit of taking care of himself and immediately making himself at home.'

On the other hand, it is another question as to whether the Canadian and the American speaking from a general standpoint, are the best settlers we have in the West. Included in both their numbers in the past have been many exploiters, pure and simple—farmers who went into our West not to farm but to get all they could out of the prairie fertile surface-soil, taking up one piece of land after another and "cropping them to death." That means as soon as the land becomes exhausted for want of fertilization and sympathetic care the exploiter moves on to another section, leaving behind him a forest of weeds and effete soil that will not "come back" for years By this I do not intend to convey the idea that a majority or even a large percentage of American and Canadian settlers on the prairies are exploiters, but they seem to have been the originators of this pernicious system of "section-jumping" and most of the tricks in the way of exploitation that overseas settlers have been found indulging in they learned from our native farmers or their cousins across the border

If there is a "best settler" from standpoint of showing most progress in a given number of years, the palm must be passed to the Scandinavian—the Icelander, the Dane and the Norwegian I have been through Icelandic settlements in Saskatchewan that were a delight to the eye. These people settle on their Canadian holdings with the single idea of creating a home for themselves and their children As soon as the Icelander commences to make profits there his farm he invests in improvements and materials for beautification of his immediate surroundings. His ruling passion is for planting horse-flesh An Icelander's home is known by the surroundings and a spanking team of horses more than a bank account any day The Icelandic people are inclined to be as clannish as the Scotch, and, like that sterling race, they are very adaptable as hard workers, thrifty progressive and soon become enthusiastic Canadians

The "Ghne Old Days" of Snow and Ice Canards

AN ARTICLE on immigration would be incomplete without a reference to the early difficulties which had to be pioneered and overcome by departments having charge of it in the past. It was following the régime of Sir Clifford Sifton as Minister of Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs when he took over complete charge of immigration work, from 1896 till 1905, that Canadian development along that line received its greatest impetus. Prior to that period, Canada in the eyes of the outside world was a wilderness of lumbermockes and esternal snows So let it had received its principal notoriety through being made the setting for all sorts of outlandish and blood-curdling fiction. In the Old Country when a young man emigrated to Canada he was practically given up as lost to civilization by his family and friends The preparations which he made for his departure were about on a par with those of some member of an exploring party bound for the North Pole. Indeed not so very many years ago a certain class of "outfitters" oversees and at the ports of entry in the country did a thriving business in disposing of arctic-weather garb, fire-arms, horse-knives and other murderous weapons to new-comers to this country who were led to believe that a man could not meet the exigencies of the climate unless garbed in furs and would run and that to protect himself against attacks of wild beasts and wilder savages he must go about armed to the teeth The result was that it was almost impossible to induce the right class of Old Country farmers to come to Canada



HON J A. CALDER,
Minister of Immigration—a hitherto unpublished photograph, taken from a recent painting by J. Sheldan Williams.

These false conceptions of Canada had gained credence all over Europe and even in the United States. In the latter country newspaper and magazine writers seldom failed to refer to the Dominion as the "Frozen North." United States newspapers featured news stories from Canadian hinterlands usually exaggerations, about whole families being frozen to death, settlers being devoured by wolves and the like and when Canadian pictures were published over the line they invariably depicted an ice palace a snow avalanche or a wild Indian war dance An American editor or writer seemed to dare concede that there was such a thing as a summer season here or that the product of the country consisted of anything in particular outside of rye whiskey, furs, ice and Christmas trees The current notion of Canada in United States in those days is aptly illustrated in the story of the little girl who was leaving with her parents for the North, and on the eve of their departure, was overheard to conclude her prayers with, "Good-bye, God—we're going to Canada."

THIS was the way the Immigration Department of Sifton's day set about stopping up the mass of misinformation and climate-laking that was practically holding development in Canada at a standstill

They sent out instructions to their agents abroad to buy up every picture, painting or pamphlet they could find that depicted Canada as a land of snow and ice and to destroy such immediately Measures were taken to discourage wild-eyed correspondents of outside newspapers from sending hurtful exaggerations of climate and conditions abroad, and definite instructions were given out that any man in the employ of the Department found giving out false or exaggerated information about the country was to be summarily dismissed

Having started to plow under the weeds of misinformation, Sir Clifford lost no time in sowing the seeds of beneficial publicity After a complete new staff of agents had been appointed and printed propaganda had been prepared, a battery of photographers was turned loose in the settled portions of Western Canada with instructions to get pictures of actual seeding, harvesting and other agricultural and ranching scenes depicting production as it actually existed These photographs along with samples of Canadian-grown grains, vegetables and fruits were flooded into the States in the Union where prospects were bright for securing settlers Representative American farmers from communities all over the Northern States were taken, at the Canadian Government's expense, to witness both seeding and harvesting operations in the Dominion's Western Territories In this way they were convinced by observation that there was a hot, productive summer climate in Canada and that the prairies on this side of the line were producing greater yields per acre than the soil in their own sections of the States. Most of these men went back to their respective neighborhoods absolutely converted to the Canadian viewpoint and permanent boosters for immigration to this country

Innovations of any kind are inevitably bitterly opposed at the start Sir Clifford met opposition to his plans from divers directions One of the most difficult tasks was bringing the steamship companies into line The order which went out putting a ban on the encouragement of Old Country and European immigration other than farmers and farm-laborers brought a storm of disapproval from the transportation people

The steamship men carried their grievance to Sir Wilfrid Laurier then Prime Minister who heard them in the presence of his Minister of the Interior They threatened

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THE BIG TIME MAN:

By C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

A THREE-PART STORY—PART III

THE STORY SO FAR—John MacPhee 72, bachelor recluse, millionaire bottle manufacturer, and Bargrave's wealthiest citizen, must come work—or die. Ida, favorite niece, is employed in his office. Jim Douglas, Ida's suitor, was works manager, but quarrelled with MacPhee calling him old fashioned. He goes to U.S., later returning to see Ida. MacPhee, though it galls him, decides to quit work and goes West with Ida, giving Douglas a two-year contract to "make good"—as business has been slumping—and promises him an absolutely free hand. Mulhouse, a personable young Bargrave citizen, looms up as rival for Ida's hand and also as the leading competitor in the bottle business. He gets the biggest MacPhee contract away from Douglas

SKINNED a mile!" he mused, smiling, as it to impress the fact still more deeply on his visitor. "What'n thet you said? Prize? Personally I'd have no objection, whatever. On the other hand, I'll rise to tell you just to impress it on you that you folks are doing the Rip van Winkle stunt. But, loving peace and amity as I do, I'd fairly hate to be the cause of dissensions among that loveliest party that makes up the Gougers' Club. I ought to be glad to get in a swipe at it, a thug organization framed to throttle innocents like myself, but I'll resist the temptation and hold my tongue. When thieves fall out, honest men scone by their own. Nothing personal at all in this, Jim, because you came into the inheritance of the association through old MacPhee, and had nothing at all to do with its formation. Oh, I love it."

"I guess you do," laughed Jim. "The same kind of love that sent the man by night to saw bares in the other fellow's wheat patch."

Wingate understood the implication and laughed aloud. "I'm bluffing eh? I want to spoil the charitable organization? Lord bless my dear world," he said.

He laid the paper down on the table and got to his feet. "You haven't lunched yet, Jim?" he asked. "If you'll wait for me just a couple of minutes while I step into the main office we'll go over to the Club, and show to the hard world that there's no bad feeling."

He left the room closing the door behind him. Once or twice Douglas paced the length of the office in no enviable frame of mind. Wingate might joke over the matter, for he stood on the laughing side, but it was no humorous event to Jim. The realization of the full force of the smashing blow now began to come on him. What would MacPhee say about the new efficiency that was to revolutionize things? Jim could guess without much difficulty. The news of the loss of the Wingate contract would crash on him like a thunderbolt. The first big contract, a dead-sure thing, that had come up for renewal, had been lost by the new man!

It would furnish a topic of conversation for weeks to business Bargrave. Mulhouse would be extolled, Douglas put in the also-ran class. Those who heard about it would not bother about details, would not be concerned as much with the way the big order had been lost, the outstanding fact would be that it had been lost and that Mulhouse had grabbed it. A day after the epochal battle the world ceases to bother about the how and why and wherefore. On such a day a battle was fought, so-and-so won it, so-and-so lost. That is all the world outside a few experts cares about, the great essential fact.

Had Mulhouse really played the traitor? Jim honestly did not like to believe it. He wasn't a whining mortaman who yells "Foul play" every time the decision goes against him. He would rather know that he had been put down by the fair blow of a man who had been cleverer for the moment, than think the other fellow had used a slung-shot. Was Mulhouse a crook, a dirty fighter, or was Wingate just playing a clever, justifiable bit of business politics? Was Mulhouse price-slashing in defiance of his pledged word, or was Wingate letting him think that the other had undercutted? He came to a halt in his pacing near the window. Close to him was the desk Wingate had just risen from. On the desk lay the paper—the Mulhouse estimate, Jim did not doubt for an instant.

ORDINARILY the last thing Douglas would have done would have been to scrutinize the private papers on another man's desk. He had principles, and quite robust ones.

Sneaking to any shape or form he detested. Then the thought flashed through his mind that Wingate had drawn his attention to the paper, had laid it on the desk and left the room in order that he might see it. Not wishing to give him the figures quoted by Mulhouse directly, he would not be displeased if his visitor saw them for himself. Wingate was not the man to go out of his office and leave an important paper that he wished to keep secret lying openly on his desk and the omission to put it away had not been accidental but purposed. Mulhouse had often been accused of breaking the terms of his agreement and had always denied it, demanding proof which could not be procured. Here, then, was proof one way or another. Either Mulhouse was false to his pledged word, a traitor to his associates, or he was a smarter man than the rest, but unjustly maligned.

That paper lying on Wingate's desk would furnish the proof one way or the other. It would show that Mulhouse got what he deserved by his keen cleverness, or that he was a common crook, who had fettered his rivals by their words of honor and then had broken his own to go out and filch from their fields.

Jim hesitated no longer, but bending over the desk ran his eyes along the quotations. It was the work of a few seconds to find out what he wanted to know.

There was the unquestionable evidence over the signature of Mulhouse. He had shaved prices, all down the list a full ten per cent below each and all figures. The man was a crook of the meanest and cheapest type. When Wingate returned presently, he found Jim again pacing the floor. Out of the corner of his eye the visitor saw the other pick up the paper from his desk and pull it away, casting, as he did so, an inquiring glance in the direction of Douglas. Then, without further reference to the lost contract, they went out to lunch.



He got up at the same time

When he reached his own office in the afternoon Jim dropped into a chair to think things out. Here on MacPhee ground the defeat seemed worse than it had done in Wingate's office. The whole town would laugh at him, for there was nothing much secret in a business way in Bargrave. It would be talked about in the Club, in social gatherings, on street corners. Beaten by the craft of Mulhouse, who had trimmed many another before! When many other glass manufacturers had been beaten out by the young Napoleon of Bargrave there had been loud lamentations and wailings over crooked work. Jim hated a squealer and such he hated a quitter. No matter how much reason the squealer might have for squealing—it was not the action of a straight-bred sportsman. There should be no mourning either in public or private over the lost book.

Jim resolved on his own tactics in the matter. One might get hysterical, heap reproaches on the successful man, and condemn the action by which he had won the victory.

In his heart Jim was a bit ashamed of the way by which he had obtained his proof, but he would keep it to himself, or, at most, tell it only to MacPhee or someone very close to him in business affairs. This was only the first round of a fight that might last for quite a time. There should be no whimpering, no outcries, but recuperation and preparation for the next round. What benefit would it be to him to have the wordy sympathy of other stung members of the association, who would very likely laugh at him behind his back? He had been ambushed, but while the ambushing might have been treacherous the main point was that he had been licked, and no amount of explanation as to the unfair tactics of the winner would alter the fact in the smallest degree.

He rose at last from his chair, with his mind fully made up. It was a bitter dose to swallow. Mulhouse had hurt as much cracked up by MacPhee and the old man would take the latest accomplishment as further evidence of the smartness of his rival. It would not hurt Mulhouse in the esteem of old MacPhee, the least bit to have pinched away the contract from himself. He was a good loser under such circumstances, and he might conceivably regard the humiliation as an all-round benefit to Jim.

LET those talk about the shuffling of the contract who might, nothing should fall from his lips that would advertise his sorrows or condemn Mulhouse. The matter demanded more than the medicine of sympathetic words more than the censures that might be hurled against the foes that had rained the roost so profitably.

As Jim had anticipated, Bargrave had the news before night fall, but in the days week by it was unable to make out exactly the mind of Jim Douglas about the loss. Some, beholding Jim's unmoved attitude came to believe that for this time MacPhee had not tendered at all. Probably the fact that the big alterations were going on had made the old firm pass up the shorter-term contract in time. There were those who asserted that he had been double-crossed by Mulhouse, but that he belonged to the bull-dog breed that neither whines nor whimpers over his wounds but holds and fights on, hating his foes, and a better finisher than starter. All were firmly of the opinion, with the possible exception of Wingate and Mulhouse himself, that the catastrophe if it was a catastrophe could not and would not have happened if MacPhee had been at home.

The first time he took a real holiday, things fell to pieces in the works. If this was the outcome of his playing, it would be an end to his intention to stay around instead of gallivanting abroad at his time of life. Jim, they said, was smart enough in his way, but you could not put old heads on young shoulders.

Jim cast Mulhouse almost daily and they appeared to be as distantly friendly as they had ever been. Some who observed the association of the two said that Jim Douglas was a bit of a disappointment, and that he had less fighting spirit than they had thought possible.

Meantime letters arrived with fair frequency from the old man on his travels and Ida. MacPhee kept up the rôle of having abandoned all business, even in thought. To read his epistles one might imagine that he had forgotten that ever there was such a commodity as a bottle in the world. He talked of minerals and canneries and woodlots, and lumber limits, and town sites. He enlarged on the beauties of Nature, the large, magnificent calm of these days of rest he was enjoying. He had abandoned the strenuous life in favor of the serene life.

Not a page of them, however, deceived Jim. He knew there was not an incident connected with the daily routine of the works MacPhee was not fully acquainted with. Jim sent him formal reports every week, but while the old man acknowledged the receipt of them he never commented on their contents.

Not even the fateful news of the loss of the Wingate contract stirred him to words. Ida wrote to Jim very sympathetically, though she knew no exact details and attributed the loss to the embarrassments of reconstruction and renovation. A woman will always find an excuse for the failings of the man of her regard. Not until the last letter MacPhee wrote from the West did he break the business silence.

"I noted in your letter of some time ago that Mulhouse had taken the Wingate contract from MacPhee's. We had it seven years. I think I can find it in my heart these days to write him a word of congratulation. Time was when I couldn't have done this. I must be mellowing. Other folks give it a different name."

November had come when the MacPhees returned to Bargrave. Jim did not know they were actually back until, the afternoon of their arrival, the old man strolled into the office. He was bronzed, as much as his wrinkled and tanned old face could be, but seemed stronger, and said he had never felt fitter in all his days. He was cordial to Jim, and gave him a rather gaudy cigar case he had brought all the way from Vancouver as a present. Ten minutes after he had entered the place he was off to have a look at the works, going first to the departments in which the changes were taking place. Much had been done, and much was in the process of being done.

MacPhee examined the new machinery minutely, but expressed no opinion about it, watched such of it as was already in operation with interest, asked a question or so as to its working, but nothing more than—nor even as much as—the dull visitor who had never seen a bottle made before. When he got back to the office, he dropped into his favorite chair and began to talk about golf and some fishing he had managed to get in the later part of the season and a copper mine he had seen somewhere in British Columbia, which he said was a bit of a wonder. He talked about most things besides bottles and the home business.

"And the man who was promoting this copper proposition Jim, looked like a bishop or something of that sort, solemn and sober and real good. He gave you the impression that he was floating the mine solely in the interests of the needy public and he yearned to have them come in on the ground floor right now, because a week from next Monday, if he didn't miss his guess the stock that was being offered at five cents a share would be offered at a dollar or more, and then, if you hadn't bought at five cents you'd be mad enough to drown yourself. A real philanthropist with a real copper mine. He made me a fine offer he'd shave it down to four cents if I'd take a wad. I guess I looked the part all right. No. I didn't buy, told him I had enough of the awful stuff, and that I'd hate to rob the real needy. It's a strange world, Jim, taking it by and large."

So he rambled on, with Jim all fidgets about home business.

"We'll have a start of the new machinery in plan by Christmas," he broke in on another recital of experience in strange parts.

"That will be nice," said MacPhee. "The main thing then will be to scare up some work for this swell new machinery to do. Maybe you've got lots of it. I was just musing whet cause to my mind."

Jim knew what he was driving at, and resolved to have it out with him then and there.

"We have enough to keep us going, but we could handle more. The loss of that Wingate contract made a mighty big gap in business," he said.

"I guess so. After seven years, too! Seven years without a break we had it," mused MacPhee. "Never any bother of any kind. We made him fair prices, the percentage of breakages was never excessive, and we were on the dot with our deliveries. This is history. Jim—not hurting you any. So far as I know them we never a wrong word between us. Wingate was a member of my church, my lodge, my club. Used to be one of my best friends."

"I don't doubt that he is such still," Jim answered.

"Maybe so," the other answered. "Seven years is quite a spell, when you come to think of it. When you've had business as long as that you sort of expect you'll keep it right up to the close of the chapter, that is, if you do the right thing by your customers. If you can't hold that kind of a contract, what can you hold? I don't mean any reflection on you by that, Jim, there may be something I don't understand, and after all, it's none of my business in a way. I sort of abdicated for a while and that being so I've got to hit by mum."

"There's no need for that," said Jim. "It's your business after all, and I'm your man. You agreed to let my word be decisive about policies, but that didn't mean that you were not to have a word at all. I don't claim to know it all."

"There was a time when it seemed to me that I fancied you might think you did," grinned MacPhee. "Responsibility—sole responsibility won't all it's cracked up to be, eh?"

"I'm not shirking it," replied Jim. "I lost the contract all right, and another man got it. It runs just six months, and it will be time presently to figure on another one. I am figuring already."

"That's the stuff," approved MacPhee. "One knock-down doesn't finish the battle that is if you're wise from the knock-down and understand the run of things."

There's one thing I want to ask you," said Jim. What provision is there for a member of the association pulling out of it?"

"Who wants to pull out?" snapped the old man roused out of his gossipy mood.

"I for one," Jim replied.

"What for?" asked MacPhee.

"Because I think I can put up a better fight with my hands loose than with them tied," said Douglas.

"Jim, you're not like the rest squealing in the punches are you?" asked MacPhee.

"I don't think so," replied Douglas evenly. "But I think I'd like a game with the cards on the table."



One room from the chair it got over to the telephone that stood on a table near the fireplace

GOT the Wingate matter in your craw, eh?" sniffed MacPhee. "Tell you what Jim, I like a good scrap nobody likes it more and feels how said that I was a keen fighter and some have said—it was a lie—that I was a bad loser. I'm a bad loser just that way that when I get to the contract I want to know the reason why. If that's bad losing then I'm one of the worst losers ever was. But I'm not a bad loser in that way that I hunt round for excuses, or try to take away the credit from the other fellow when I've been trimmed. I don't know how you came to lose the contract all I know is that you did lose it and that Mulhouse got it.

"That's the essential part," Jim answered. "Good loser or bad I want to be out of that association."

"Which means that you are like the rest when you're beaten you won't play any more," said MacPhee. "Every man who has lost a gross order to Mulhouse has talked the same way. He challenged them to fire-ish proof."

"Well I haven't talked the way you speak of," retorted Douglas. "You are the only one I have spoken to about quitting the association. It loss us the Wingate contract, and that should be enough reason between you and me."

"You mean that Mulhouse cut prices? that's your excuse?" snarled MacPhee.

"Since you put it so plainly yes, I do mean that," replied Jim. "I have told it to nobody else and wouldn't have spoken of it to you but you asked. That association is being run for the benefit of just one man. He dopes the rest with talk and fine pocket-appealing sentiment, ties them up with a schedule in black and white and then goes to work on his own."

"I've heard it all before, Jim. Every single man who loses out to him talks just the same way. He's challenged them to furnish proof," said MacPhee.

"How can you furnish proof ordinarily?" Douglas asked. "The buyers who are profiting by his welshing are not likely to give a game away that runs in their favor. I want to be free from the bunch. A ten per cent handicap things are, is a bit too much to carry."

"Of course with the proof in your hand you laid it before the association!"

"I had nothing before it," Jim replied. "You are the only one I've laid it before, and the business is yours you ought to know. A licking is a licking, and no amount of excuse for you or censure for the other chap will make it any the less a licking. I'm saying nothing more about that part. It's history. A man may be mad-bagged once and have the excuse of unexpectedness, but if he gets laid out the same way a second time, he lays himself open to the accusation of being a bit slack. Somebody told me that we can pull out by giving a month's notice at the end of the year, and that's just what I am going to do. I don't mind a fight, but I don't care to have my hands tied behind my back while the other fellow slips a horseshoe into his mitt."

MacPhee said nothing more about it and presently took himself off home. He firmly believed that Jim was squealing. It was the whimper of a defeated man trying to rob the winner of praise. MacPhee didn't believe any of the tales about Mulhouse. He liked the fellow, and did not grudge him his win over MacPhee's.

"A terrible mess the place is in Ida," said the old man when he reached home. "Everything topsy-turvy."

I suppose that is bound to be, considering the changes that are being made," she replied.

"And the loss of that Wingate contract is nothing short of a calamity. At the rate Jim is going on he'll wreck MacPhee's inside his two years!" he continued. "All for change, just for the sake of change, and while he's spar ding hand over fist he's losing contracts that have helped us to pay our way."

"Did you ask him up to supper?" she inquired smilingly.

"Supper, no. Why should I?" he demanded. "I've half a mind not to go down to the plant again as long as he is in charge. He's going to pull out from the association—that's the latest whimsy he has got."

"And perhaps that will not be an altogether bad thing," she replied. "It has caused quite a lot of bickering, one person accusing the other of unfair tactics to his own vision. I always thought it a rather one-sided arrangement, and depended too much on the strict integrity of the others. Too much like a new kind of blind man's bluff, with this difference, that only one person has his eyes unbandaged and the rest are hoodwinked."

"Have you been talking to Jim?" he asked, eyeing her suspiciously.

"Not a word," she laughed. "I haven't had the chance yet. But I never did think much of that agreement.

"If you want you can call Jim up and bid him come up to supper," he said.

"No, you might ask him some other time," she said. "I have quite a lot to do this evening and there are two or three people I must run out and see."

WHEN they had finished supper Ida went out. She had a call to pay at the parsonage. The place was on the opposite hillside, just past the MacPhee works. The night was clear and cold, the stars shining frostily. There was another new baby at the minister's house—and Ida, who was very friendly with the mother had decided that she could not possibly wait to see the marvel until the morning. Mr. MacPhee wanted to have her drives down but Ida preferred to walk. It was quite dark by the time she reached the town and began the ascent of the slope that led to the parsonage.

She had with her some presents she had brought from her trip for her friend and the children. There was a light in the window of the factory office as she flitted by. She peeped through the windows, and saw Jim seated at his big table desk a wilderness of papers about him. She would have liked to go in and help him sort them out. He looked rather tired and anxious she fancied. Then fearful lest she be discovered peeping she hurried on, was introduced to and duly rhapsodized over the new baby, narrated some of the experiences of her trip—gladdened the hearts of the recipients with her presents, then came away. The minister offered to escort her back home but she declined company. She knew the road well and everybody knew her. Bargrave had the eminent respectability of the small town.

Re-passing the works she could not resist the temptation to glance again through the mirror-stained office window. Jim had risen, had put on his overcoat, and as she looked, he put out the light and came toward the door. She walked along very sedately, turning her head at the sound of the bang of the office door. Then she waited.

"Why, Jim!" she exclaimed on he came swiftly up to her. "What are you doing at the office at this hour? You will have your union after you."

"Ida!" he responded, grabbing her hand and collaying a dozen questions at her.

"Yes, we got back this afternoon. Of course you know that, for you saw me in the office. Yes, I had a most glorious time, better even than I anticipated. I just ran up to the parsonage to see Mrs. Fenton and the wonderful new baby. I had a peep in at your window as I went by. You seemed to have the cares of the whole world on your shoulders," she ran on brightly.

"Not quite that," he smiled soberly. "Of course this reconstruction means that everything is in rather a muddled condition yet, but it is getting straightened out. By the time the year turns I think we shall be ready to move forward a little faster. And it is going to turn out all that I expected. Ida. It will amplify our work; there will be no more of this zigzagging to and fro, but things will run on a straight ridge from start to finish. There will be a great saving of labor. Then the new machinery is going to do great things for us. Six months after we get into full swing we'll marvel that we wasted so long to make the changes. MacPhee's will no longer be a kind of puzzle you have to furnish a guide or solution for, but a real man's establishment that will repay the cost of the outlay quicker than ever we dreamed."

"I'm glad, Jim, but I always knew it would turn out right. It was of course a big change to effect, especially for one who was so deeply attached to the old order of things as uncle was," she said.

"And then when the difficulties arose they brought the company with them they usually bring," he continued, cheered by her congratulations. "That matter of the Wingate contract was a blow right from the shoulder. It hurt, Ida, hurt mightily, and I can feel the bruising yet."

"Yes, it was bad," she answered. "I knew how you would feel, but that is the way events of the kind seem to toil, isn't it? It is as if Fate was just trying you out all it could putting the final bit on you to see if you had the heart and strength to bear it. Still it was only a six months' contract this time was it not? By the time you are ready to go ahead with the new plant, the present contract will expire. Of course you'll go after it again?" she said.



"You're late, Ida," MacPhee observed to the girl as she entered his snuggery, where he was reading his newspaper.

"OF COURSE," he answered. "Your uncle seemed almost to delight in the loser I got, and was so charmed by the astuteness of the Mulhouse firm that it took away the sting of loss from him."

"You can't judge uncle from what he says always," she said. "Sometimes I think he employs language to conceal thought. He felt the loss but of course he's a pretty good sportsman."

"He kind that cracks up the adversary at the expense of his own side!" he observed a little bitterly. "I thought that perhaps you had all come back Mulhouse rosters."

"Then you thought wrong," she laughed. "Jim I believe you're getting a little bit touchy, a lot more so than you used to be. I'm a MacPhee myself all the way and then some. You've got to bring that contract back Jim, it has to be done, and it is going to be done."

"That sounds good," he laughed. "Next time it won't be the only fault if it does not come back to us. He did not speak beautifully but with fighting constantive it was good to hear. "Of course I didn't expect smooth sailing the first year, but it has been a bit rougher than I had looked for. Still, I think the worst is over, and with the plant modernized and in fine running shape the hardest task will be finished. Then we can get after the outside work. We are going to free-lance from this time forward at least as long as my contract holds."

He made no further reference to the association, and neither spoke of Mulhouse. The conversation left the topic of business of which this night he was very weary, and they talked of her travels and the wonders she had seen.

"Oh, Jim, it is good to have money," she said, "to be able to go away and see the world. It is good for me in itself, but it is better because it makes you like your own house, your town and the people who belong to it, more than ever before. I never quite realized how much I liked Bargrave till I came back this afternoon. We have traveled in the most luxurious way, stopped at the best hotels seen everything that was to be seen, bought all kinds of expensive things and met all sorts of people from all over the world. It was very pleasant, but—you'll laugh at me, Jim—there were times when I positively hungered for this quiet humdrum Bargrave, for the house that has become my home, for the view of the woods and fields, the harbor and the sea. Mind I enjoyed every minute of the trip, but homecoming has been the pleasantest of all."

"I thought perhaps you would forget us all among the new friends you made," he teased her.

"I have a good memory," she replied rather soberly. "The new friends are pleasant to meet, but they are mostly bird-of-passage acquaintances. It is the old ones you turn to when you get tired and homesick. Uncle talked of going to Florida for the season, but I don't want to go."

"It would be mighty pleasant for you," said Jim. "You'd miss the cold and the snow and the bitter frost of this Northland."

They were now standing at the gate, and she glanced up at him. Had he been able to see her face clearly he would have found a suggestion of wonder in her eyes.

JIM DOUGLAS went to his rooms that evening very much rested, and with a quieter mind than he had enjoyed for many a long day. He did not know why this should be, for nothing that Ida had said had altered their relationship. There was the wide gulf between them still, but the problems that had harassed him seemed now but the ordinary roughness of every-day life. He had been struggling them in his loneliness and seclusion. The burdens that had appeared to be almost too wearing had become scarcely perceptible. He did not know why the disappointments he had worried over should so suddenly have lost their power to vex, but it was so. There had come to him new strength, a wonderful reviving. The cheery courage, the earnest simplicity, the strong faith of the girl in him had imparted their virtues to him.

"I don't want to be cured."

"But you liked seeing the big sights, and enjoyed the fun you had?"

"Every one of them and every bit of such one," she said. "But you know how good home-made bread and real home butter taste after you have been living on cake and confectionery. Do you know, uncle there was something on the tip of my tongue that I wanted to ask Jim, but for some reason or other I didn't dare to."

"What was that?" he asked.

"I wanted to ask him if I could have my place back in the office. I don't see why I should be fired because I happen to go off for a holiday."

"You can't get back into the office again, Ida—it wouldn't be fitting now," he answered.

"But why not?" she asked. "Jim didn't say he didn't want me—did he?"

"What Jim wants or what Jim doesn't want so far as you are concerned, is no matter. You are not part of the plant he is boss of," he said. "I told him some time back, just before we went away, that he needn't expect you down there again."

"But I'd like to go back. When I'm dismissed in this way it looks as if I was no good there before," she told him. "You don't object do you, uncle?"

"IF YOU were my real daughter, Ida, I wouldn't care to have you there," he replied. "And you see, dear, you are practically my daughter now. I am getting on in years and when I am gone you will be in my place. I'm not a poor man, as I daresay you know by this time, and the world one day will regard you as a rich woman, a very rich woman. A rich woman has duties and obligations and rights. There is place for her all other things being equal in a bigger world than ours here. She ought to get to know people of her own class and kind. I don't think I was a snob, but there are ranks, social ranks in the world's army, and money has a great deal to do with admission to the higher ranks, though folks will tell you, in their hypocritical way, that this is not so. Then one of these days you'll likely think about getting married." Single life isn't what it's cracked up to be, certainly not for a woman, and I don't think you are cut out for an old maid. You ought to have the chance of meeting the right people. You can see why it would not do for you to be a sort of stenographis in the office of a firm that, not very far off, you will be mistress of. I pointed all this out to Jim just before we went away, because I thought he might want somebody to take your place and—"

"You talked about this to Jim? About the money you intended to leave me, this new life I was to enter, and—the—the suitable kind of person for one to marry?" she interrupted.

"Something of the sort," he admitted. "And I guess he understood how reasonable it all was. Jim can see as far through an inch board as the average."

"I see," she replied quietly. "What did he say about it?"

"What could he say?" he rejoined. "In a way it was some of his business, but it was right he should understand about it, so that he could fill your place. Any man with brains might know that a young woman with a few millions to play with has to plan differently from one who expects to marry a fifteen dollar a week quill driver."

"I suppose so," she observed in an absent sort of way, and there the conversation terminated. To Ida it was very illuminating. It cast a light on much that had been dark to her. Since the afternoon of Jim's return there had been a perceptible cloud over their friendship, a barrier that kept out the sunshine. Much of the old warm candor had died out of it. He had not been the Jim who greeted her so joyously on the day of his return from Detroit and had held her hand in the restaurant.

She guessed now whence the cloud had come. She had been cast before him as a woman of wealth, with big plans and ambitions, seeking a place in a new world, and turning her back on the old one. She knew that if she had remained as she was before her uncle brought her into his home, the girl working for her bread living in cheap rooms, pounding a typewriter and taking down dictation, Jim would have lifted her out of that place and set her in a home of their own. He would have stooped to life for her to his own level in the world of Bargrave. She almost wished she was as she had been and then banished the feeling. She could be as big and generous as Jim, and money was not he despised.

There were times during those last months when Wingate realized that low prices were not always cheap prices. Mulhouse had cut his quotations down to the point at

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"I don't want no secretary like her. I want a wife."

Yes, rather. I met Jim as I was coming back from the Feltons and he came along with me. We stood at the gate chatting for quite a while," she said in her frank way.

"What a Jim got to say?" he asked rather gruffly.

"I'm afraid it was I who did most of the talking," she laughed. "Jim is a good listener."

"That's a discovery," he grunted. "I guess it depends who does the talking."

"I was telling him how glad I was to get back, and what a gorgeous time I had been given and that while it was nice to have lots of money and to go about and see places, I liked Bargrave and my own home best of all," she went on.

Hmph! I'm not able I'll be cute.

GIRDING FOR THE FEDERAL FRAY

By J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE

ANOTHER session of Parliament looms up on the horizon. It will find Sir Robert Borden reduced to the ranks, Hon. Wesley Rowell elevating and uplifting from the second line of trenches and Hon. A. K. MacLean firing on his old colleagues from a position somewhere in the rear of W. Lyon Mackenzie King. It will be rather interesting to watch the new Premier under the circumstances. On his past record he is a trouble raiser rather than a peacemaker and his cabinet as now constituted is woefully short of debating material.

To be sure, that old warrior, Sir George Foster, will still stand at his right hand and keep the bridge with him. But the old schoolmaster has mellowed with years and is now more at home jabbering French like a school boy than in the rapier-like thrusts that made him famous. For the last couple of sessions he has been the meek and lowly Wesley who has girded on his armour and led most of the fighting for the Government. Of course Hon. Arthur himself was always the champion explainer. Give him something that could not possibly be explained and he could stand up and with a low fierce jab make the Opposition so mad that they'd forget all about the subject under debate.

But that kind of work won't do for the new job. The Government leader's business is to get legislation through the House rather than to create friction. He'll have to play a new rôle and to prove that the same Providence that equipped him with a sharp tongue also provided a supply of the oil a Premier must pour on troubled waters.

Of course Sir Robert Borden had a way of his own of sweeping obstacles out of his way. When things got so bad that action could no longer be delayed the swinging doors would fly open and with lordly mien the Premier with the pretty hair would stride to his seat. With a great show of indignation he would tear a few hundreds out of the air and follow up with an awful threat that he would forthwith resign unless dissension ceased and all would see and vote as he desired. He won out every time. But he also played that game to its limit. Young Mr. Meighen would fail utterly if he tried it. For everybody knows that Hon. Arthur fought too hard to get his job to lightly throw it over his shoulder this early in the game. And a bluff is only good when you have the other fellows too scared to call.

Hir George Foster will still stand at his right hand and keep the bridge with him.

As Debaters, How Good Are They?

SO THE young Premier will have to find new methods of herding his mixed following should any part of it threaten to run out. And as said before his Cabinet help is not what it might be. To be sure Sir George Foster brand a new partner of his years and sorrows at the Peace Conference, and who knows but that hir may take on a new lease of debating power? But aside from him what? The new members of the Cabinet surely were not selected for their power to sway the multitude.

Start Sir Harry Drayton. Hon. F. B. McCurdy and Hon. W. S. Wigmore all talking at once and in hell an hour all the members who had not been driven from the chamber would be last asleep in their seats. Nor do the rumps of the old cabinet still in the harness add much to the argument. To be sure Hon. C. C. Ballantyne has made a bluff at business talk and Hon. C. J. Doherty has proved that he has orate so that even the Peace Conference could not understand him. But they're hardly the class to fill a gap in a warm debate.

As for Hon. J. D. Reid—well the "Doc" can manage the King's English till his best friends would hardly recognize it. But as he generally needs help to hustle along his railway matters you can hardly expect him to prove of much assistance in a general melée. Sifton only takes a passive interest in the proceedings. He is more concerned about his health and the big black cigars he affects. Cahier got his in such plenty on the Western tour that he can be expected to avoid oratory as if it were a curse and Dr. Tolmie stands prepared to give you a nice talk on agriculture at any moment. But since when did evangeline wrizels play a part to politics?

And even if Borden, Rowell and Sir Thomas White are prepared to take up the cudgels for their former colleagues who can say they'll be on hand when wanted? For Sir Robert is busy on a set of lectures he is to deliver to college boys. Hon. Wesley will, at the request of his law partners, pay more attention to business and necessarily less to politics, while it looks as if Sir Thomas White would require a small act of parliament before he can sit in the House at all.

"He'll make no such thing as a one-piece underwear!"

Even Smooth James Calder fell down.

For Sir Thomas you know took that Grand Trunk Arbitration job with the intention of creating a vacancy in Leeds and collecting a fairly fat fee. It is only at his young Premier's urgent request that he retains the M.P. behind his name. And as he needs the money in his business some nice legislating will be necessary. For an M.P. who accepts a job from his government that carries pecuniary remuneration is supposed to take his hat and go. So don't look for any fiery speeches from Sir Thomas.

Of course the Premier's safety lies in the weakness of the Opposition. How Mr. King will make speeches! He couldn't help it if he tried. But by the time he gets piling words on any subject it is on well burned that reply is unnecessary. Then Hon. Jacques Bureau, who has been the one sign of life in that weary-looking front row is in none too good health. A trip to France now under way may rejuvenate him. But then again he may not return till well on in the session. And if he doesn't the Premier will have plenty of time to find his feet before anything worth while starts from across the floor. For Lapointe is a good-natured opponent and more concerned with constitutional questions than taking the joy out of a government leader's life. Of course there's John Sinclair, of Guysboro, and D. D. MacKenzie of Cape Breton. But the former fights along old lines and makes the fatal mistake of forgetting that political history prior to 1917 is very much like the Old Testament. Any political party looking for salvation in it will search its pages in vain. Then "The MacKenzie" is just as liable to train his guns on his schoolboy leader as on the young Premier on the other side of the house.

For D. D. has never quite forgiven Mr. King for beating him at the Liberal convention. Nor has he found consolation in the fact that he was not among the chosen few who accompanied Wavering Willie on his recent trip across the prairies. He's a proud Highland Chief in "The MacKenzie." Any kind of a slight makes a deep cut in his soul and, like the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he is a bad forgetter.

And that very fact is a reason why the Premier had better keep a careful eye on "D. D." For the latter has still a score to settle with him. It dates back to the debate on the taking over of the Grand Trunk by the Government. "D. D." was criticizing the deal rather harshly and though he may be both a lawyer and a statesman he succeeded in demonstrating that he is no bookkeeper. As a matter of fact he got very badly mixed in his figures. Hon. Arthur Meighen grabbed the opportunity to ridicule the old Scotchman most mercilessly.

It was a temporary triumph for the Portage lawyer. But those who know D. D. best shook their heads and whispered: Meighen will rue the day he did that. D. D. will wait a long time but he'll get him. Well D. D. is still waiting. Nobody believes he has forgotten. And when he finally gets to his feet and starts throwing chunks of scripture and other varieties of Scotch conditi in the general direction of the Premier it is a good guess that both the chamber and press gallery will speedily be occupied by capacity audiences.

An For Murphy and Fielding

AS FOR Hon. Charles Murphy he can make a fiery speech. But he loves not his young leader and Hon. Wesley Rowell no longer looms up to be the limelight to call the bitter word to his Irish lips. As for Hon. W. S. Fielding he talks around a subject like a cooper around a barrel. When he gets through and sits down each side of the House wonders whose turn it is to applaud. They generally both do it. For the old Nova Scotian still retains his remarkable command of English and that smooth easy delivery that commands the expert, yea arouses the envy of friend and foe alike.

As for the two Williams, Duff and Kennedy, who were dragged out of semi-seclusion to play minor parts in the troupe of talented entertainers with which the Boy Wonder invaded the one-night stands on the Prairies, they are both business men rather than orators or debaters. Some of their jealous colleagues suggest that they were taken West to help finance the trip—that they were "angels" rather than "actors." But of course remarks such as these are better not repeated. Suffice it to say that neither as a William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Duff takes an unholy joy in tangling Hon. C. C. Ballantyne in the mazes of his magpie calculations, a life-time spent in the shipping business naturally making him familiar with sea-faring stuff that Hon. C. C. Ballantyne would hope to be even if the latter has navigated the stormy seas of finance. Mr. Duff he it admitted, is a good two-fisted fighter in his own class but his field is necessarily limited.



When "D.D." starts throwing chunks of scripture and other varieties of Scotch confetti.

Learned the Value of Silence

WILLIAM C KENNEDY is a smooth, nicely tailored chap who likes to hug dinners for his men and bask in the sunshine of a little reflected glory. But the amassing of a fortune made largely from gas has taught him that silence is golden. Also habit is to speak about once a session. He generally chooses the longest debate for eruption and mixes his speech sound of figures and business expressions that the average politician says "here is something I had better leave alone." The ants accordingly and W C K gets by.

So there you have the line up for the session. It doesn't promise much high-class oratory. Neither does it call for a season of excitement. For the fighting will mainly be over that same old bone that has been the cause of nearly every political dog fight since confederation—the tariff. Everybody can talk on that and everybody does. And when the gong rings to end the talkfest everybody is just where he started.

But to get back to recent happenings. You'll be surprised but delighted to learn that both young leaders Meighen and King, arrived home from their cross-country run chock full of enthusiasm and optimism. If you want to know who's going to win the next general election ask Willie—or Arthur. Their answers may conflict a bit, however, for each will cross his heart and tell you with sweet simplicity and sincerity that a once rebellious country has come to its senses and stands ready to hail him as its heaven-sent premier.

For they're strong on attending meetings on the Prairies and even on the sunny slopes of the Pacific. It is cheaper than the movies. Anyway, the latter don't change their films every night. So both the young leaders drew bumper houses. Their audiences listened attentively and applauded in the right places. Each came home feeling that he had looked into the hearts of his countrymen and found them beating true and strong and in the right direction. Each felt that glow of perfect satisfaction that comes from a knowledge that true greatness had been recognized and appreciated. To be sure that West Elgin bye-election was a bit of a damper. But surely that was only a last sprinkle of the passing storm. It only helped make the rainbow more brilliant.

Lots of Applause, Few Votes

BUT the old warhorses of both parties are a bit worried just the same. They know what meetings mean. They've seen thousands turned away from Massey Hall Toronto, when Sir Wilfrid was the orator. And when election day rolled around they discovered that those who came to applaud did not turn out to vote.

Moreover, as far as the old Tories were concerned they saw a thing or two that almost convinced them that though their young leader might be a statesman he was certainly not a politician. For instance he sent J E Armstrong M P for East Lambton to take charge of the East Elgin campaign. Now Mr Armstrong has an earnestness, a respectability and an appearance that has led an irreverent press gallery to dub him "The Statesman." He is said to be a graduate of a Philadelphia School of Oratory (correspondence courses a specialty) and talks like it. But he doesn't say anything. Neither does he get anywhere. And to run a campaign a man must say things and get them. Anyway the East Elgin campaign wasn't much of a success from a Government standpoint. And the part that troubles the party warhorses is that the Premier still insists he chose the right man for the job.

The net result is that if you listen to those whose duty it is to man the party machines "He doesn't know men or politics," they sadly whisper. And then with added grin, "He's a stubborn little devil to do anything with." From which it will be gathered that Hon Arthur has all the autocracy of former Premiers. It remains to be seen whether he also holds the sagacity of a Laurier or the luck of a Borden. He'll need the one or the other to pull through.



If you want to know who's going to win the next election ask Willie—or Arthur

Then there's the Gauthier incident. You'll remember the somewhat irresponsible member for St. Hyacinthe. He it was who created a mild sensation last session by rising in his place in the House, striking his chest and declaring "Quebec is waiting for her hour!" He was supposed to be politely intimating that Quebec would raise a race and creed issue that would smite all English speaking governments hip and thigh.

What Happened to Gauthier

WELL, Quebec may still be waiting but Mr. Gauthier isn't. He arrived in Ottawa one fine Fall morning or rather on several fine Fall mornings with an evident determination to join the Meighen Cabinet whether he was wanted or not. Just who started him on the campaign is a guessing match. There are those who whisper that when the Premier started on his talking tour he left Hon C C Ballantyne to feel out Quebec and see if he could procure some French timber to round out the [illegible] cabinet. You know it was Sir Robert Borden's dream to get some real live French-Canadian to represent the Ancient Province in the Government. But the dream never materialized. Even Smooth James Calder fell down when he tried to find a Frenchman of prominence who would join the Unionists and who could bring a Quebec seat along with him. It may have been to help out with this search that James injected the "National" into the long name with which he loaded the good old Tory party.



Hon T A Crerar the Sheepman's Hero

Anyway, where Calder failed Ballantyne didn't do much better—for you could hardly call the eruption of Gauthier an improvement. He did have a couple of interviews with the Premier but the latter gently but firmly refused to let the matter go any further. At that it went far enough to show that the protectionist element in Quebec is not yet ready to link its fortunes with the renovated Union Government. For even Sir Lomer Gouin was prepared to take the Liberal nomination against Gauthier in St. Hyacinthe. And even before the visits to Ottawa had ceased it was known beyond a peradventure that the versatile Frenchman would be slaughtered if he went back to his constituents for endorsement as a member of the Cabinet.

No, Quebec has not forgiven Meighen. It looks on him as the father of the conscription bill. It remembers him as the man who brought down closure to force the hated measure through the House. Quebec is a protectionist province but it will vote free trade if Meighen is the only alternative.

Nor does the habitant look on Mackenzie King as a second Laurier. In fact the fealty it gives to him is little more than lukewarm.

"Mr King should remember," stated a French leader recently, "that we did not elect him—we defeated Fielding."

So young Mr King had better watch his step. It is hard for the habitant to follow an English speaking leader. In his heart of hearts he is longing for the day when he will be led to the polls by a man who can speak the tongue that is as dear to him as his religion. And if you haven't guessed the name of that leader listen to what a fine old Scotch lady out in Calgary took occasion to remark.

"Mr King is a fine young man," she said, "and a clever young man. But what a pity he wants to be Premier. Mr Lapointe would be so much better."

Of course Ernest Lapointe, like the gallant gentleman he is, disclaims all designs on the Liberal crown. He came back from the West full of enthusiasm for the young Napoleon who can array words battalion on battalion. So did all the talented tourists for that matter. And the only explanation that is forthcoming is that they are all modest men who had measured themselves with the men chosen to lead them and found that their own stature showed surprisingly great. That always gives a satisfaction that may easily develop into a basis for enthusiasm.

From the above you will gather that Quebec is one of the problems political strategists have to struggle with. It hates Meighen. It can't enthuse over King. And the habitant never was a addle-of-the roader. He likes to put his whole soul into his politics.

Will it be strange, then, if he, too, steps off the beaten track and does a turn with the farmers. To be sure Caron, the provincial Minister of Agriculture, recently declared "The time for a Farmers' party is not yet." But he said nothing about this not being the time to prepare for one. All over the province Farmers' Clubs are springing up and it is said that an occasional one has the parish priest for its president. This shows that the Church does not frown on the movement if, indeed, it is not greatly helping it along.

For even if Mother Church has her place in big business she loves to see her people peacefully tilling the soil where they are ever under the watchful eye and never beyond the call of the chapel bell. It is well known too that the Farmers' Clubs of Quebec have sent out the Macedonian cry to the Grain Growers of the West. They would wrestle with politics and would like the aid and inspiration from the men who put the farmer movement on the map. Their prayers will be answered and the question now before the House is not whether there will be Farmer Members from Quebec but how strong the delegation will be.

And if a Frenchman of prominence is ever needed to make a Crerar cabinet truly representative of all parts of Canada Mr. Caron will probably decide that the time for the Farmers' party has finally happened along. Much of the advice the Farmers need is said to emanate from his office right now. But he is too true to his breeding—for the French-Canadian is as thrifty as a Scotchman—to give up a good job before another is ready to step into.

Crerar's Wearing Powers

MEANWHILE that sturdy agriculturist, T. A. Crerar has found the health he went hunting for when last session came to a close. Moreover he has removed most of the obstacles from his political path. Two rivals loomed up and seemed to threaten his leadership. Wood of Alberta was one and Drury of Ontario, the other. The former was hailed as the new Abe Lincoln by his admirers. The latter was given added prestige by the robes of provincial premiership. But neither had the "wearing" capacity of the big Grain Grower with the boyish smile.

Wood developed facts that were too Yankified for native-born Canadians. Drury didn't improve on close acquaintance. He went West, according to some wiseacres, to sweep Crerar off the map and assume the undisputed leadership of assembled agriculture. But he arrived in Winnipeg to find that the Grain Growers had reasserted their faith in the man they had learned to trust. Those Grain Growers may have figured that a man who makes a rather poor fist of running a farm ought qualify as Premier of a staid old province like Ontario but that he was hardly the kind of man for newer and more progressive communities. Anyway they swore allegiance to Crerar once again and hinted to the Farmers from other parts that they would do well to do likewise. The others will take the hint. So if those Farmers turn the trick at the next general election the crown of Meighen will rest lightly on the brow of Hon T A Crerar the hired man's hero.

Our Expanding Financier

BUT another man who has expanded a bit under the sunshine of publicity is Sir Henry Drayton. When Sir Henry shook off the cares of the Railway Commission to take up the portfolio of Finance some people doubted his sanity. Also he brought to the new job that infectious smile that is part of the equipment of the embryo politician. That smile gradually is wearing off.

Moreover Sir Henry took his Tariff commission all over

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THE CITY OF PERIL

A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

By

ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Prairie Mother," "The Man Who Couldn't Sleep," etc.

Illustrated by H WESTON TAYLOR

THE STORY SO FAR.—"Rebbie" Woodruff—cultured, wealthy thirty-one industrial and commercial dilettante—says au revoir to Natalie Stillwell to whom he has been proposing for years. Natalie, daughter of a Wall Street "pluto," encourages "Rebbie," suggesting he bend his energies—seriously for once—to fathom the mystery of the "Hammer of God" threatening typewritten notes her father has been receiving. MacGirr, ex-con Black-hander, a visionary Italian youth and a beautiful girl enter the story, and in his investigations "Rebbie" commits burglary. "Rebbie" discovers the notes come from the Italian youth, Cono di Marco. He discovers a well-equipped laboratory with fuses, TNT and bombs galore, pulls the "fangs" of the bomb destined to blow up the Exchange. Cono a bomb is a "dud," but "Rebbie" has him jailed. The beautiful Russian girl, Elvira Paladino (Sabouroff), meets "Rebbie," pleads for Cono's release. "Rebbie," enamored, agrees, on condition Elvira reports daily to him. Elvira tells "Rebbie" both their lives are menaced by the Circle. Sitaikov, shadowing the pair, throws a bomb into "Rebbie's" flat. Elvira pulls out fuse, saving their lives. "Rebbie" surprises MacGirr and Sitaikov in Stillwell's mansion, jimmying the safe. MacGirr dies, but the other crook escapes. Elvira disappears. "Rebbie" bends every effort to locate her, and learns from Horsey Stillwell that she is to be found in the company of a notorious Russian, Mutashenko. Natalie announces her engagement to another, but "Rebbie" doesn't seem to care.

CHAPTER XLIII

The Outward Trail

A FEW moments in the open air of that fresh spring morning brought me back to my senses. My brain had cleared by the time I reached the corner of Fifth Avenue. I hailed a taxi-cab, climbed in, and started for home.

More and more I realized the problem before me, as I went hurrying southward along the crowded Avenue. I began to comprehend how the entire situation had changed. Again it called for action—immediate action. It meant a revision of every plan and movement. Too much time had already been lost. Already, at that very moment, everything hung in the balance. The very cab-wheels seemed to be singing: "I must get her—get her—get her!"

I calmed myself and checked off my new discoveries, point by point. The first was that Elvira had deliberately and voluntarily permitted herself to drop out of my life. She had done this because she suspected that it was for my own welfare. The next point was that she was in hiding with a man who was a revolutionist. That hiding-place was on an East Side top floor somewhere at the extreme end of Fifth Street. The name of the man who lived on that top floor was Mutashenko. He was one of the Black Sea naval revolutionists, in exile. It was, indeed, something to work on.

I lost no time in getting down to Lefty Boyle. His face, as I broke in on him, wore an expression beyond one of dreamy satisfaction at the cigar he was smoking.

"Do you know anything of a man named Mutashenko?" I began at once.

He smoked for a minute or two meditatively.

"A Bolshevik? An ex-anarchist?"

"Yes, a ringleader in that Black Sea mutiny—one of the executive committee of what they call the Social Democratic Party!"

Lefty nodded.

"What made you ask that?"

"Why shouldn't I ask that?"

"Because I imagine a general alarm was sent out for that man two days ago. Janoff Mutashenko—that's the man they've been tryin' to extradite!

"What else do you know?"

"His wife went to Washin'ton to straighten things out, so he could be let off as only a political refugee. The Petrograd people claimed he was a criminal and nothin' more. They kicked up such a row about his extradition that Commissioner Hitchburn had a hearin' in the Federal Buildin' here. But before anything was done Mutashenko and his wife slipped away!"

"You're sure he had a wife?"


She looked up suddenly, when I was least expecting her to move. Her eyes, as they rested on me widened slowly. "You!" she murmured under her breath, turning white to the very lips until her hair looked blue-black against the pallor of her face. "You! Why are you here?" she asked.

"Dead sure. Married her at Fiume before the two of them got away for America. She went under the name of Musya Saganoff, or Tsiganok. She was wanted for being mixed up in the Livern revolt."

"And this woman is living with him?"

"As far as I know, she is. But don't ask me to prove it. Even the authorities here wouldn't be able to verify a thing like that." Then he added, significantly: "You remember the Gorky case?"

I preferred to remain silent.

"They don't even know where Mutashenko is hangin' out. The Washin'ton people aren't doin' much to protect him, and he knows it. So he's been lyin' low hopin' Coudert or De Lodigensky will let the thing blow over."

I vaguely remembered an evening paper's editorial on the American people enlarging on how the Bolsheviks had beaten this fugitive "girl-wife" and demanding American justice to resist the Tyrant of Russia.

"And if they do round him up, he'll be deported?"

"That's what."

"And that means they'll shoot him or hang him?"

"Sure thing."

"Poor devil!"

"But it's ten to one he'll never be taken alive. You know what those Bolshies are!"

Yes, I had no inkling of what those Bolshies were. I tried in vain to fathom such obsessions, to understand by what process of self-hypnosis those rapt and impassioned spirits could fortify themselves to face such an end.

"Would he be a hard man to round up?"

"No worse 'n a she-grizzly after a hard winter."

"Lefty, we've got to find that man."

He looked up at me, studying my face.

"That's a hard luck," he said.

His tone, I thought at first, was merely one of mock solemnity. But his face was plaintively serious.

"And what's more," he continued thoughtfully, "nobody's got an inklin' where he's holdin' out."

Again he looked up and studied my face.

"Why d' you want him?" he asked.

"Because he and Elvira Paladino are together."

LEFTY framed his lips for whistling, but emitted no sound from them.

"He's writing some sort of history of his revolt, apparently for home consumption," I explained. "Elvira Paladino has been hired to help him carry out that work. They have to do it in secret. They're at work on it together at this moment. And there's the whole mystery in a nut-shell!"

"That doesn't help us out any," suggested Lefty after a dispassionate study of his cigar-end. "Even though we're dead sure he's still in New York it doesn't make our job any easier."

"But I am dead sure he's in New York. What's more, I know the particular part of New York."

The stool-pigeon's crafty little eyes shifted quickly in his crafty little head. Then he relapsed into indifference.

"I know they're in this city, and in one part of it!" I repeated.

"It's a sizable burg," qualified the cautious Lefty.

"They're on a top floor on the east end of Fifth Street."

"But what particular floor?"

"That's what we've got to find out."

"How about Schmidlapp? Is he on this trail too?"

"That's something I can't say. My personal impression is that Schmidlapp doesn't know anything more than we do. He may not know as much. But now Schmidlapp doesn't count!"

"But he's got his contract to deliver the lady over to you."

"He's not able to carry out that contract," I suggested. "I don't believe he ever intended to carry it out."

Lefty continued to look worried. "You mean you intend to forestall him?" he asked.

"I mean it's my duty to find that woman. I've got to find her. I've got to reach her without loss of time."

"Then we'd better be gettin' over and monkeyin' that Fifth Street sky line," suggested Lefty. "There's still the danger of Schmidlapp throwin' a scare into Mutashenko and gettin' him on the run!"

"That's one thing I'm afraid of."

"And there's a bigger danger than that. If the authorities should happen to nail Mutashenko, *they'll nail any woman they find workin' with him.* They'll make their extradition papers cover Elvira Paladino as well."

"They can't," I cried. "They daren't! There's nothing against her!"

"There's her old Inner Circle work against her. They've got that—she's been listed with the local people for over a year.

But that doesn't make her a criminal simply because she's been behaved in what they call moral democracy."

"A Bolshie is always a criminal—to the police," was Lefty's retort.

"Then we've got to get her!" I cried. "We've got to mush her at once. We've got to save her from herself!"

Lefty stopped me on my way with a half-contemptuous jerk of a thumb over his shoulder.

"You'd better get rid of those glad rags," he suggested.

It was a suggestion upon which I began to act at once. I kept on talking through an open door, however, during that hurried change of attire.

"Can you tell me anything more about Mutashenko?" I asked.

Only that there's an old order for his arrest," was Lefty's reply. "He and a Bolshevik called Ossim started a good deal of newspaper talk—six or eight weeks ago—by claimin' the protection of the American flag. He said he thought he was comin' to the land of liberty, and people who didn't know anything about him began feelin' he deserved protection in this country. Even some of the newspapers took it up and began kickin' against the idea of a political refugee bein' given back to his home folks.

"Do you know what he looks like?"

"I can't remember any police description. But I've heard it said somewhere that he wears his hair long and used to write nice little love-poems in Russian before he got to pinchin' navies!"

Another delirant was coy inward research—which I felt Lefty would not have fully understood.

"Do you know East Fifth Street?"

LEFTY was thoughtfully silent for a moment or two. "That's too far north for dance-halls and such things," he ruminated. "But it's somewhere along there that they've been having those gang-fights these last few months!"

"What have dance-halls to do with it?" I asked, unable to bridge the break in his thought.

"Well, you see, we got most of our tips from women, street-women and the like. Fifth Street's too far north to look for much outside help."

"There's nothing in that neighborhood you know?"

Again there was a moment or two of silence.

"I stood in with a cobbler on Avenue D, somewhere about there."

"What is he?"

"He's a Livonian. Outside of that, between you and me, he's the neatest counterfeiter in New York."

"Couldn't he help us along a bit?"

Lefty was doubtful.

"He'd only freeze up. They forget everything they ever knew when it's a case of Black Hand on Bolsheviks."

"Then *I* might try him," I suggested.

"Nothin' to be lost in a try."

"Any other line of advance come to your mind?" I inquired.

"Nothin' I know of much, till I have a look over the ground."

"I don't want to feel that we're leaving a stone unturned," I explained to him. "This is the biggest and I hope the last manifestation of this whole tangled wild-goose chase."

"You'd better take your man along," said Lefty. "I've told him to be ready."

"Have you got an extra gun?" casually inquired the little man in the other room.

"I've got a German model of a magazine hammerless that'll do!"

"Sort of a street-car?"

"No, pocket size. It throws a thirty-eight cartridge, long, with a nickel head."

Lefty chuckled in quiet appreciation.

"That sounds ugly enough."

I stepped out—a walking example of what ten minutes of hurried decontamination can do.

"All ready?"

Reply he answered.

I looked at my watch. It was fifteen minutes to two.

I wondered in a sudden mood that was half anticipation, half unrest, what life held in store for me during those next few hours.

CHAPTER XLIV

The Hole in The Wall

THAT neighborhood which lies between East Houston Street and the gas-tank district on the one side, and Avenue D and the East River on the other, can scarcely be called New York at its best. It might more appropriately be called the back yard of the city with its feed stables and horseshoers' cellars, its shabby foundries and lectrolites, its narrow and slatternly-looking streets so crowded with refuse and children, its overlooked gallegheberrels and neglected pavements. Yet at the point where Fifth Street crosses Lewis and dips toward the open spaces of the East River the sunlight is less obscured and the air less tainted.

It was along this section of the street that Lefty and I took our casual way, noting how the roar of the more open avenues was subdued to a rumble, how we seemed to be at last in a strangely isolated and murmurous backwater of the great city. It was indeed a choice corner of New York for a fugitive.

We pursued our way carelessly yet cautiously, with eyes open for any and every sign that might be of use to us. We wandered on almost to the water's edge, where we could see the tall masts of schooners and smell the cargoes of fresh pine lumber and hear the shrieks of the children at play on a near by recreation pier. Then we worked our way back again, back into the smell of street dust and curb-side offal and the odor of scorching horse-hoofs. But we stumbled on nothing that gave us any inkling of what we sought.

A house-to-house canvass was out of the question. Even to be seen a second time on that street had its disadvantages. There was always the danger of "messages by telegraph"—of an alarm being given. As Lefty had said, we had always to hunt from cover.

I'd like to see what we could do with that Livonian cobbler!" I explained to Lefty, as we swung northward into Avenue D again.

He has a hole-in-the-wall in the next block. You'll have to brush away from me though if you're goin' to mess him!"

"I've got a better plan than that. He knows you're Jan—Jan Sydow. He's nobody's fool, you know. He drives pegs in that dirty little hole-in-the-wall of his, but he can speak five languages."

I'll be careful," I told Lefty, as we swung apart and made ready for our movement.

It was carried out without difficulty, once the cobbler's door was located.

I flung it open and stepped inside, breathing heavily. Quickly shutting it behind me, I crouched back in the corner in an attitude of suspense listening.

The cobbler sat on his low stool pounding a slab of leather that had been soaking in a pail of dirty water. He did not look up at my entrance. He did not even seem to shift an eye at all my theatrical attitude of waiting. Nor did he move when Lefty appeared before the narrow window and stopped. The steel-pigeon even peered in, but the hammering did not cease. There was not a word until Lefty had passed on. The brisk and preoccupied pounding on the wet sole-leather continued. The man's bleached face still bent over the huge flat-iron which he held anvil-wise between his gripping knees. But I could hear his voice distinctly as he continued at his work.

"He's gone. It's all right."

I made a gesture for caution, and still waited. The cobbler still wielding his hammer, looked up at me for the first time.

He arose from his stool, reached over and pulled down the blind that covered the window-half of his little place. Then he struck a match, and lighted the single unshaded gas-jet that stood out from the bald brick wall above his stool. I made a gesture as though to lock the door, but he stopped me with a shake of the head. It was not the first time, I felt, that this little den had been made use of as a refuge in time of need.

What is it?" he asked, and I noticed his tone was still non-committal.

The police," I told him.

"Why?" he asked.

A plain-clothes man," was my answer.

His unblinking stare was still a taciturn interrogation. It said, quite plainly that it was time for me to explain myself. He was beginning to suspect, I felt, that his visitor was not one of his own class. I noticed, too, that there was something untamable and inhuman-selfish in his make-up despite his general mildness of appearance.

So I threw him the cabalistic password of the Mother-Earthers—the Open Sesame of East Side social democracy that I had picked up from Gicca.

My weeks of idling about the East Side, after all, had not been without advantage. It had not been altogether wasted time. For no lover's lore at a word of endearment after quarrel could have relaxed and lighted and changed as that mild-eyed Livonian cobbler's face changed when the word I uttered fell on his ears. It was a key to his innermost reserves. It made me one of a brotherhood.

"What's wrong?" he said, and this time there was no apathy in the question.

"Mutashenko!" I answered, with studied vagueness.

But I was watching his face with the yellow gaslight playing over it. I could see that the name was not new to him. It brought an look of perplexity into his cold and troubled eyes.

"I was afraid so," he said, with equal vagueness. I had hoped he would be more explicit.

"Has anything been said?" I asked, perplexed.

"They were here an hour ago, looking. It seemed reasonable to assume that such search could emanate from only one quarter.

"Schmudlapp?" I interrogated.

I knew by the man's face, that my guess had hit the bull's eye.

"Did he get to him?"

The man shook his head.

"I must warn him in time," I rattled on. "How do I get up to that top floor?"

The man eyed me hesitatingly. "You can't get up!"

But I must!"

"They will let no one through the factory."

"But I've got to get up!" I protested, wondering what he meant by the factory.

"That's what Schmudlapp said. And he's not up yet.

Does Schmudlapp know where?" I demanded.

He thinks it's the picture-frame factory," was the indefinite and equally unsatisfactory response.

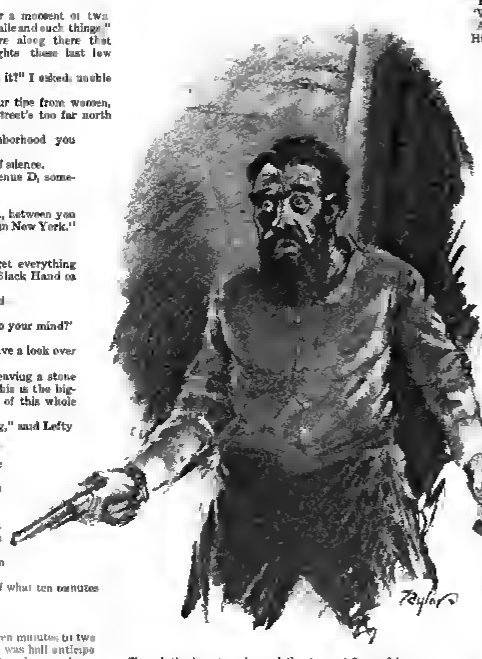
Then there's still time!" I protested.

The cobbler shrugged his shoulders. It could mean anything.

Why can't you help me?" I asked. "If I make it worth while?"

The man showed his white teeth in a peculiarly in-

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Through the door stepped one of the strangest figures I have ever looked upon. It was that of a leather-hued, thick-set, black whiskered man in grotesquely loose trousers and a fiery flannel shirt—Mutashenko. He was holding a long-barrelled revolver in his hand.

MIRACLE MAN—*and* OTHERS

An Anecdotal Tour of Most of the Globe, with COL. GEO. H. HAM

THE day of miracles is not past. Ever since Christ raised the dead, healed His suffering supplicants, gave voice to the dumb, sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, ever since He turned water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana and fed the multitude with five loaves of bread and two small fishes, down through the long ages, miracles have been wrought. There were many sincere believers in them, but there were scarcely scoffers and doubters. As it was then so it is with the world to-day. Times were, especially in recent years, that many non-Catholics sincerely believed that these alleged miracles existed merely in the unlettered minds of the superstitious followers of the Roman Catholic Church.

But the wonderful works of divine healers of the Protestant faith—notably Rev. Mr. Hobson, an Anglican, and Mrs. McPherson of another Protestant denomination in different places in Canada and the United States—have largely dispelled that idea, and thousands upon thousands of intellectual people of different nationalities and of different creeds are to-day firmly convinced that the healer has an almost supernatural Divine power which is exercised for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Shrines throughout the world have existed for centuries, and some of them gained a world-wide reputation for the remarkable cures and conversions that have been claimed for them. Of these perhaps Lourdes in France and Sainte Anne de Beaupré near the City of Quebec, have acquired the greatest fame. It is not of these however, that I am writing, but of the unpretentious little shrine of St. Joseph on Mount Royal at Montreal where the priest is Brother André the Miracle Man, whose great work relieving the suffering of their ills for many years has been testified to by hundreds upon hundreds of people who have been restored to health and happiness by his intercession and prayers. He is a remarkable man with no pretensions whatever of being other than the humble instrument of a higher power through which he is permitted to do good to his fellow-men.



Brother André and George H. Hees. The original St. Joseph's oratory is shown below. Replica of St. Joseph's, with crypt beneath, is shown in the background.

A Man Who Mastered Self

ALFRED BESSETTE was born at St. Gregoire d'Iberville, P.Q., on August 9th, 1845, and in his early youth was known always as "a good-natured boy." He was a most dutiful son, a regular attendant at religious exercises, and in every way was looked upon as an exemplary youth. After the death of his mother—he entered in 1870 the Congregation of the Holy Cross, a famous teaching order of the Catholic Church—was assigned to, and faithfully performed for upwards of forty years, the duties of a porter, messenger, etc., at the Côté des Neiges Boys' College located on the outskirts of the city of Montreal. He had not the advantage of an education that is given freely to the youths of to-day, but he possessed other marvellous qualities that have brought him prominently before the world. He is still of a modest, retiring disposition, a recluse who knows the full meaning of scanty fare—dry bread and water with sometimes a little fruit—and a hard pallette. But the long years of lasting and praying and dealing continuously with the most distressing cases of disease, accident and trouble, have not given him a gloomy disposition. He looks upon earthly things with bright eyes, is light-hearted, jovial at times, and hugely appreciates a good joke. His position is an insecure for at the shrine he is kept busy from early morning till late into the night listening to the sad tales poured out by the sick and the maimed and the blind. So heavy has the work become that in addition to Brother André, six priests as secretaries and five brothers are constantly engaged in receiving and acknowledging the never-ending stream of letters from all over the civilized world imploring temporal and spiritual assistance. Sometimes as many as four hundred communications a day have been received. These requests are read to Brother André and are also repeated at the daily services in the church where the congregation unite in prayers for all those imploring aid.

Youth With Strange Power

AS ALFRED BESSETTE (who had taken to religion as the name of Brother André) grew up he displayed a mysterious power that was soon heralded around the countryside. Amongst his earliest exercises was that of healing several victims of smallpox during the epidemic forty-seven years ago. Another so mentioned as having secured over thirty years ago when a young student was badly injured in a game of ball. Before medical assistance could be secured Brother André successfully applied first aid to the injured and when the doctor arrived the patient was again playing ball. Other cures of a minor nature were effected by him and these gave him a local notoriety. The first major miracle that brought him wider fame occurred in 1910 when Mr. Martin Hannon, a C.P.R. employee of Quebec, who was the victim of a serious accident two years previously by which his legs and feet were terribly crushed through heavy marble blocks falling upon them, visited him. Hannon had been unable to walk without crutches, and on crutches he went to Brother André who rubbed his mangled limbs with holy oil and prayed over him, and then told him to throw his crutches away for he was cured. Hannon dispensed with his crutches and walked then and since without even the use of a cane. The following day he visited *La Patrie* office, told of his miraculous cure, and Brother André's reputation as a Miracle Man opened afar.

I could not tell you of the multitudes that have sought Brother André's intercession and prayers comparatively few unavailingly, but I have seen two instances myself in each of which what appeared to be serious cases were restored to health. One, a young lady from Plattsburg, N.Y., who had walked on crutches for seven years, after a visit to Brother André, handed her crutches to her zeald and walked unassisted several yards to her automobile. Another was a young lady from near Tupper Lake, N.Y., who was cured of paralysis and who told me in the Windsor St. station how, after seeing Brother André she was able for the first time in several years, to use her limbs freely. But a still greater miracle to my lay mind, was one of more recent date and word of it came from London, England, in a letter from an old friend who is the wife of an Irish nobleman, once a member of the British House of Commons, and who, while visiting Montreal last autumn, accompanied me to the shrine and carried away with her oils and images of St. Joseph and other souvenirs. But here is her letter referring to the miracle:

"I have a little story you may like to tell Brother André. When I came home in November, I found a letter from a young friend I had not seen since he was in a perambulator. It was to ask my prayers for his mother who was dying from the effects of an accident. Her foot caught as she was going down a very steep flight of stairs in the Underground Railway at Baker street, and she fell the whole length of it, hitting her head and one of her knees very badly. When she was taken home, and for three or four days declared she was only severely bruised and shaken. Then suddenly she went clean out of her senses and knew no one and raved about people dead long ago, and she called for me by my maiden name as I used to know her when I was a girl. It was that that put it into her son's head to write to me that she was not supposed to live very long and the doctors had very little hope of her. I was told she was in a mental hospital and that she did not know her son when he went to see her. I asked permission to go there and was given leave. They told me she could utter nothing but gibberish—and was very weak. When I came to her bedside, I would not have recognized her, but I looked straight into her eyes and told her I was there. Then she caught my hand and held it convulsively—and in a poor tongue and lips were uttering an incomprehensible jumble over and over again. At last I put upon it, she was repeating over and over again a prayer in Polish her mother had taught her years ago when a young student was badly injured in a game of ball. Before medical assistance could be secured Brother André successfully applied first aid to the injured and when the doctor arrived the patient was again playing ball. Other cures of a minor nature were effected by him and these gave him a local notoriety. The first major miracle that brought him wider fame occurred in 1910 when Mr. Martin Hannon, a C.P.R. employee of Quebec, who was the victim of a serious accident two years previously by which his legs and feet were terribly crushed through heavy marble blocks falling upon them, visited him. Hannon had been unable to walk without crutches, and on crutches he went to Brother André who rubbed his mangled limbs with holy oil and prayed over him, and then told him to throw his crutches away for he was cured. Hannon dispensed with his crutches and walked then and since without even the use of a cane. The following day he visited *La Patrie* office, told of his miraculous cure, and Brother André's reputation as a Miracle Man opened afar.

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I roam away. The nurse thought it a bad case. I went to Ireland for three weeks, and on my return sent a phone message to the inn bearing he would tell me his matter was dead. But to my joy he said he had completely recovered, and I was now at a seat home to get up her strength. Tell Brother André that. You must also tell him to pray for peace in Ireland.

All Faiths Among Patrons

YOU would be surprised if I were to tell you that in proportion to the number that have applied probably more Protestants than Roman Catholics have successfully procured and at this now will known shrine. And yet it is true.

From the primitive little Oratory of St. Joseph on the western slope of Mount Royal there has grown a crypt of large dimensions, in which divine service is daily held, and in the magnificent strand glass windows the stately story and the other handsome offerings are an evidences of the deep and fervent gratitude of those who have been made whole. Overshadowing this is shortly to be erected an imposing massive structure which is to be dedicated as a Basilica in honor of St. Joseph the holy Patriarch of Nazareth and which is to be one of the world's grandest and most magnificent edifices, and to which immense pilgrimages of the maimed and the halt and the sick and the distressed and heavy-burdened will hopefully come for spiritual comfort and bodily relief.

And all this magnificent grandeur of marble and gold and silver and precious stones, picturesquely enwreathed by all the wealth of the scenic splendor of the historic mountainside, springs from the unfathomable work of the poor little habitant lad whose whole simple life has been devoted to humbly and faithfully following in the footsteps of the Master.

On the Operating Table

EVER been a patient in a hospital? No? Well I've been in them six times—and not always a patient. Sometimes I was an impatient. For a person really ill or injured the hospital is the proper place. My first experience in one was at the Montreal Western Hospital in 1905. I had just arrived from the Pacific Coast by way of St. Paul and Toronto, suffering most intense pain but utterly oblivious of the cause of this trouble. At Glenwood Lake in Dakota we—I was with a party of United States newspaper men from Washington, D.C.—stopped for a spell on that beautiful water. The craft was a gasoline motor and the boat round and about the engine was saturated with gasoline. The combined captain, pilot and crew was an inveterate cigarette fiend, and this way he lit his 'coffin nails' and unconcernedly threw the still-burning matches on the deck was a holy fright. I said to Jerry Fermayne, of the Seattle Times who sat beside me, as I pointed to the overcast sky, "I wonder Jerry, what's beyond those clouds?" "Why do you ask?" he inquired. Reached with pain my reminder name. "Well, if that fellow keeps on throwing those lighted matches on this tinder wood, we'll be going up there—if we don't go the other way!"

But nothing happened, and after a couple of days and nights of agonizing pain we reached Toronto where goodby and God-speed were wished to our American friends. Next morning I was home and still unaware of what painfully ailed me. I sent for Dr. England, who hurriedly called in consultation Dr. Jim Bell, a good an authority on the human anatomy as ever lived. Naturally I watched their faces as they returned from the consultation after having examined me and I saw from their drawn facial expression that trouble lurked ahead. They told me I had appendicitis and that an operation to remove the appendix was absolutely and immediately necessary. My father had died of appendicitis—only it wasn't known by that name then, but as inflammation of the bowels—and my eldest son Van succumbed to an operation, and I said to myself:

Three times and out." But out loud I mentioned to the doctors: "Well, if you have to take out my appendix, go on and do your worst, but for goodness sake leave me my preface and table of contents!"

Shortly after the operation, which was a serious one, was performed. I will never forget the awful darkness that ever shadowed me as the opiate took effect. My last thought was: "This is eternity." When I recovered from the effects of the narcotic I found myself in a darkened room and wondered where I was and what it was all about. The kindly featured nurse quickly discovered that my consciousness had returned and came to my bedside and then I remembered everything. But why this dark room. It was early in morning when they operated on me, but now it must be night.

"No, it isn't," she seriously responded, "but we were afraid of the shock you might get."

Why, what shock?"

Well then, you lying fire just across the street and we were afraid if you awake and saw the flames you might think that the operation hadn't been successful.

That shows you what it is to have a reputation.

A Really "Substantial" Breakfast

TWO years later I was in the hospital again for an operation for hernia, and an incision was made in the same place as the previous one. The morning of the operation I arose early and hobbled down stairs for a bath, to do which I had to pass the bedroom door of the matron—the sister of a high-titled Canadian now in London. You know or perhaps you don't know that just previous to an operation the patient is given no more food than would keep a sparrow from starving. But like a son of Belial I ravaged thanderingly at the matron's door, and she hopped out of bed and rushed to answer the apparently important summons. When she saw me she anxiously wanted to know what was the matter.

"The matter—well I want to tell you that you keep a mighty punk boarding-house. My breakfast—"

"What," she exclaimed in holy horror, "did they give you a breakfast this morning?"

"Of course they did!"

"And what did they give you?"

"Oh, I said nonchalantly, "I had a shave, and a bath, a glass of water, and a copy of the morning *Gazette*."

When next the matron saw me I was languidly smoking a cigarette and dangling my legs on the squeezing table. And the look she gave to me was as sharp as the doctor's knife. In a week's time I was taken home in an ambulance and several cart drivers out of morbid curiosity, jumped off their vehicles and ran to mine but when the third one impudently glared at me, I yelled out "smallpox," and, they all instantly skedaddled. Our fellow thank goodness, housed his residence.

An Afternoon of Gloom

THE next time the hospital wards housed me was not in Vancouver, where I had acquired a pretty badly smashed knee while witnessing a lacrosse match at New Westminster where that club played the Shamrocks of Montreal. Thanksgiving Day came round about a week after, and it was a dour, gloomy day, and my game leg ached worse than ever. After a very light lunch Denah O'Connor, my pretty Irish nurse, quietly informed me that I was to have no evening meal. I thought that dreary afternoon would never come to an end, and conjured up all sorts of things. Would they cut off my leg above the knee, or below the thigh, and would not it be better and save a lot of bother if they knifed me around the neck. Five-thirty came—six o'clock—six-thirty—seven and no visible signs of even tea and toast. I was sure then what was coming and when I heard a hustling outside I said to myself, "There come my executioners, and they're bringing the undertakers with them just to save time." * * * *

These asterisks, kind reader, represent my unprintable thoughts. And then the door opened and in came two Japanese boys with a huge hamper sent to me by the people of the Vancouver hotel. The hamper contained everything from soup to nuts and there was enough to feed a dozen people. The nurses and some other patients were called in, the banqueting board was spread, the aching gums thoughtfully diminished, and we had a whale of a time. I was out of the hospital three days later.

Down in Pictou, Nova Scotia, I was laid up with a very serious attack of rheumatism—and my attending physician was Dr. McMillan, a brother of Duncan McMillan, then M.P. for Middlesex, Ontario, whom I knew very well. After the third daily visit, the doctor came two or three times a day, and I anxiously asked him one day if I was so seriously ill that such frequent visits were necessary. "Not at all, old man, not at all. But I like to hear you talk of the doings at Ottawa and of my brother Duncan. You like out in a couple of days."

Thus doubt and uncertainty and anxiety were quickly dispelled.

Called Me the "Queen of the May"

OUT in the Winnipeg hospital where I had an attack of pneumonia for a change another patient was enjoying the wicked pleasures that only delirium tremens can furnish the devotees of Bacchus. He would insist on visiting me, and quickly ascertaining that the arm of a big chair was loose, always grabbed it and the way he stashed it around was a caution. I had plenty of exercise dodging that chair arm without leaving my bed. Of course he wouldn't have hit me for the world, but people with the D.T.'s have a largely distorted vision, and I didn't know exactly at what juncture he would mistake my pillow for a whale or myself for a fiery dragon. He even promised when the matron came in and led him out by the ear, notwithstanding his incessant pleading that he owned the hospital, and that I was to be the Queen of the May. So you see, even illness has its compensating advantages.

Of course other accidents happened to me and there was an hospital to give treatment. A broken foot in a football game, a broken finger at cricket, and a couple of broken ribs in a bath-tub were amongst them. This latter occurred on a fine Sunday morning when I was getting ready to go to the train to meet Miss Agnes Laut, the well-known Canadian writer, who was then living in New York. A piece of soap—now I know why so many hate soap—and heriloom I went against the porcelain side of the tub. It pennied a good deal, but I didn't know the full meaning of my mishap until evening when the doctor came and telling me I had two broken ribs proceeded to put that part of my body in plaster. Just then I remembered an appointment made with Brent Macnab for next day, and sent a note that I had been laid up with a couple of broken ribs and informing him that. While it's not as bad a scrash as that of the Ville Marie bank I was in plaster and never felt so stuck up in my life.

Down in Washington

WASHINGTON, the capital of the great United States is one of the finest cities in the Union. It is well laid out, has fine residential and business sections, and the Capitol itself occupies a commanding position. The city is the great political centre of the Republic and a swell social centre as well. It is a pleasant place to visit—especially if one has lots of friends like I have—the boys of the press gallery and some who are just ordinary, and a few who are not ordinary statesmen. Before the Civil war, it was an almost entirely southern city—but of course it is not now.

Under the big dome of the Capitol is a rotunda on whose walls are pictured historic scenes. One is of Pocahontas, where one of the figures has six fingers on the one hand, and in another work of art two girls are painted and I'll be hanged if one of them hasn't got three arms—one hanging by her side and another around her companion's waist and—the third around that young lady's neck. Suppose the artist didn't like the lay of the second arm and after painting the third forgot to remove the other. The artist's error has never been corrected.

The dinners of the Gridiron Club at Washington were swell affairs, and the press men had as their guests some of the biggest men in the land. One time I was present. It was during the scandal when prominent people for obvious reasons were accused of paying big money to have their portraits published in the New York *Town Topics*. Elihu Root, perhaps the brainiest man in the United States political life of the time, but whose cast of countenance was the reverse of jovial, began a speech this way: "At the last Cabinet council (President Roosevelt quickly looked at him in surprise at his publicly mentioning the doings of a cabinet in private session) when you Mr. President and we considered (the President very uneasily twisted and turned in his chair) that is, we were considering the advisability (Mr. President loosed doggone at him for daring to publicly repeat what was always considered confidential, but Mr. Root went unconcernedly on) the advisability of getting—of getting our pictures in *Town Topics*—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the wild hilarious shouts that filled the room.

William H. Taft, afterwards President Taft and a man of great humor, spoke at another gathering. He was then a member of the Roosevelt cabinet—and he claimed that his "rotundity of person was looming larger in the public eye than the President's teeth." And Teddy did have prominent molars.

I heard Mr. Harriman, the widely known railway magnate, try to make a speech and after a minute or so get entirely lost, stick his hands in his pockets, and aimlessly wander around, vainly endeavoring to say something or other, when he couldn't remember. He was a man of brains, but not of gab. Then President Morgan able as he was, couldn't make an after-dinner speech, for while he was long on money he was short on language. But every body was wonderously applauded all the same.

Case of "Much Wants More"

DURING the Spanish-American war there was great excitement in Boston and all along the coast of the New England states. A cruiser which had participated the night was suddenly ordered elsewhere and the New Englanders, fearing a hostile visit from the enemy, deluged Washington with telegrams and letters and delegations demanding protection at once. I happened to be in Washington at the time, and was accompanying Eddie Hood of the Associated Press, in his daily round of the Government offices. We dropped into the office of Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, and there met his assistant, Mr. John Bassett Moore, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Hay. He looks like an Englishmen, but isn't one. After a short stay we were about to leave when Mr. Moore invited us to wait a minute, and disappeared into an adjoining room. On returning a minute or so later he asked me if I would like to meet Mr. Hay, and immediately ushered me into his presence. Mr. Hay had a keen piercing eye, and he looked at me searchingly. Then he said: "Mr. Ham, you are from Canada. Would you do me a favor?" Of course I would if I could. "Well," he went on, "the people at Boston and New England are deluging me with all sorts of messages and delegations are demanding that a cruiser that patrolled their coast line which we had to send elsewhere should be replaced at once. That is impossible, but I want to assure them that they will be protected from any Spanish fleet. Could you get one a daily message from Halifax reporting the approach of any Spanish men-of-war?"

I told him I would try, and he gave me the address to which the messages were to be sent. I looked it up and it was the residence of Mr. Wilkie, the head of the U.S. secret service—although his was not the name given. I went to Halifax and saw Charlie Philps, the local C.P.R. representative who arranged with the look-out man at the signal station to keep him informed. Every morning a wire was sent: "All's well." On the first of every month, a man came into my office and handed me an envelope to which was $100 in brand new U.S. currency which had never before been used. There was no name, but I had a number, which identified me at Washington. This money was forwarded to Halifax to be divided between the four signal men. All went smoothly until all danger of an attack was past when I was notified that there was no further necessity for the messages. When I conveyed this intelligence to the look-out men, instead of thanks for getting what is called "velvet" in their pockets, I received a letter abusing me like a pickpocket for not continuing the service. Oh well—perhaps I may get a war medal or some other decoration from Washington some of these days, but I am not banking on it.

At the old Willard Hotel, Jimmy Anderson, the colored porter, put one over me. My room was chilly—and Jimmy came daily and lighted a fire. He told me a sad sad tale about his wife and children having in the law just been stolen by the Georgia men (men from Georgia) and his life had been one of long suffering sorrow and lonesomeness ever since. The tears trickled down his wrinkled cheeks and he appealed to me as pitifully that I gave him a couple of dollars and temporarily soothed his saddened heart. In about a year I was again at the old Willard, and roomed on the same floor. Meeting the motherly housekeeper one morning I asked her as to the whereabouts of Jimmy. She enquired if I wanted to see him, to which I replied in the affirmative. The tale Jimmy told me of his kidnapped family had scarcely been remembered when she laughingly interrupted by saying, "And he told you that terrible story of his wife and children being stolen? Why the old rascal is over at Atlantic City now with his wife and eleven youngsters, all fat and hearty." Whereat we both laughed and my deep interest in Jimmy and his woes took a decided slump.

One day Ned Farret and I were wandering around Chevy Chase just outside the city when we casually ran across a fine old type of a Southern gentleman. Entering into conversation he told us we were an historic ground; it was here a group of Confederate soldiers during the Civil War gathered coming by way of Georgetown with the avowed purpose of making a attack dash on the White House, but capturing President Lincoln and hurriedly carrying him away. That night was a misty one and the scouts sent out mistook the haycocks which were in plenty for the tents of the northern soldiers. Imagining that their venture could not be successfully carried out they quickly retreated and sadly and [illegible] our foes found [illegible]

I don't understand how we never made such an awful blunder.

He had been one of the bold Southern troopers with Colonel at that.

Some Anecdotes

A WARM personal friend, who had been reading these reminiscences, very kindly writes me his appreciation of them, and adds a few incidents which he thinks I had forgotten. Here they are in all their glory and exaggeration. He says:

"I met across an American mining man, Col. Jack Ormsby, in Toronto, who told me a typical George Ham story. It appears that the two colonels were traveling together from New York to Washington. Never having met up before they introduced each other in Western fashion. And after having said:

"Well what do you say if we have another one?" which they had, the American colonel looked up and explained that he had just come from Arizona to report to J. Pierpont Morgan on a coming proposition. (This was in 1905) and the Old Man was so pleased that when his report was handed Mr. Morgan presented the Colonel (not Geotge) with a cheque for $25,000 the larger portion of which was given as a bonus.

"I showed Mr. Ham the cheque" said Colonel Jack, "and he asked me if he might tear a small piece off the corner and when I enquired "what for?" he said "Well if that whole bit of paper is worth $25,000 a small piece of it must surely be worth a few thousands—and I need the money."

The American colonel who told me this story added: "Now that strunk me as a funny thing to say, and I inquired the impression on Mr. Ham's face when he made the droll remark.

And another one.

"Here is something which you have probably forgotten. Robert Lincoln O'Brien of the Boston *Herald* is responsible for it. You were meeting Theodore Roosevelt in the White House the morning after the Gridiron Club dinner back in 1904, I think. Teddy was then President, and was in a very talkative mood, standing outside his office in the ante-room addressing his remarks especially to you, stating that when he got clear of his present job he intended to take a trip through Canada.

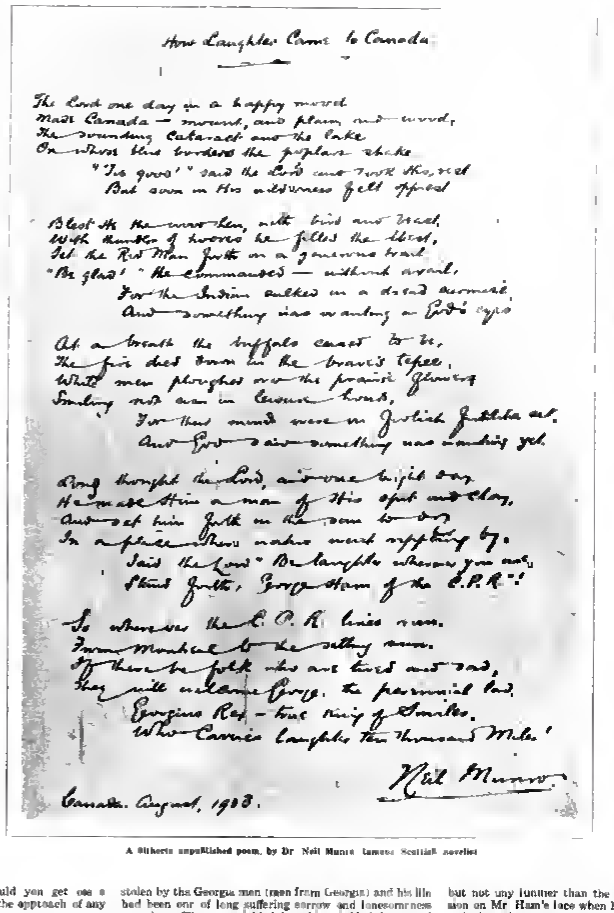
"I hope you do," said G. H. cordially, there's only one man in the world who would be better or more cordially received than you, Mr. President—and that is King Edward." Whereat President Roosevelt smilingly shaved his teeth seeing as how he generally knew a good thing when he heard it.

And still another.

"Sam Blythe—he of *Saturday Evening Post* fame will vouch for this one. Mr. Ham under his chaperonage was being escorted through the different congressional members rooms (States headquarters) in the Capital in Washington. There was apple-pack in the Jersey room—moonshine in the Tennessee rooms—bird heavily and honey in the Delaware dining-out—and Bourbon in the Blue Grass state apartments.

"How many States see there in this blooming Union

Continued on page 64



How Laughlin Came to Canada

The Lord one day in a happy mood
Made Canada — mount, and plain and wood,
The sounding Cataract and the Lake
On which thus trudges the foaming shake
"It's good," said the Lord and took His rest
But soon in His wilderness felt opprest

Blest be the man who tills and toils
With thanks of thorns he fells the wood,
Till men ploughed on the prairie glowing
Smiling rich corn in Summer winds,
For that mind were in Jubilee.
And God saw something was lacking yet.

Long thought the Lord, and one night one day
He made him a man of this opt and clay,
And set him forth in the new world
In a place where none need repining by.
Said the Lord "Be Laughlin where you are,
Stand forth, Forgotten of the C.P.R."

So where the C.P.R. lines run.
From Montreal to the setting sun.
If there be folk who are tired and sad,
They will welcome George, the permit bad
Georgius Rex - true King of Smiles.
Who Carries Laughter ten thousand Miles!

Neil Munro.

Canada, August, 1920.

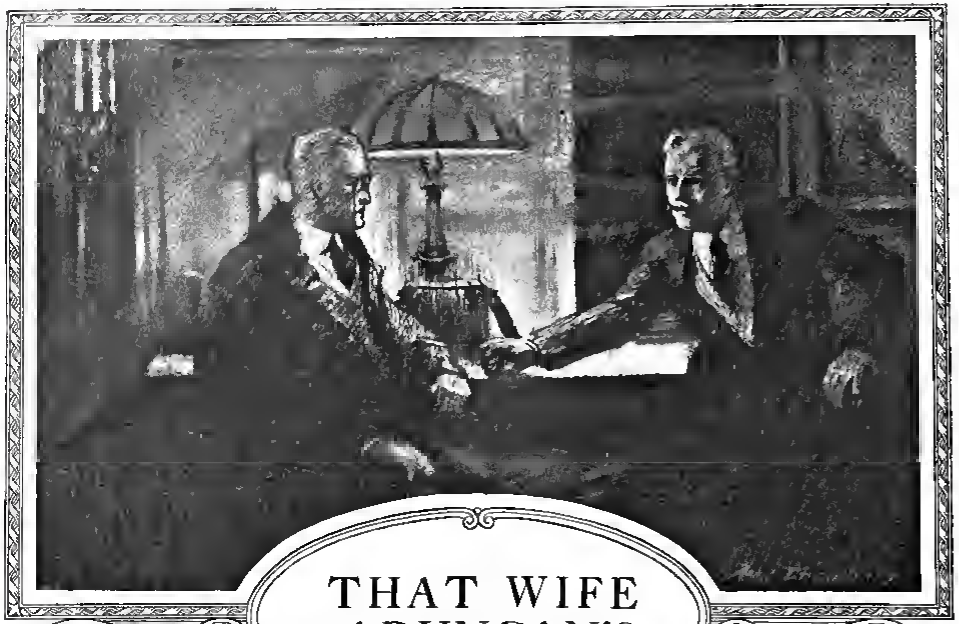
A Hitherto unpublished poem, by Dr. Neil Munro famous Scottish novelist

REAL STORIES

THERE are two short stories in the *February 15 issue of* MACLEAN'S *in which readers of Canadian National Magazine will be particularly interested. Each story is written by a young Canadian, back from overseas, who will make his mark in vigorous fiction.*

You will know Leslie Gordon Barnard—he wrote "First Rose, Orchestra!" and other graphic stories of Canadian city life. He lives and works in Montreal, and don't miss his "THE QUEER TOFF IN No. 13," which will appear February 15. It's a human story of a blind man who almost "pegged out," until a wonderful love drew him back from things ethereal.

There's another story, too, which will show every guessing rule has its exception. Most editors have decided the public won't read stories with any war atmosphere—but when you read "THE CROSS IN THE SKY," by R. F. M. Scott, you'll realize that here's a psychic story, simply, forcefully told—that's really worth reading. This is Mr. Scott's first piece of fiction in MACLEAN'S—*but there'll be more.*



THAT WIFE *of* DUNCAN'S

By CHARLES G. BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY W V CHAMBERS

IT WAS the first time he had ever seen his son's wife. Peering at her with his inscrutable eyes he searched for signs of that fear which he had decided she would show as did all others who sought his favors or his forbearance, for when they had named him "Iron Face" Foulds they had named him well. But to his intense surprise he found nothing but a serene courage in her dark eyes and a fearlessness in the vivid outlines of her eager face that quite baffled him. Foulds was compelled to readjust some of his preconceived ideas of this daughter-in-law of his; and this is hard for one whose years have reached the allotted span—years filled with justified conclusions and victories that were other men's defeats. His tall, heavy frame straightened. That look which men had learned to fear squared his features. His old face would have been ruthless had it not been relieved by a stern humanness that persistently haunted his gray eyes.

"You received Duncan's telegram?" Margaret was saying.

Foulds' mouth hardened. "Yes, I get it." He smiled, grimly.

"And you will help him?" Her voice was quite steady, though it held a peculiar, enriching tenseness that told of the strain she was under. Her eyes, glistening like washed jewels, hung upon his lips. She was praying without consciously forming her supplications. She had been praying for hours.

Duncan should have known better than to have sent you—of all people—on such an errand!" He shot this at her with a sort of inevitableness, suggesting sentences ready formed upon his lips. The savagery in his words quite hid the acute agony their utterance caused him.

Some of the color drained from Margaret's face. She had to close her teeth tightly to stem the rising flood of her anger.

"Why do you detest me so?" she asked presently. "You don't know me. You haven't given me a chance. You are unfair."

"Why?" he flung at her. "He has told you often enough, I'll warrant. Why? He reposted his old eyes flaming. "Because you married my son! If you had kept your paws off him and what you knew went with him he would still be my son! The boy's mother died when he was born. He's all I had left and you took him—my boy!"

For just a moment Margaret glimpsed the twisted love and the bitter hatred in Foulds' heart. He went on again after a slight pause.

"I spent a lifetime building Foulds Engineering Company for him, and when I quit and gave it him, you came along and took him from me. Now you've ruined the concern and you come begging my help. Well, you don't get it. You've clutched on to the rocks together—you can complete your wreck together!"

Margaret was silent. His bitterness was harsher than she had expected. And as he thought she had stolen Duncan from him? Her lips twisted into a smile.

Her heart was full. She had come prepared to concede much; her dignity at least, but he was not giving her a chance. Yet at heart she knew he was good. Duncan had told her that. If he would only allow her to she knew that she could love him. Just then his grim face was as unrelenting as that of a brazen god.

THEY were in his garden. It was simple and beautiful—an old-fashioned garden in gay colors and dark cool greens with hidden nooks and shady seats that beckoned up in front of one unexpectedly; all but inviting one to linger in their cool recesses.

His words had hurt and Margaret walked away from him a pace or two to hide her pain. She could feel his bitter eyes boring into the back of her head. She turned to the gnarled old apple tree which she had loved him pruning. Its fruit was reddening under the mid-afternoon sun. Its foliage stirred lazily in the slight breeze; its twisted boughs reached like venerable arms to the austere heavens. It seemed the personification of the sympathy she was seeking.

His house which stood enshrouded in a neat of dark green ivy, Virginia creeper, and climbing roses that intoxicated one with their perfume. A cluster of lollen petals lay directly in his path. He trod upon it with vicious delight.

TOWAHD evening Foulds' passion had cooled. His mood was more coherent.

Later on Benjamin Kerr joined him in Foulds' study. Kerr was a small, gray haired man, thoughtful of eyes and distinctive of lestara. He had breasted life's stream easily. Contact with the world had softened him even as it had hardened Foulds. At rare intervals, Foulds his friend of years, glimpsed the emotional depths of Kerr's character but only when Kerr permitted him to do so and on such occasions Foulds was amazed and humbled.

It was a dim, soft-toned room they were in, done in black leather and dark oak. Books lined the walls. A reading lamp, dappled the heavy table with a soft, colored light. Against one wall, and between tiered books, hung a large portrait in oils—a woman in the dress of another day, a queen among women, soft-eyed, tender-mouthed, gloom lasting into the meagre light the sweet personality which must have invested the original.

Kerr regarded his friend through the gray tobacco haze. "That is your fifth cigar to-day," he admonished. "Binns hasted you to two."

"Curse Binns and his hesitations!"

"Well, I suppose your curses won't harm him; his premonitions are usually justified though. But I don't want to talk of Binns and his limits, but of that pretty child you had to see you to-day—your daughter-in-law."

"Child! She must be twenty-five!"

"You and I are nearly seventy. Of course she is a child!"

"Have it your own way."

"Youth is a glorious phase but after all it is only a phase with its laughs at age and its flirtatious with ruin—"

"You are right there!"

"Unfortunately age gives it as much to laugh at. Why don't you and Duncan make up and quit acting like a pair of fools at extreme ends of a tightrope?"

"He's my son no longer. How many more—"

"Yes, yes, you have told me that almost as often as I have called you a pig-headed old fool. You are too rigid—always have been—to appreciate life. Dig down a little—you'll find people and children more human than you expect. You have always made the means to life the end. Loosen up; your ideas are not made of steel; if you think they are, mould if they don't bend, they'll break; you can't keep still in a moving world. Give the boy and his wife a chance. Give them their fifty thousand—you won't miss it. They make a fine pair from what I hear."

"I'll see 'em dead first!"

"Yes, perhaps you will, but they are more likely to see you dead first."

Foulds glared at his friend. "I've found for ten years yet!"

Kerr ignored this. "Because the boy married before he got his business wind and without getting your O.K. you're letting him smash. It's beyond me."

Foulds rage had been simmering. Now it boiled up from his unhappy heart. His old teeth clicked. "I'll see him cleaned to his last dollar before I'll lift a hand—and then I won't be enabled. His fist crashed dully against the leathern arm of his chair.

Kerr got to his feet. "I guess I'll move on. If you don't get after those rows of yours Old Men's Row won't get even a measly third this year. Mine are hopeless and Green's and Billings' are worse! So long."

FOULDS pulled himself to his feet. Then he sank back into his chair. That sharp cutting pain which had stabbed into him so often of late was on him again.

"If I keep still it'll go," he muttered to himself. "Five cigars! Binns said two! Guess he was right, always is."

Presently he felt easier. He leaned back in his chair. A slight noise occurred at the door. It was Lauders, his man.

"Are you all right, sir, I thought—"

"Why shouldn't I be all right?" Confound the man. Everyone was determined to emphasize his ugly dependency.

"Shall I—?"

"Get out!"

His mind reverted. First had come the telegram from Duncan asking for help. Then, instead of the boy, that woman! How he hated her! Her slim beauty, her dark loveliness—he had to admit that. His boy! His boy! Oh, God, if there was a God! That woman's beauty had taken his boy—stolen him!

What was that Kerr had said? "Old Men's Row! That was how they put it, was it? Green and Billings and Kerr and himself all growing roses in a row! He sneered to himself.

His boy! How he loved him! He admitted that to himself. Help him? Gladly—everything. Even his pride, though everyone intimated that wasn't worth much. That action of old, and long ago. But hadn't the sub spurned his gifts? Married after a week's courtship—and without a word? That had cut deep into his old heart.

Then quickly Margaret turned and faced him.

"Duncan could not come himself!"

"Makes no difference, I'm through with him."

"You are his father—don't you love him?"

"Love him?" The words leaped from Foulds' lips. A swift look swept his face but he composed himself. Then: "That's none of your business!"

"He's ill—that is why he did not come himself!"

Foulds looked at her sharply. "Ill, you say? What's wrong?"

"You are interested?"

"It doesn't matter." Foulds shrugged his shoulders with ill concealed interest.

"Pneumonia," Margaret told him. "But he's very much better."

There was silence.

"Are you going to help him?" the girl ventured presently. "We—he needs fifty thousand to pass the crisis. You can lend it—easily. And it will save the business you were so proud of."

His lips were twitching. He did not answer.

Margaret drew closer. She touched one of his arms gently. "But more than he needs the money—more than he needs anything he needs you. You are his father and he wants you. I don't think you know just how much you are to him." They were late to lose but Margaret could see no sympathy in his hard eyes.

Foulds laugh was as hard as his eyes. "Don't come to me whining. When he gets rid of you I'll talk business, forgiveness and the rest of it."

The girl shivered as though the chill of night had suddenly struck. She knew that she had lost and the knowledge depressed her, but at that moment her sympathy was with Foulds more than with herself. At his refusal he seemed to shrivel before her eyes as though it had taken from him something that he held dearer than life.

"Then you won't—"

"No. I'll see him dead first!" he croaked. "And you too!" Margaret backed away from him. "Get out!" he barked at her. "Get out!"

And before she could answer he was stumbling towards his desk. His blue eyes and freckled face were set uncommonly.

"Name!" Foulds echoed. "Then get out of my way!"

"Won't!" said the boy, thrusting his hands into his pockets. "Mrs. Foulds said—"

"Who?" bellowed Foulds.

Mrs. Foulds and I want to let us one butt in like you are doin'," the boy emphasized.

"Oh, she did, did she?" Foulds ejaculated after a moment. "Then 'Well, tell Mrs. Foulds that Mr. Foulds, senior, is here."

The boy disappeared into the private office to reappear immediately.

"She says to go right in."

Foulds entered.

Each unit of the gleaming mahogany office was indelibly etched in his memory. But at sight of Margaret in the chair and before the desk that had so long been his, the heat in his heart began to simmer and bubble. Her presence there was desecration, a blow at the roots of his life.

"You wanted to see me?" Margaret's voice was clear, a little cold. This stirred Foulds' antagonism as he could not know that she was fighting to contain herself.

"To see you? he grunted. "I've come to take things over until Duncan is well." He was trying to read her eyes as he spoke, but beyond noting their steadiness he could make out nothing of them.

"Then you are going to be friends again?" Margaret's eyes were swimming as she said that.

"Friends!" There was a sneer on his lips. "Not if I know it! I don't change my mind! But I built this company and I don't want it ruined. I can help it. That is the reason I am here. The only reason, you understand!"

Margaret flashed at the sting in his tone, but she managed to keep her outward calm.

"Someone had to take things over and as I know more about the business than you perhaps think I do, Duncan gave me full charge. We have studied it together, Duncan and I, and I know every nook and cranny in it, so when he insisted that I take his place it seemed the best thing to do."

"I've mess the two of you have made of it!" snapped Foulds.

Margaret ignored the interruption. "And you say you have come to—to take my place?" She looked at him for a moment. "Is there nothing I could do that would bring you and Duncan together again—as you were before—I—I nurse?"

"Nothing!" he fired at her, emphasizing the word to drown the uneasy twinge within his mind.

"Yet you ask me to—"

"I tell you to go!" he barked at her. His fist thudded out to the desk. "Go home to Duncan. Nurse him back to health. Binns says he'll pull through. I'll see to things here."

She was regarding him with tear-filled eyes. But as she spoke her words were almost precise.

"Duncan is well looked after—you would have known that had not your pride kept you from going to see him. His only anxiety is for the business. And as for turning things over to you, I can't do that until Duncan tells me to. Why don't you ask him yourself?" This was her last play. "If you really wanted to take charge you would go and ask him. You don't know how much he needs you," she pleaded. "If you would only be friends we could be so happy together."

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" Foulds shot at her. "You'll do as I say—"

"I won't!" Her refusal cut like a knife into the tense atmosphere. "You are unreasonable. I have hoped and prayed that you might see reason for Duncan's sake for yours, for mine? I shall go on hoping of course, but I shall not do what you ask!"

FOULDS was unfortunate for a moment. His neck swelled his face blened.

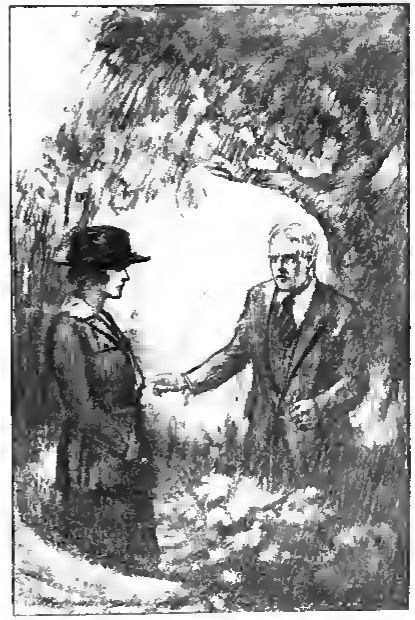
"You insolent—" he began.

"Be careful Mr. Foulds," I shall leave you if you don't. I won't have you please remember!"

"You can't! Your office!" He caught himself up suddenly. His mind reeled that the part of his heart "Get!" he shouted. "Get out!" His voice was thick with hate.

(Continued on page 26)

His fist smashed on to the table until it quivered. "The young fool has given her full charge," he almost shouted.



Margaret backed away from him. "Get out!" he barked at her. "Get out!"

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day

Farm Labor Party Farce

So Contends Gompers Who Sees Rift Ahead for Hopes of Organized Workers

SAMUEL GOMPERS

SAMUEL GOMPERS president of the American Federation of Labor, in a leading article in the *American Federationist* entitled "Reaction in the Saddle," reviews the election results in the U.S. and points to movements to break down collective bargaining and force an open shop.

Mr. Gompers sees a return of reactionary influences and hostility toward organized labor and declares that several movements and organizations have already shown evidence of a desire to break down principles held dear by labor. Of these he says:

"The movement begun some months ago by associations of employers similar to that of which President-elect Harding is a member in Marion, Ohio, to destroy collective bargaining and to break down trade unions has found great encouragement in the election results in general. Whether there is real justification for the view that this optimism in reactionary circles is to be given official encouragement remains to be seen, but fears may be expressed properly."

After quoting an article in the *Wall Street Journal*, in which it is held that organized labor, which supported Cox, was repudiated in the election, and other writers who predict that some of the class legislation will be repealed, Mr. Gompers says:

"These are but a few retaliations from a collection of indications of what it may be assumed is the plan and the scheme of reaction. Much may be read between the lines by those who give study to the plunging and swaying of the great markets—much about manipulation and rigging by those who find always something to gain out of the discomfort and losses of their victims.

"There is evidence enough of the intention of the hostile and the unfair and the unthinking to destroy the standards that have been built up by American labor to break down the system of conference and agreement that has given American industry a higher standard and a better organization than exists in any other country. There is every indication of a wanton and shocking blindness on the part of those employers who are typified by Judge Gary and in their organized capacity by the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Industrial Conference Board, the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Erectors Association and kindred associations that go to make up the group of bitterly individualist employers.

"It was because organized labor was fully aware of the reactionary autocratic and tyrannical policies of the hostile forces of the United States that it took so active a part in the political campaign and election. Recognition of the condition which existed and of the policies laid for the future—policies rooted in reaction and avarice—made it necessary to make the best and most effective protest possible.

"However, it is one thing to plan another to execute. The dream of a great oligarchy of employers long has been in the minds of those who now speak exultingly. They have long hoped for a day in which the workers would be helpless and without organization of their own. Despite this hope the workers have constantly increased their strength, constantly enlarged their organizations, constantly advanced the concept of democracy in industry.

"This is not the hour for turning backward. This is not the hour for autocratic triumph. This is not the hour for destruction of progress.

"If great employers, bereft of their better judgment by the sweep of reactionary political victory, estimate this to be the hour for a similar assault upon the democracy already achieved in industry they are gravely mistaken. This is not the hour—nor will that hour ever come.

"Labor in America threw its full strength without reserve into the great war for the overthrow of autocracy. It gave a pledge and it kept the pledge. But labor in America has given another pledge, a pledge of humanity to strive with its full strength for a better life for all, for a more democratic industrial world, for all, for constant progress, constant progressive achievement.

"It is almost beyond understanding, almost too weird for comprehension that there should be any who would wish to turn backward the tide of progress, but if there must be a development of the effort that seems to be in prospect to that end, then labor in America will be bound by its sacred pledge to humanity and by the very nature of its being to resist that effort at all costs and with full strength."

Discussing the so-called radical vote Mr. Gompers says:

"The Socialist Party, whose leaders have always preached and practised treachery to the labor movement, finds itself in a particularly embarrassing position at this time. While the complete Socialist vote still is unknown it seems certain that no increase in the percentage of Socialist votes has been shown over 1912, the banner Socialist year. For an organization that persistently charges the labor movement with political unwisdom and failure this is a peculiarly humiliating result. It is quite evident that large numbers of pro-German voters preferred to put their strength where there was a greater chance of winning something tangible.

"The Farmer-Labor party experiment which was neither farmer nor labor but merely a combination of foolishness and presumption also failed to arrive. The little coterie of 'intellectuals' who furnished the inspiration for the movement and who sang its simple songs during the campaign, continue to sing post-defeat ditties about just beginning the fight and about what they will do next time, just as the Socialists have been doing for years and years until they have the habit firmly fixed.

"Perhaps 8,000,000 votes went into one or another of the minority movements. There is practically nothing to show for this effort, a situation foreseen by all except those who never see another thing."

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France Would Stabilize Europe

Her Plans Not to Dominate But Make Peace Secure, Declares Tardieu, Must Have Support of Her Allies

ANDRE TARDIEU

FRANCE is quite willing that Germany should become a member of the League of Nations "some day" but she insists first that Germany prove, as far as her treaties are concerned, she does not profess the same doctrine as in 1914. Germany, however, is conducting herself as regards the Treaty of Versailles in the same way she behaved six years ago as regards the Treaty of 1839: any obligation which stands in her way she regards as "a scrap of paper." Reparation of the damage wilfully caused France by Germany during the war amounts to more than 400 billion francs. Of those 400 billions, the Treaty of Versailles only made Germany liable for 190, or less than one half. Should Germany contrive to avoid payment, the French tax payers, who have to pay 17 billions more in 1920 than in 1914, would have to bear a further increase of 18 billions, which would overwhelm them. Such is one of the dangers which confronts France according to Andre Tardieu, plenipotentiary of the French Republic, at the Peace Conference, in an article, "The Foreign Policy of France," appearing in *World's Work*. This danger, he asserts, is made imminent through the indifference of her Allies, Great Britain and United States, the action of United States, in holding aloof, in particular, "leaving France in the air," for the time being at least, in the matter of realizing on her claims against Germany. France has been deliberately misrepresented and misunderstood with regard to her foreign policy proposals. She had no wish to dominate the new smaller powers which she helped to create, but she did wish, for her own ends, and benevolent ends as well, to stabilize them. She had no imperialistic ambitions. Clemenceau's ideal was to make France the natural center of a European organization, which, if supported beyond the seas by the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies might have constituted, at one and the same time, the strongest guarantee against any future revenge contemplated by Germany. As for extending her territorial domain, M. Tardieu goes on to elaborate:

"Now, France—whom the war has cost 1,400,000 killed, 700,000 mutilated, 3 millions wounded and 400 billion francs—has but one wish and one will, to wit, that humanity may discover a formula for organizations which may make war a matter of impossibility. Moreover, where can one discern, in the actual facts, any traces of the so-called French imperialism? Certain individuals (who must be humorists) have pretended to discover it in the presence of French troops in different parts of Europe where the Treaty of Versailles had made the selection of definite sovereignty subject to plebiscites. France would rather like this duty to be fulfilled by others or that others, at least, should help her to fulfill it. France is not to blame if the United States failed to ratify the Treaty. France is not to blame if Great Britain, after having ratified it, contrived to get out of the military obligations she had accepted—in Upper Silesia for instance. As a last shift, we are reproached for having occupied the left bank of the Rhine. What would people say about our lack of foresight if we had refrained from occupying it in exchange for two treaties, neither of which, owing to certain circumstances, is yet in force? In addition, have people forgotten into what an offensive stronghold against us Germany formerly converted the left bank of the Rhine? Do they forget the seven railway lines converging toward the bridges, the loading-wharves, fortresses and points of concentration—bases for invasions which twice during the space of fifty years, have devastated our territory? It is in order to prevent a recurrence of this, that we are occupying the left bank. Is that imperialism? What obtains in the case of individuals, likewise applies to nations, they must be judged according to their antecedents. The career policy of France as a republic during the last half-century belies the accusation brought against her through ignorance or animosity. For the space of forty three years France, albeit mutilated by Germany, remained pacific. For the space of forty three years, she responded to provocations in a calm and conciliatory manner. Doubtless by diplomatic action she has endeavored to escape from the circle of solitude wherein Bismarck had imprisoned her. But on what bases? Read again the Franco-Russian treaty of alliance of 1892. It is based upon the territorial status quo. Read again the Franco-British conventions of 1904: they are simple settlements of colonial liquidation. Between 1871 and 1914, France only worked for the pacific equilibrium of forces. She never provoked Germany nor took up the latter's challenges. Furthermore, she has not taken undue advantage of her victory either by tearing Germany to pieces to satisfy her own appetite, or by forcibly breaking up the moral unity of Germany's people. The Anglo-Saxon nations upon which so many endeavor to impose have too much common sense and impartiality to allow themselves to be ensnared by such sophisms. France is not an autocratic oligarchy. She is a pacific democracy and it is in a democratic sense that her foreign policy will logically be developed.

"However, in order that this policy may develop—or, rather, in order that it may exist—one condition must be fulfilled, i.e., France must be in a material and moral state of equilibrium, otherwise, as far as peoples are concerned, no action will be possible either at home or abroad; she must not be threatened with ruinous uncertainty, she must not succumb under the weight of burdens which are not incumbent upon her and which are not her own. In short, the rights ensured her by the Treaty of Versailles must be fully realized. The situation is generally known. Among the clauses of the treaty there were some which, through the force of circumstances, could not be executed except during the course of a considerable number of years; such is the case as regards the clauses concerning reparations. But those clauses, albeit not executable immediately, are no less sacred than the others. I will go so far as to say that they are even more so, and that, to ensure their execution, France is no less warranted in relying on the assistance of her allies than she was warranted in relying thereon in connection with the liberation of Alsace and Lorraine. Now, how can it be denied that, as far as this matter is concerned, the events of 1920 have painfully disappointed the hopes of France? The United States, having refused to ratify the treaty, has been unable to support us in the action intended to compel Germany to honor her signature. England has maintained very different principles regarding the undertakings specified in the Treaty of Versailles. France has been left alone to claim her right and at times some of her own friends have seemed to regard the fact as cause for complaint. These matters, however, should be regarded just as they are. If the French people, who are firmer in this respect than their rulers, regard their whole foreign policy as being dependent upon the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, it is because, for them, it is a matter of life or death.

"Certain parties certainly invoke against our principle that Spirit of Peace, which, it is stated, should replace the Spirit of War. France is far from repudiating her, but in order that the Spirit of Peace may prevail it is first necessary for peace to be a tangible reality, and it can only become so by the straightforward application of the contract which represents its charter.

"There is something else. It is obvious that the execution of the Treaty of Versailles is necessary for the life of France. It is likewise necessary for the allies and friends of France and above all for the Anglo-Saxon democracies. I have shown in what a beneficial manner for the future of the world the foreign policy of France will be applied, provided she has in possession of the material and moral means of security to which she is entitled—security which to-day, the same as yesterday, she briefly defines in those three words: restitution, reparation, guarantees. I have already put on record that the first and most effective of such guarantees is the preservation of that spirit of confidence and solidarity whereby the Allies won the most just of wars. Should a diametrically opposed policy hereafter prevail, should Germany fail to pay France, should the right of France unanimously recognized in 1919 by all the Allies fail to be maintained by them, should France, my country, feel herself abandoned to undeserved solitude and overwhelmed by financial burdens which it is incumbent upon Germany to bear—then in all conscience, I could not see my way to make the same reply to the question 'What will be the foreign policy of France?' On the hypothesis of the non-execution of the Treaty of Peace and relaxation of inter-Allied relations, I cannot say what that policy would be. Under the influence of legitimate irritation caused by the accumulation of undeserved difficulties, France, by the very force of circumstances, would have to seek, according to her daily wants, the results which the lack of solid engagements would preclude her from expecting from mutual action. Those, albeit they are few in number at the present time, who preach settlements of affairs by brute force would inevitably be strengthened by the failure of contracts. The most regrettable impulses might recur in connection with the hazardous seeking of immediate guarantees. I entertain the firm conviction that the friends of France will realize the gravity of a peril which it is in their power to avert. To assume the great pacific part she is called upon to play, France asks only for one thing, namely, that promises once given be kept, and nothing but failure to keep such promises would then cause her to relinquish the task to which she is prepared to devote herself. This is a point which it behooves the Anglo-Saxon people to bear in mind and consider. If exposed to the light of facts and to the refulgence of justice there can be but one answer to the problem."

If You See Flash, You're Safe

S. D. FLORA

THE old saying is that if you see the lightning flash you're safe, a fact stressed by S. D. Flora, a meteorologist of the storm-swept Missouri River Valley, in a recent article:—

"There's no use dodging or registering fright at a blinding flash of lightning. It requires a sixth of a second to produce a sensation of sound and an eighth of a second for sight, while lightning will utterly destroy the brain in a tenth of a second so that anyone seeing a flash may be sure it has missed him, otherwise he would be already dead.

"Lightning is caused by the air being heated to incandescence through the passage of an enormous current of electricity, and thunder by the sudden expansion of this air when it gets white hot. Rolling thunder is simply the echo of the original crash sent back from the clouds.

"The ripping, smashing effect of lightning when it strikes a tree or building is due to the sudden expansion of imprisoned air bubbles or vaporization of moisture in the wood. Shoes are generally torn off persons struck because of the explosive effect of lightning when it passes from the body, which is a good conductor, through the shoes, which are poor conductors.

"The electric current used for lighting houses seldom has a flow of more than three or four amperes and is unable to jump across an air space of a fraction of an inch, but lightning runs as high as 20,000 amperes and often jumps twenty miles from cloud to cloud, or a mile and a half to the ground.

"The most dangerous places to be during a storm are near telephone and telegraph wires, tall chimneys or under oak trees, and the safest place is inside a building properly rodded. Beech, maple and elm trees are not nearly as liable to be struck as oak."

WIT, WISDOM and WHIMSICALITY

Analyzed.—Restaurant soup is composed of equal parts of water and overhead expense.—Vancouver *Province*.

Settled.—No, Alfred, it is not the bad eggs that produce the tough chickens.—Brockville *Recorder and Times*.

Famous Words of Famous Women.—"Are you going to get down here to breakfast or aren't you?"—Kingston *British Whig*.

Back Again.—Raisin jack must be losing its popularity. The piebakers are beginning to put raisins in raisin pie.—Cobalt *Nugget*.

Wisdom Defined.—The wise man is one who can find no time to worry by day, and who at night is too sleepy.—London *Free Press*.

The Gentle Cynic.—We always say we don't want our friends to grieve after we are gone—and they don't after the novelty wears off.—Stratford *Beacon*.

The Very Last Ult.—The man who drinks wood alcohol seems to be that ultimate consumer we have heard so much about lately.—Calgary *Herald*.

We Have our Suspicions.—We shall know who made the success of the League of Nations possible after the United States enters it.—Calgary *Herald*.

What With!—Montreal robbers stole a man's false teeth. We'll bet he made some biting remarks on the subject when he discovered his loss.—Toronto *Star*.

Tough Going Both Ways.—Still it isn't much harder for a rich man to get into heaven than for the stork to get into the rich man's house.—Kingston *British Whig*.

Recalled by the Difference.—The story of the U.S. balloonists recalls the story of Scott's expedition to the Antarctic because it's so different.—Toronto *Telegram*.

They Keep Their Own Counsel.—New York *Telegraph* wonders what the Northwest Mounted Police think of the U.S. naval air service. So do we.—Toronto *World*.

Yes—They Were Used to It.—D'Annunzio says he is going to write another poem. Perhaps it would have been just as well if they had let him stay in Fiume.—Toronto *World*.

A Thought.—If the country's money was equally divided each man would have $51. If you have more, you are the guy the Communist is after.—Kingston *British Whig*.

Save What You Can.—Toronto people have declared in favor of daylight saving—perhaps because they fear there won't be much else to save this year.—Hamilton *Spectator*.

The Wisdom of Experience.—Personal: If Constantine, last heard of in Athens, will communicate with Wilhelm (old address in Amerongen) he will hear something to his advantage.—Ottawa *Citizen*.

Probably You Have Wondered.—Why is it a woman gives her husband a pair of house slippers for Christmas and then expects him to take her out to the movies every evening?—Fredericton *Mail*.

Proving his Claims.—The best man at a recent New York wedding is now in jail for having abducted the bride. He was evidently out to prove his right to the title he bore that wedding day.—Toronto *World*.

The March of Progress.—The telephone has been introduced in the Fiji Islands. This will enable the natives to order a missionary for dinner without leaving their huts.—Vancouver *Province*.

Pep and Preservation.—If a man can get up in the morning feeling 100 per cent. better than he looks he is in pretty good condition to dodge automobiles during his walking hours.—Cobalt *Nugget*.

Making Diplomacy Easy.—Doubtless there are diplomats who think of everlasting peace as an era when the little fellows will be still while the big fellows frisk their pockets.—Kingston *British Whig*.

Another Government Outrage.—A Toronto evening paper says "the Countess of Westmeath and Meath is being combed by the Crown forces." Is chivalry also dead in Ireland?—Toronto *Globe*.

Proven.—There is a theory that large animals are better natured than small ones. For substantiation look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow!—London *Free Press*.

Not That Sort.—Bishop Fallon says that every day mothers can be seen trailing their skirts to moving picture shows and similar places of pleasure. But not in Ottawa. Here skirts positively do not trail.—Ottawa *Citizen*.

Might Have Been Worse.—"On the other hand when I think of the fool things I didn't do that I might have done when I was young, I almost forgive myself for the fool things I did."—Fredericton N.B. *Mail*.

Careless Housekeeping.—A Kansas City woman killed a man on Sunday and forgot all about it until Tuesday night when she happened to find his body under the bed and went and told the police. Women are the forgetful things—aren't they?—Toronto *Star*.

The Uncertain Haum.—They say the House of Hapsburg will again assume the Austrian throne. Which prompts someone to remark that what is probably meant is the House of Perhapsburg.—Ottawa *Citizen*.

Where Will Germany Drift?

French Writer in Le Temps Points to Dangers That May Arise By Imposing Too Much Isolation

JEAN HERBETTE

THE lack of arms and of the soldier's uniform has departed from the former empire of the Kaiser, and the German laborer, artisan and farmer are all voluntarily working overtime to bring their country back to its former highly organized state commercially and agriculturally if we are to believe Jean Herbette a French journalist writing for *Le Temps* the widely known Paris semi-official Conservative daily. This writer declares that the arrogance and military egotism of the German are things of the past but the race has retained all its old industry, pneuman and discipline. Still he makes the sinister hint that their fighting spirit will come back as soon as they have plenty of meat." On the other hand returning to his first impressions —

"Germany is at work. The Germany of to-day does not endanger peace. What more could we ask?

Two classes in Germany are in very real distress. These are the city middle classes and the wage earners. The farmers whether landlords or peasants, are quite well off, for which the country has reason to congratulate itself.

As we all know the middle classes are in distress because their incomes have remained almost stationary, while the cost of living and taxes have increased enormously. Except for the newly rich, who have exceptional opportunities for concealing their wealth and have spirited much of it away to foreign countries, the larger taxpayers are subject to present or prospective burdens which, until recently, would seem incredible. A great manufacturer figured out for me that the estate of one of his partners, valued at about 60,000,000 marks, would be reduced to 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 marks by the time it reached his only heir, an adopted daughter. That is quite a fortune to be sure, but is entirely inadequate to keep in operation the great industrial undertaking which the deceased created. Men living on their income with a surtax of 5,000,000 marks have only 20,000 marks left after paying taxes. This is about the minimum sum now needed to maintain a prosperous workingman having a small family, and living in a modest flat. Government officials and teachers are rapidly being pauperized, if they have not already reached that condition.

"Salaries have been increased, but the cost of living rises far more rapidly. Moreover, many of the lower middle class spent all their savings in the course of the war, buying enough food to keep body and soul together. I could quote numerous instances where scholars have sold their libraries, well-to-do families have sold their furniture, parents have given up sending their son to college because they have not money enough to live on.

"Workingmen with large families are also suffering cruelly. This does not apply solely to the unemployed of whom there are 400,000 to-day in Germany. What characterizes the present crisis is the fact that even a worker constantly employed at good wages cannot feed and clothe his family properly.

The wife of a Saxon workingman said to me as if it were the most natural thing in the world: "It is right years since I have bought a cotton or linen undergarment."

"Bolshevist propaganda spreads almost without effort among the working classes, who believe that they have nothing left to lose. To be sure the Hohenzollerns are still unpopular and the trade unions are ranking up solidly against Bolshevist agitation, in spite of the encouragement which the Moscow agitators had at the Halle Congress. But the reactionary movement and the communist movement are one in their common hatred for France.

"By preaching irredentism, or France some hope to restore a military government in Germany. By preaching hostility to France others hope to serve the Bolshevist régime in Moscow, which will benefit by any conflict between bourgeois governments. Beyond question propaganda of both kinds, that of the extreme Left and that of the extreme Radicals is still on the increase in Germany. These rally all the disaffected elements. We must not shut our eyes to the fact that enmity to France is growing both in intensity and in depth.

"In discussing reparations with Germans of political intelligence and influence one comes up against these two general ideas. Germany wants the minimum it is to pay fixed as promptly as possible, and it wants to pay that amount mainly in commodities and wares. First it does not wish all the commodities and wares which it delivers to be set off against its debt. It wishes payment in pounds sterling or dollars for a portion of those deliveries. The object of this is to enable the German government to establish credits abroad to use for buying provisions and raw materials.

"However, there is something else to be considered first.

"In travelling through Germany and studying business conditions there one speedily discovers that it is neither logical nor tactful to debate the sum total of reparation.

"So let us try to start at the beginning. First of all, we must fix a quantity which Germany can pay and will pay. It is clear that Germany is solvent as far as our claims against it are concerned precisely in proportion to the volume of its exports. It is when we try to determine that volume that we fall into a vicious circle.

"Germany must purchase provisions abroad. The minimum of foreign bread, grains forage and meats required to feed the country until the middle of August next year will cost 1,500,000,000 florins ($60,000,000). The advances promised Germany at Spa are computed by the German government at about 200,000,000 florins. So we see that the country must guarantee payments abroad greatly in excess of those credits.

"I'll either of two alternatives is adopted, raising the price of food or inflating still more the currency. Wages must will have to have higher wages. But in that case, German manufactures will cost more. The foreign market will shut down, exportation will stop and Germany will become insolvent. So there you have the vicious circle.

"Going into the question still more deeply, we find yet other difficulties. For instance the higher prices go, the more the peasant reserves for his crops. He makes the highest profit on his live stock. Bear in mind, too, that he can't get fertilizers. Add to this that he distrusts the ever-redundant paper currency, but at the same time is unwilling to buy goods in town because they cost so much more than formerly. Consequently in spite of tempting prices he does not try to produce big crops. For all these reasons, the intensive agriculture which Germany has hitherto pursued and which it must continue if it wants to feed its people tends gradually to change into extensive agriculture. It is estimated that there are already 2,000,000 sheep in Germany and this increase of grazing is regarded as a dangerous symptom.

"These few suggestions will perhaps be enough to show how futile it is to discuss the payment which Germany is to make us without first discussing how we are to keep Germany solvent. There are many people who say that this question of German solvency is very simple. What they propose is in substance to let the situation grow worse.

"If there is no work, if bread gets scarcer and dearer, will not the Communists seize their opportunity? Will there not be revolts and revolutions?

Let them come, say the partisans of force. Troops will march from Southern Germany and above all from Bavaria, to bring the Northern Bolshevists to reason. We shall thus kill two birds with one stone. Victorious Bavaria will restore a federal government and back it up by a monarchy of its own. On the other hand, the defeated workers will be forced to accept lower wages and a longer working day so German manufacturers can export to their hearts' content. Behind this program I suspect you will find General Ludendorff, who has taken up his residence at Munich and is the real head of the *Orgesch*, that bourgeois militia whose nominal chief is an honest forester named Escherich.

"In a word, this is a proposal to rule by rum. But even were that kind of success desirable, it would be far from sure. The powerful labor organizations of Northern Central and Western Germany would not tolerate a Ludendorff-Escherich régime any more than they tolerated last March a Ludendorff-Lettow-Vitz régime. I personally doubt whether Germany would agree to a Bavarian hegemony or whether Bavaria is competent to exercise one. We Frenchmen, who want first of all a peaceful Germany, would probably have no reason to be pleased with a federation of the kind Bavarian reactionaries propose. I know all about the plan of separating Hanover from Prussia and putting the English Duke of Cumberland on its throne. Some reactionary Prussians approve this plan, we are told, because they would like to have a little Prussian royalist reserve in Hanover, separated from the Socialist eastern Prussia of to-day. But all these schemes have that fanciful character which the Germans describe as *Wolkenkuckucksheim*. If Prussian officers ever restore reaction in Germany, they will make short work of Bavarian independence and British princes in Hanover will discover only too soon that Bavarian federalism is but a rear view of Prussian militarism.

"So we must find some way to insure Germany's solvency, and to make that country willing to pay its debts.

"In order to settle reparation, we must deal with a German government. That government necessarily represents a certain policy at home. Averse as we may be to interfering with the private affairs of Germany, we must try to discover with whom we can deal most harmoniously and profitably. I am personally persuaded that the only parties with whom we can thus negotiate are the supporters of democracy and of a republican form of government."

Portrait of a Lady—"Margot"

JAMES MAVOR, Ph.D

IN THE *Canadian Forum*, Professor James Mavor, head of the Department of Political Economy at the University of Toronto, writes entertainingly of Mrs. Asquith's book.

"The psychology of Mrs. Asquith and of her *Autobiography* cannot be understood without realizing that her 'unlettered' youth was spent in the country, isolated from the county families in the neighborhood of her father's estate and isolated from the county folk. Sir Charles Tennant was a chemical manufacturer who inherited a lucrative business from his father. He was a man of large means derived from commerce, and of no learning, there was an alleged blot on his escutcheon. For all these reasons the county people who were his neighbors looked down upon him and the Watters of the Times who were connections of his wife and the only relations of consequence, would have nothing to do with him. His father had left him a gloomy house in a business street in Glasgow, but Charles Tennant purchased an estate in Peeblesshire and there his family were allowed to grow up. When he threw himself into politics by standing for the county in which he lived, and began to contribute to party funds, Tennant soon made friends. He was a sharp, capable man of business and a good listener. The leading politicians took notice of him and enjoyed his hospitality both in London and at Glen.

"Until the Tennant girls were old enough to go into society they met few people—none indeed excepting their father's political visitors. They were not sent to school (excepting, as Mrs. Asquith relates, for a very short time), but were brought up without effective discipline and without systematic education. They had tutors, but these were apparently injudiciously selected. The special circumstances of their family life tended to give them, at once a vigorous rectitude and a contemptuous disregard of convention. The atmosphere of their household was not exactly that of a convent but the effect of their seclusion from men and worldliness of their own age and standing was in many ways similar to the effect of life in a convent. It is true that the political visitors were distinguished persons and that early contact with people of fame was an enormous advantage, but these people had been educated after the manner of their kind and brought up in a society to which the Tennants were strangers. Thus the Tennants were with them but not of them. Then came sudden emergences from isolation: residence alone in a foreign city and complete freedom, followed by London society and the hunting field.

"In the former the sprightliness and precocity of Miss Margot Tennant carried her last and far and in the latter as a first-rate horsewoman she easily excelled. Her very detachment resulting from conditions beyond her control accrued to her benefit. She had set herself to learn quirkily many things which others had absorbed gradually. She thus cultivated in herself the habits of observation and criticism and her sense of humor did the rest.

"Ignored she had been by the county families in her native place, but the sheer force of her vitality took London by storm. Her vivacity, reckless courage on horseback and in conversation, as well as her wholesome good nature, enabled her to make and to keep friends in spite of the strain of her audacious frankness. She knew almost every one who was worth knowing and she gradually developed a talent for making character sketches of the people she met. With some persons of importance in their day she was on exceptionally intimate terms, and these were of sufficiently diversified types—Gladstone, Jowett, Balfour, John Addington Symonds, Henry James, Morley, Curzon, for example.

"Why should she not tell the story of her relations with the men and women of her time, and in telling it why should she not be candid? If every one were to write his or her history and write it truthfully, history in general would be much more reliable than it is. And even the most ostentatiously truthful confessions, Rousseau's for instance, have been found to stray from strict veracity. Whether or not Mrs. Asquith has stepped does not yet appear and therefore, her narrative count her taken as what it purports to be, the history of a vivacious woman, full of healthy vigour and of the joy of life and, it should be added, a woman with the fundamental virtues and yet a woman of passion. The circumstances which have been imbrated threw Mrs. Asquith into the society of the cleverest people of her time. Few of these people were learned in the academical sense, and still fewer were men and women of genius but most of them had nimble wits and many of them had been occupied with great affairs. To the Margot whose name by nature Mrs. Asquith added the keenness which came of association with people who were even keener than she was. Her *Autobiography* is thus packed with base *mots*. There is sense that, candid as her *Autobiography* is Mrs. Asquith's Diary, as yet unpublished, is still more free from reserve. This Diary has she tells us been submitted to some of her friends, notably to Henry James, John Addington Symonds, and John Morley. The impression produced by this Diary upon all of these certainly no mean judges in affairs of literature was sufficiently extraordinary.

Speaking of a sketch of Gladstone Symonds says: 'I feel that you have offered an extremely powerful and brilliant conception which is impressive and convincing because of your obvious sincerity and breadth of view. The personal biographical and literary value of this bit of work seems to me very great and makes me keenly wish that you would record all your interesting experiences and your first-hand studies of exceptional personalities in the same way.'

'Henry James is even more enthusiastic. It is a wonderful book. If only *westerners* [illegible] could photograph experiences

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in their fortunes as she has done in some of her pages. The episode of Fonbey short as that is in masterly—above the reach of so many lesser hands—shows the reach of Balzac, how far above the laborious beetle flight of Henry James! Above even George Meredith. It is what Henry James would give his right hand to do at once. The episode of Antonelli is very good too, but not an exception to the other. Unless I greatly neither of these marvels appears in the present volume. Perhaps they are too intimately real to appear in cold print.

Henry James often a compliment upon his singularly searching critical attitudes. This and your extraordinary fullness of opportunity make the record a most valuable English document, a rare revelation of the turn in inwardness of political life in this country and a picture of manners and personal surroundings as remarkable on the whole (to the country) as it is frank and acute. The beauty is that you write with such authority that you've seen so much and lived and moved so much and that having the nuance to observe and feel and discriminate in the light of so much high pressure, you haven't been in the least afraid but have faced and assimilated and represented for all your worth.

"And John Morley is scarcely less hypnotized by Mrs. Asquith's lively pen. It is letter written to him by Mrs. Asquith) is a brilliant example of that charmless writing in which the French so indisputably beat us. If you like you can be as keen and brilliant and penetrating as Madame de Sévigné or the best of them, and if I were the publisher I would tempt you by high emoluments and certainty of fame.

Interesting as the *Autobiography* is it is clear from these opinions that the real inner boucher is the Diary. Perhaps some day it may be given to the world with its stories of political characters and its cabinet secrets.

Boundless Energy Fake

Berlin Engineer Claimed That He Could Break Up the Atom

NEW YORK *TIMES*

THE New York *Times* Berlin correspondent tells an interesting story of a German scientist who claimed to have found a way to break up the atom. He writes:

"Will Von Unruh, a Leipzig engineer, lately fluttered the German scientific dovecotes as they had not been fluttered since the finding of radium. He announced a discovery toward which the whole scientific world for years has been earnestly striving. Unruh said he had found a method of breaking up the atom. But he has not yet found a way of breaking out of jail.

"What he claimed to have done is what nature does over an infinitely extended period of time and on an extremely small scale. In nature's laboratory by breaking up the atom or disintegrating it and harnessing the pent up power in it a boundless source of energy would be tapped. Such a discovery, as engineers know, would open up endless possibilities. Each person could release from among his ordinary possessions enough motive energy to make him his own millionaire. In his cigarette case he could store enough force to carry him in an airplane around the world. Everything, indeed would in revolutionized to a degree which would make the harnessing of steam and electricity appear by comparison to be the merest trifles.

"Little wonder then, that German scientists rushed in a body, as one might say, to see Unruh. Unruh received a large number of savants and arranged for a demonstration of his wonderful machine. When the great box was exhibited to those experts most of them were, according to one professor present, speechless with astonishment. There in front of them was an enormous case in which they could see there was various machinery which broke up the atom and produced an electric current which kept five lamps each of 1 000 candle-power burning for hours on end.

"Certainly everything appeared all right. There was no evidence that an electric current was introduced into the case from outside. Could they examine the case and machine to make quite sure they asked. Unruh replied that at that time he could hardly permit such an examination. He had to protect his astounding secret. That was of course judged to be a reasonable attitude and the savants dispersed to ponder over and discuss the terrific discovery.

"Following on the exhibition some Bavarian newspapers hinted that there was something wrong with Unruh's machine. When he failed to reply they declared he was not quite honest. When that failed to draw him they boldly proclaimed he was simply an impostor. So the scientists came on the scene again. Could they see Unruh? That was impossible they were told as he was unwell. A few days later when a British engineer was somewhat more persistent the grim truth came out. Unruh was in jail. So the world will not be revolutionized for a while yet, and Herr Wilh will go down in history with Ulysses, who say years ago played the rôle of a great inventor with an inspiration about the wonderful ultra-rays. By reason of his invention Ulysses managed to elope with an admiral's beautiful daughter, but Herr Wilh has added no such romance to his fraud. He has been mundane enough to make his alleged discovery the means of obtaining a considerable amount of other people's money. It is said and so it is that his romance ends ardmatically in a dull prison cell.

"For some time to come certain German professors will be exceedingly snappy on the subject of breaking up the atom."

Gallipoli To-day

The Poignant Picture of the Lost Battlefield Five Years After

LONDON *TIMES*.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the London *Times* gives a striking picture of the scene of the sadly heroic venture at Gallipoli, and tells of the great cemetery of Chanak Bair where many dead have been gathered together and not one of them identified.

"Down the slope from Point 971 the key position of the Gallipoli battlefield, there is just one indication of the pride of the Turks in their successful defiance of Constantinople. It is a rough rubble and concrete monument which stands about 14 ft. high. Rising from the top are a dozen unexploded shells of which the bases are set firmly in the concrete. One of the blocks of the monument is faced with a copper shell plate upon which is scratched in Turkish characters a message of victory. They raised one other monument in memory of their dead. It was built of ammunition boxes overlaid with concrete, but the Greeks who are now in occupation have long since levelled it to the ground.

"While staying at Smyrna, I took the opportunity of visiting Gallipoli. Remembering the rumor that we had paid the Turks 2 000,000*l* for an uninterrupted evacuation, I was interested to find that there is to-day an almost unbroken double line of barbed wire running along the coast from Suvla Bay to Cape Helles, a distance of 20 miles. This was placed there by the Turks after our troops had left. Moreover at a point known as Baby 700 they mounted a 6-inch naval gun on a concrete emplacement. This remains though it was put out of action with an explosive charge by the Naval authorities after the Armistice. At least it seems that the Turks took no risks after

the Imperial and Dominion troops had withdrawn.

"Having completed their work of concentrating the bodies of those who fell in the campaign into 26 main cemeteries the members of the Graves Registration Unit have now handed over the cemeteries to the Imperial War Graves Commission. This body, composed of 13 Australians and a New Zealander is directly responsible to the Imperial authorities. They went out under Colonel C. E. Hughes an Australian officer in September of last year, and so far their work has been in the nature of preparation. They are three however, to construct the permanent cemeteries and to erect the headstones and such war memorials as may be decided upon.

"During the past summer an excellent motor traffic road has been made from Kilid Bahr (opposite Chanak, which lies on the eastern side of the Narrows) along the waterfront to Kalia Bay. From here it is continued across Kaiu Flat through the Olive Grove (which was to have been the objective on the memorable day of the landing) on to Brighton Beach. Thence it is carried along the waterfront past Anzac Cove to Nurcher 2 Outpost (the left flank of the old battle position. Headquarters have been erected at Kalia Bay where there is good anchorage and a jetty. It was here that all the Turkish stores were landed during the campaign. The Commission has a motor launch, by which it obtains its supplies from Constantinople and several cars and lorries. The 15 miles of roadway have been made with the aid of the resident Greeks, who work as day laborers.

I visited the Beach Cemetery, one of the largest—just off Hill 8 Spit, one at Hill 60, and one at the Farm, below Point 971, Walker's Ridge and Shrapnel Valley Cemeteries, one at Shell Green, and the Canterbury Cemetery at Suvla Bay, where the Canterbury men of the New Zealand forces lie buried. One other at Chanak Bair I saw, and from here one obtains an uninterrupted view across the Dardanelles to Chanak. The spot is sacred to unknown heroes, for though many bodies have been gathered here not one has been identified.

"There were originally 28 main cemeteries, two devoted to the Indian dead. By arrangement with the authorities the Indian troops, two companies of whom are stationed at Chanak, came over to the Peninsula a few weeks ago, disinterred the remains of their compatriots, and took them out to sea for burial. All the remaining Dominion and British cemeteries have temporary wooden crosses, and are being kept in good order. The work of constructing the permanent cemeteries will probably take three years to complete, but there seems no reason why arrangements should not soon be made for civilians to go on pilgrimage to these battlefields.

"There is still much to remind one of the terrible days of the past. The trenches at Lone Pine are intact, and even the tunnels have not fallen in. The trenches at other parts of the line, though overgrown with grass and weeds, have not greatly deteriorated. Iron cones across great dumps of ammunition, but the metal has rusted and the contents have long since been consumed by insects. There is something in the air, or in the soil which subjects material quickly to decay. Shoulder plates and other metal trophies are corroded and ready to fall into powder. The metal of old rifles can be broken easily, and the wood has rotted. A substance which seems as enduring as anything else is the cloth of which the Australian uniforms were made.

Sunken ships lie around the coast, slowly breaking up in the calm waters. One is struck with the great beauty of the surroundings. Memories of 1915, and the impressive silence of the place to-day leave one's emotions strangely stirred."

Lions Retreat From Man

Student of Wild Life Says Greatest of Cat Family Kills Only When Hungry

CARL E. AKELEY

LIONS IN their native haunts are not at all the ferocious beasts we have been told in art and literature for many generations. At least, such is the contention of Carl E. Akeley, wild animal student and big game hunter, in a story of his African adventures appearing in *World's Work*. Discussing the main habits of the king of beasts he relates—

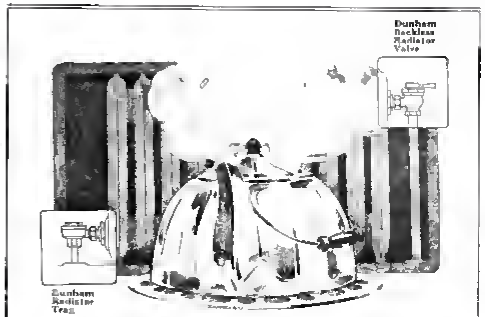
"The lion's savagery is very much the same as man's—that is, he kills other animals for food, and not having developed any specialized industries like the packers, each lion kills for himself. His day's work, instead of getting money to buy food, consists chiefly in getting food, and he goes about it something in this manner. About dusk he comes out from his resting place, yawns, stretches, and looks about for something to eat. In East Africa his favorite diet is zebra, but he likes any of the game animals and he prefers the larger animals to the smaller antelopes because the larger ones are easier to catch. His intention is to get his food the easiest and quickest way. He goes out on the plains and by scent, sight, and hearing locates a herd of zebra for example. He then gets down wind from what he hopes will be his next meal and stalks to within rushing distance. He can outrun a zebra for a short distance and when within striking distance he makes a sudden dash. I think that the zebra is thrown by the lion's spring and then killed by a bite in the back of the neck, but this impression is from deduction and not from observation. I have seen a lot of animals that lions had killed but I never saw a lion in the act of killing. In fact the methods which lions use in hunting are not known in detail from observation, for not enough instances have ever been witnessed and recorded to make the basis for any general statement which could be considered scientifically accurate.

"When he has captured his animal the lion will eat and then he near it perhaps all night, perhaps all the next day, if he is not disturbed; eating at his leisure. If he leaves his supply the jackals, hyenas and vultures will clean it up immediately, and as the lion kills for food, and not for sport or the pleasure of killing, he is content with one kill as long as the meat lasts.

"Lion hunters are not agreed about how much lions depend on sight, or sound, and on smell. It is not altogether easy to tell how soon they know the presence of man or of other animals, for they do not always show what they know. For instance I once had the startling experience of getting within three feet of a lioness before she moved. She of course knew I was there long before I got that close, and yet until I almost stepped on her she made no sign. There is however no question that the lion has a short, far sight in the daytime, and from the size of the pupil and his nocturnal habits at hunting I think he has unusually keen sight at night. I have never seen any indication that the lion has the keen smell of a dog or any animal that hunts by scent, nor have I ever seen anything to make me believe that they have any abnormal sense of hearing."

Here's how an African disposed of one lion single-handed—

"Paul Ramny had a ranch on the west shores of Lake Naivasha. One morning his boys reported to him that a lion had invaded the kraal the night before. He set out on horseback with a few of his dogs and two Masai boys with their spears. The dogs soon took up the spoor of the lion and brought him to bay under an acacia tree on the grassy plain. The man had just come down the hills on the other side of the lake. The long shadows of the table top acacias lay across the plain, the lion underneath in full sunlight. Ramny jumped off his horse threw the reins over a bush and grabbed his rifle from its boot. He then saw the two Masai boys run on toward the lion. As they approached the lion one threw his spear and missed. They were between him and the lion, and he could not shoot. The boys stood stock still till the lion was in mid-air in his final spring when the one with the spear stepped to one side and thrust his spear into the lion's neck, killing him instantly. He fell at their feet. As



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12

the hay with irew the spear and carefully wiped the blood off on the corner of his breechcloth he reamrked to Ronny

"You see, Master, it is work for a child

That is how the Masai figured it But t never hovn left on The first wild lion I ever saw ecarrd me almost to dr oth, and o good many of them have scored rer since The first lions that I saw were in Somaliland

'An oryx hunt had cast roar to a rlese. We ware about to reaunt our penies when one of the black boys pointed There were three lione walking quietly across a patrh of hard, dry sond. They were perhaps a hundrad yards away They lorked us hig as axen to mr I had never belore seen o lion outside nl o cage We turned our ponies over to the Somali gun-boys who gellaped after them to raund them up My next view al the lions was when the beaters had gone in to drive them out of a bit of jungle A roar came from immediately in front of ree and I saw a tonning in mid air as high as my head springing thock Reavee diogonally away from me But she saw ue as she speang and landed lucicy ree As I aced a lion jumped avar her back, which on discovering that my shat only wounded her. Thre lion disconcerted hae loo lor she followed him Two more shots at her and she disappeared in another rictap al very close to the lions. In our efforts to drive them out of this cover we finally set it an fire The two lions rushed out and escaped us. The lioness, more seriously wounded than i thought never came I had failed to get a lion but i felt satisfied none the less because the lions had likrwise lailed to get me That oon murernt ie that day whrn i saw thn lioness in the ur. I'll never forget for i realized that death was but as instant away!

Thn strength of the lion in nomparison to his size the writer states is prodigious

"After all perhaps the most impressive thing about a lion is his lion leg. The more you know of elephants the more you regard the elephant's trunk. The more you know of lions, the more you respect the lion s lore leg and the great padded and riawed weapon at the end of it. It is no gauge at all to the best teken of the animal s strength It is probably two or three times as powerful in proportion to weight as the arm of a man He can kill a man with one blow al his paw His other weapon his jow is strong enongh to break a zebra s nerk at one bite These are o rather rough measure of as ls real's strength but they give some ides of it.

"There is a record which says that a lion has dragged an African buffalo fifty yards A buffalo weighs at least three times as much as a lion I have never had evidence of this much 'pulling power' but I have known of many instances of lions dragging zebras that lar. and the zebra weighs nearly twice as onunh us the lions do

"Another test of a lion's strength is his ability to stand punishment. I have seen a lion which charged with nevrn lead bullets from an old 577 Express rifr through his shoulder. and only finally succumbed to the eighth bullet in his head

Uncle Tom's Rejection

Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Was Failure in Early Editon

DR CHARLES M CLARKE

THE jay of a publishing house whee ane of its professional readers discovers a new star rising on the literary horizon—an onther of promise—is aptly described by Dr Charles M Clarke in his account of the piecing of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous book "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the magazine Dr Clarke's article published in *Chambers s Jonrnal* states that he is the last living link in connection with the publication of the manuscript The book, he adds had at first the questionable honor of being included in that literary chamber of horrors the Index Expurgatorius In epitr of the fulmination of the Vatican it was translated into every European language and into the Chiesse and Japanese The was the start of the book which afterwards sold at the rate of a million and quertar copies within one year—

"In the spring of 1852 a young man in the employ al Putnam of New York crossed the Atlantir bringng a copy of the original edition (in two volumes) He hoped, in view of the interest the book was orousing in America, that he might be able to dispose of this early copy to some London publisher and to this end entrusted the negotiations to Henry Vizetelly who brought him work under the names of Charles H Clarke (thn writer's father) Clarke carried on a large printing business le Bouverie Street and had recently in connection therewith started as a publisher at 65 Fleet Street Clarke s office of the volumes, sit it down thr lork and handed ann moiety to Salisbury his partner in the printing rencern; thr athrr hr gesn to Frederick Greenwood while returning for his own use the second volume

Greenwood s report was that at the end of an hour hr was in a tremble lest the interest of the story should sank leam the height it had risen to and that from that point he read on with ever-growing confidence and admiration till he came to the night scene in which Cassy reaidcins Legree with lear But thet chapter-after what preceded it answered Clarke and Salisbury s questian conclusively ta his mind, and next morning he handed back his portion al the book with the advice to settle the matter at once and print quickly

The decision to accept Vzetelly e affar was arrived at on the last day of March and on the 15th day al April the first edition, consisting of five thousand copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin' was issued at two shillings and sixpence by Charles H Clarke 148 Fleet Street

"But the trade hung back, the subscription list proved orenll, and the pnblisher was ultimately compelled to discard the production as a lailure For some months the sales were loconsiderable However, the state of things soon underwent o change, for in August a phrnomenal reverw five centmes in length appeared in the *Times* From that date the run commenced

Dr Clarke s description of Mrs Stowe as she appeared when she visited England is vivid and interesting, which I give in extremely significant. le the brain. wher I realized that it was o slew train and that the express had gone three hours before, while we had been passing the hill of the giant Despair with our luggage panked and nabody coming lor us at the stanl camr upon me- ocd my lips were unsealed I spnke to my guide, as one manner might speak to another- and told him what I had been thinking methods He listened with the profoundest respect to my rirh, incisive phrases When at last I paused he replied in words that am glen significant of certain tendencies among the Russian state of ound You see, he said, the blockade—"

But if I saw nothing of Lunacharsky personally I saw something of thr work he nave lr organized The primary material of thr rdncatinost is human beings, and of these at least there is still an shortage in Russia on thet rn that respect Lunacharsky is better off than most of his colleagues. And beginning with an initial prejndice and munh distrust, i am bound to confess that in view of their enormous difficulties the edncational work of the Bolshevists impresses ree as being astonishingly good.

Things started badly. Directly I got to Petersburg i asked to see a school, and on the second day al my visit I was taken to ane that impressed me very unfavorably

"it was extremely well eonipped much better than an ordinary English grammar school and the children were bright and intelligent but our visit fell in the recess I could witness no toaching and the bahavier of the youngsters i saw indicated a low standard of discipline I formed an opinion that i was probably being shown a picked school especially prepared lor me and that this was all thot Petersburg had to offer The special guide who was with us then began to question the children nnon the subject of English literature and the writers they liked most. One name dominated all others. My own Such comparatively trivial figures as Milton Dirkens Shakespeare can shoot intermittently between the feet of that literary colossus. Being questioned further, these nhildren produced the titles of perhaps a dozee of my books. I said I was completely satisfied by what I had seen and heard, that i wanted to see nothing nurse—lor, indeed what more could I possibly require? And I left that school smaling with difficulty and thnnghly cross with my guides.

Three days later i suddenly scrapped my tnorning's engagements and insisted upon being taken at once to as other school—any school close at hand I was convinced that i had been deceived about the lormer school, and that now I should see a very bad school Indeed Indeed I saw a munh better one than the one i had first seen The equipment and huild ing were better, the discipline of the children was better, and i saw some excellent teaching le progress. Most of the teachers were women

The school was supplied with abundant pictures. There was plenty of chemical and physical apparatus, and it was evidently put to a proper use by the men saw the children's next meal in preparation—for nhildren eat at school in Soviet Russia —and the lood was excellent and well cooked Far above the standard of the adult rations we had seen served out All this was much more satisfactory

Finally, by a few questioes, we tested the extraordinary vogue of H G Wells among the young people of Russia. None of these children had ever heard of him The school library contained none of his books. This did much to convince me that I was seeing a quite nerenal school I had i now began to return to the question to the previous one, not as i had supposed in my wrath with any elaborate intention of deceiving me about the conditions of edncation in the country, but after certain lnnger talks with the prenaration by a literary lriend, Mr. Chnkovsky, the nritr, affectionately anxious to make one leel myself beloved in Russia, had a little oblivious of the real gravity of the business I had in hand.

'Subsequent lequiries and comparison of my observations with those of other visitors to Russia and particularly those of Miss Helen Gueet Rhodes, also made surprise visits to several schools in Moscow have convinced me that Soviet Russia in thr lace of gigantin difficulties, has rode and is making very great educational efforts, and that in spite of all difficulties the general situation the quality and number of the schools in the towns have risen absolutely since thr Czarist régime. The peasant, as ever, remains scarcely touched by these things) The schools I saw would heve been good middle schools in England They are open to all, and there is an attempt to make edncation compulsory.

Of course Russia has its peculiar difficulties Many of the schools are understaffed. and it is difficult to secnre the attendence of snwilling pnpils Numbers of children prefer to keep out of the schools and trade npon the streets. A large part of the illicit trading in Russia is tinne by hands of children They are harder to catch than adults, and the spirit al Russian communism is against punishing them And the Russian child is, for a northern child remarkably precocious.

The common practice of co-educating youngstern up to 18 ar 16, in a country as dreamalized as Russia is naw, has brought peculiar evils in its train My attiection was called to this by the work of Rnkalev. the lormer head of the Petersburg Extraordinary Commission, and his colleague Zalutsky to Gorky di cnnstr him in the matter They discussed their business in frant al one quite frankly, and the whole conversation was translated to me as it wect on The Bolshevist authorities have collected and published very startling statistics making figures of the moral condition of young people in Petersburg which i have seen

Ent there can be no doubt that in the Russian towns, concurrently with increased rducational rffart and as enhanced intellectual stimulation of the young there is also an increased lawlessness an their part especially in sexnal matters, and that this is going on in a phase of unexampled aubriety and harsh puritanrol decorum so far as adult life is concerned This hectic moral fever of the young is the dark side of the edncational epentacle in Russia. I think it is to be regarded mainly as an aspect of the gunnral social nnlhapse every European country has noted a parallel moral calse stian al the young under the was strain, bot the revolution Itself in sweeping o cumber of the old, experienced teachers out al the schools and in making every rearal standard a subject of debate has no danbt contributed also to an as yet incalculable amount in the excessive disorder of these matters in present-day Russia.

'i find it difficult to hold the scales of justice open many of these efforts of Bolshevism Here are these creative and edncational things going on, varying hetween the adrrarlh and the ridiculous, islands at least of cleanly work and I think of hope, amid the vast spectacle al grisly want and wide decay When can weigh the power and possibility of their thrust against the huge gravitation of this ebbing system?

Are Smokers Selfish?

Health Authority Points Out Smoking in Eating Places is Irritating Nuisance

DR ROYAL S COPELAND

IN A recent warning to smokers that the abuse of their privileges may lead to a "prohibition of tobacco" Doctor Royal S Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York remarks in the New York *Times* that there ought to be organized a society for the decent use of tobacco, an organization that will teach consideration for others than of every one puins it there will be nn need lor blue laws to soppress smoking.

Dr Copeland is not a smoker He said he felt called upon to speak of smoking because some agencies had been insistent that he begie a campaign an smokers His interest, he added, was confined to the lejury to the pnblin health, especially the health of cnn-smokers.

"i donbt if smoking in moderation, where the smoke is not inhaled, is particularly harmful" he continued, but the very nature of the practice makes for the excessive use of tobacco, and those who shese any habit must pay. Smoke is material just as dust is, and smoke is a detriment by mechanical presence to the health of those who live in it. While smoking irritates the throat of a smoker to a small degree, its affect upon the non-smoker is much greater The irritation and cough that weakens resistance and those who have to breathe ocnke-laden air are more susceptible to respiratory diseases The disgusting spitting on the floor is also cause of the spread of disease and should be stopped.

"Whatever herm comes to the smoker comes through nicotine Perfect combustion causes nicotina to decompose and render it harmless. As immunity in smoking depends upon complete combnstion and the smoker who makes use of green' tobacco or tobacca that is not sound to have the most harmful effects upon his health.

'At present there is an uprising of persons interested in the enactment of laws which will prohibit the sale and use of tobacco in any sunh lane as written in the books The responsibility will rest squarely with smokers whose selfishness is unrestrained and who thoughtlessly abuse the habit of smoking to the disparagement of the comfort of those who do not use tobacco If sentiment against smoking is growing it is the smoker who is contributing most to that growth al sentiment.

"It is high time, time that the smoker practised self restraint in public places, such as restaurants at the normal time for tating in offices where women are employed and in every other place where the habit might interfere with the comfort and well beieg of others. I have received complaints from women who have to work in offices where men smoke They are forced to breathe the smoke-laden air and they are without redress

"I have no objection to the use al tobacco in restaurnets where lnts suppers are served and people go there for pleasure rather than to buy a regular meal but it is a contemptible abuse of privilege lar the smokes to contaminate the atmosphere in places where the nustamers have gone for one of the substantial meals of the day"

Dr Copeland says that contrary to popular belief the cigarette is the most nuitable smoke, as tobacco taken in that form is more perfectly nonsumed and its combustion is better, the nicotine is practically destroyed. The cigarette as however, dangerous in that most cigarette users inhale the smoke and smoke inhalation is a "crime against health." More donger, he thought, lurks in the 'butt' or the last third of a cigar because it has been so molstered as to make combustion almost impossible

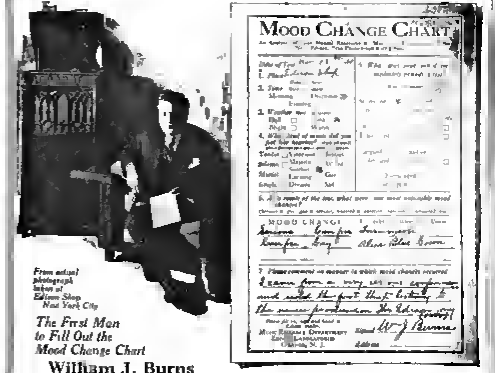
"il thr man who desires to smoke, and personally I do not, will smoke a cigarette or a pipe or use a dry pipe and keep it dry while smoking I think it safr to say that providing he does not inhale the smoke, no particular harm will result to him as an individual Personally, I think it is foolish thing to interfere with the liberty of the individnal There can be no doubt that smokers find solace and comfort in the moderate use of tobacco Let them, however, use consideration in nnt causing discomfort to those who do not use tobacco."

Canadian is "Power Behind"

HON DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

THAT a Canadian-born British is the "power behind" the Premier of the world's greatest empire is the acknowledgment of Hon David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of United Kingdom according to a recent speech of the London Constitutinnal Club as quoted by the Bristol Eng.-*Guardian* Bonar Law to whom Mr Lloyd George so leelingly refers, is a prodnct of our Maritimes

"Mr Bonar Law said that if I had done things, when I could not have done them without him The loyalty the courage the patience—the patience with nr—sometimes, said i have no donbt that I needed it too—the patience and the sagecity the high sagacity with whinh he has assisted in the task al the Gnvernment has slens made it possible to do things. For my part, and I think the child i am eat his chief, we are partners equal partners I have never taken a step of importance without canlarring with him, and no better partner, no more loyal partner no truer friend could I have ever had. He never hesitated, he never swerved. he never doubted and I use these words advisedly there is no man who has played a nobler part in this struggle than he has done. it would have been easy to say, My principles will get nllnw me to associate with these Radicals i cannot be contaminated by associatinn with these men who have snch a horrid past' but he was e man al sterling honnr, and I hope he found me one



From actual photograph taken at Edison Shop Nnd York City

The First Man to Fill Out the Mood Change Chart

William J. Burns

Head of the Wm J Burns International Detective Agency

MR. EDISON selected William J Burns, the great detective, as the most sophisticated man in New York, and Mr. Burns gladly made the test in assisting Mr Edison in his Research work. Mr Burns chart as reproduced is decided mood change, but it represents the emotional effects of music only on one man. Mr Edison needs thousands of these charts because his research work must be standardized on the law of averages

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Please examine the chart that is reproduced above. The Edison dealer in your locality will furnish you as many of these charts as you require.

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Her Record

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Changing Bookkeepers is no Longer a Problem at Cassidy's, Limited

The management of any business dreads to change bookkeepers. It fears the inevitable inconvenience and weeks of delay to say nothing of the costly errors usually incurred when the bookkeeping is done by ordinary methods.

Cassidy's, Limited, Winnipeg, Man., were confronted with the problem of breaking in a new girl on their bookkeeping in *three days*, with the books a week behind, due to the absence on vacation of the young woman who had been keeping them.

As recorded on the opposite page, the new operator not only learned to post the books in three days and thus relieve the former bookkeeper, but after only a few days' additional experience, was successful in balancing seven ledgers at the end of the month's business.

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Besides emphasizing the advantages of accounts always in balance, of easily obtained daily proof of posting and of the complete information available to the credit man, the Office Manager for Cassidy's says the following regarding Burroughs Machines:

"The advantages of the Burroughs Bookkeeping machine and methods over pen and ink and brain posting are so obvious and valuable that we would not consider going back to the old style.

"Speed, accuracy and neatness are the three essentials in any bookkeeping department. We are getting all three from the Burroughs.

"Before installing the Burroughs we made a careful investigation of all classes of bookkeeping machines. We decided on the Burroughs, because we were convinced that the machine was best fitted to our needs. It has not only performed all that it was represented to do, but has gone farther. As an economical investment, financially and otherwise, we can think of no other office equipment that can compare with it."

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The standard Burroughs line embraces machines for Adding, for Bookkeeping and for Calculating—among them a model which will fit any business, large or small, and repay its cost in the saving of a few months.

Burroughs offices are maintained in many Canadian cities—St. John's, Nfld.; Halifax, N. S.; St. John, N. B.; Winnipeg, Man.; Regina and Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary and Edmonton, Alta.; Quebec and Montreal, P. Q.; Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton, Ont.; Vancouver and Victoria, B. C. The Burroughs representative can give you valuable help on your figure problems.



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Burroughs

Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines

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Girding for the Federal Fray

Continued from page 14

Canada and brought it home sound in wind and limb and earning the plaudits of his colleagues. He was courteous, but firm, heard all sides to every question, made no enemies and yet managed to leave a trail of impression that Canada's crying need was protection and more protection.

Then there's Sir Robert Borden. Since he has laid down the sceptre and taken up the fishing rod and garden rake he's a new man physically. But alas! and alack. How soon does greatness fade. For Sir Robert is now a mere Member of Parliament. He has changed the palatial premier suite of offices for a little room up close to the eaves of the new Parliament building. All of which that peltoid philosopher, Alex. Smith, sees fit to illustrate by an anecdote.

'After Sir Charles Tupper had ceased to be premier,' Alex relates, 'he was addressing a meeting in a rural district. He had, of course, reserved the bridal suite at the local hotel but while he was spell binding the audience a drunk was interested in to the peppery old knight's reservation, tumbled into the bed and stayed there. When Sir Charles returned and found his bed occupied he stormed a bit wending up with, "I've a mind to pull you out of bed."

"Hubl" grunted the drunk, awakened by the noise. "Ex-Premiers aint got no pull!"

That Wife of Duncan's

Continued from page 25

Margaret trembled slightly. A quick wave of incurgence shook her heart. No! No!

"You can't go on—your credit's gone!" he snarled.

"The Merchants' National are giving us fifty thousand!"

"This staggered him. "Fifty thousand! The Merchants' Nonsense!"

"They am I tell you! They have faith in us!" Her voice held a triumphant ring. She was starring into his incredulous eyes. "You are lying!" His rage was fast outstripping his control.

For answer she held a document to his face. "Read it!"

His teeth clicked, his eyes bulged. "That—that's Kerr's bank! He can't know!" This more to himself than to her. Then to Margaret. "I'll kill that—quick!"

Margaret shrank at his consuming tone. "You wouldn't dare—"

"You don't, I!"

"If you do that' she flamed at him, "it will and—everything' Duncan would never forgive that...nor could I!"

"Forgive—" began Foulds. Then his voice died into an inarticulate gurgle. His face had gone a purply red. The room was spinning around him in a sort of whirling ecstasy. He clutched at the desk to save himself from falling. He knew that Margaret was speaking to him, was conscious of her by his side, with one actually hearing or seeing her. Then, by a supreme effort that drained his physical reserves, he beat back the pain and the weakness. His head steadied. Margaret was watching him anxiously.

'You are ill' she was saying.

He pushed his hair aside and mumbled out of the office.

THAT evening Foulds was in his study waiting for Kerr, who usually dropped in. He was trying to get the day's events straight in his mind before Kerr came.

To Foulds they had been a nightmare of which only the salient features remained in his memory, and these were so distorted as to reduce his mind to chaos. He had sat out with concessions in mind, concessions such as he had never in all his life made to anyone. She had insulted him, rejected his offers, threatened to ruin him out of the office—out of what had been his own office—which he still regarded as his own office! Thus he had lost his temper, which was unwise, but could be reformed. Then—then! shivered. He could not recall things like he once could. His lips quivered. Even his memory was conspiring to remind him of his age.

And the Merchants' had advanced his fifty thousand and said they were going to strike on their promise even after he had taken the trouble to warn them of their risk! What fools these young bankers were! Giving credit to a chit of a girl! Credit was a responsibility that only years could carry. It was fortunate she had told him. He would still be able to squelch her plans. Kerr would see the folly of giving her more ships to pile on the rocks. Yes, Kerr would be his ally once more and his knowing ways would stop it!

HE MUST have nodded for a time for presently he became aware of Kerr in the opposite chair puffing contentedly at his pipe. Foulds came to himself with a start.

'Must have dropped off for a minute or two,' he confessed.

Kerr smiled gravely. 'I've been here half an hour.'

Foulds ignored this. His deep-set eyes began to glitter in the half light. He straightened himself up.

'What's the matter, Tom?' asked Kerr tactfully.

'Matter! Matter, man! Nothing. Everything—that cub of a son of mine—his wife—'

'How is he, Tom? Have you seen Binns?'

'Doing well. Why shouldn't he be? Binns is a good man.' His brusqueness was rather a failure.

'What have they done?'

'Done? Everything. I tell you. A woman running my business! That woman!'

'Yes.'

'The young fool has given his full charge! She's sitting there at my desk in my office. told me she would put me out! Me!' His fist smashed on to the table until it quivered. 'The Merchants' National—your bank—is giving her fifty thousand.'

Kerr appeared deep in thought. The smoke from his pipe wreathed his well shaped grayed head. "Go on."

"I went there saw that two-year-old they've put in your place and he refused—'

'Yes'

'To stop their credit! I told him to! He refused. I tell you! I told him they were going on the rocks. would take his fifty thousand along with these and joke it up! He grinned like an ape twisted that eyebrow of a comstache of his and said the bank had decided to take the risk. I all but took him by the neck! Give those youngsters leeway and they'll wreck creation! You're a director, Kerr. You must do something!'

'What do you want me to do?'

'Do? Do? Stop it! Unless you want to throw good money after bad. You've got influence—use it!'

'Do you want the whole thing to go to pieces when fifty thousand will save it?'

'Ten times fifty thousand wouldn't save it—in ben hands! I can't touch it myself foul that I was ever to let it out of my hands! I wanted the boy to have a chance. That—that woman—'

'You're determined they shall have no chance?' There was a goaded ominous note in Kerr's voice.

'What—what do you mean?'

'Blendon telephoned me after she was here yesterday morning.'

'Yes?'

'He wanted my advice.'

'You gave it?'

'I did.'

'Ah!' Foulds relaxed for a moment. Then at the strained look in Kerr's face he leaned forward. They were knee to knee.

'What—you—'

'Yes—I said to give her a hundred thousand if she wanted it that I would back her. I make no secrets. I know of her, indirectly of course. She'll know how to use it. a good risk or I'm no judge. I—I'm sorry, I had hoped you would—'

FOULDS' hands were fastened like steel claws on Kerr's knees. The fines crisscrossing his face eaten in by the years, seemed great chasms in the dim light.

'You—you—' he snarled.

'Yes, I did!' Kerr's voice was like a pronounced sentence. Then he made an effort at conciliation. 'Give them a chance, Tom. Don't be a fool. You're eating your heart out for a sight of that boy! Call it off! We're both too old in the game. Give the youngsters a chance. She—she thinks the world of you, boy—'

Foulds was staring at him with small, bloodshot eyes. He got to his feet, pointing to the door. "Go!" he said in a small voice.

'Tom!'

'Go!'

Then a quick change seemed to take place in Kerr. It was not physical—beyond the tightening of his mouth and the flicker of his spiritual nature so that in a moment he seemed to expand, to dominate the situation.

'Wait a minute, Tom,' he commanded quickly. 'I'll be going, but not before I've said my say. First, I want to tell you what I think of you and then I are going to tell you something else.'

For the moment Kerr a cool tone stemmed Foulds' rage.

'You are an egotistical fool, Tom, and what is more—this will surprise you—you're a hypocrite. Wait, I'll explain. Just if you'll give me time. You're guilty on the first count because you are trying to build your son a career out of the old bones of your own life. You've lived cleanly, but so has that half dead poplar in my garden and it is about as fit to make green leaves as you are to mould Duncan's career. Instead of giving the boy the advice he needed and opening up to him your experiences you have tried to drag him into accordance with your will, your pitiful dogmatic pride. And because he has refused to sacrifice his individuality you have let him drift on to the rocks. There is only one word for it—you're a slacker!'

Foulds' eyes were bulging. He looked as though he was about to spring at Kerr. 'You had better get out!' he snarled. 'I don't want to hear any more!'

'I don't suppose you do,' agreed Kerr, 'but I'm going to finish. I said you were a hypocrite and now I am going to tell you why. You profess love for your son—well, I don't know. You seem to put your pigheaded prejudice before everything, everyone. Why man, you haven't been near Duncan since he was ill, you've treated his wife like a dog and she's got more real love in her little finger than you have in your big body. You talk about your love, man.' Kerr's voice had risen, a queer light shone from his eyes. "You don't know what it means. Love, real love, offers, yields, sacrifices everything, but your kind is a mouldy thing of pride and self—a thing of hypocrisy!"

The passion had fire in Kerr's tone stung Foulds to action. He lurched out of his chair, reaching towards Kerr as though he meant to grapple with his friend but Kerr caught at his arms.

'One minute and I'm through. When you cool down you'll wonder why I'm bulling into your affairs. I'll tell you.' Kerr's voice had taken on a rich full quality. His eyes were retrospective. He seemed hardly conscious of the others who had dropped back into his chair, impelled into it by Kerr's manner. 'I never married,' Kerr went on, 'but you never know why. I loved a woman once, though she did not know it.' Kerr's voice trembled. Foulds was staring at him, transfixed by this turned page of Kerr's life.

'Go on' he whispered. His throat was dry. He rage of a moment before had withered as age does before great emotion. By a sudden prescience he knew what Kerr was going to tell him.

'She was your wife, of course, Tom. When she died your sorrow was mine, and while the first was growing your pride and your love were mine and mine, and now—'

Kerr had risen and was going.

FOULDS lay hunched up in the deep bulk of his chair, a crumpled inert figure of a man. He had long ceased to curse. He was conscious only of his agony of mind and of the pain at his heart that had come upon him after Kerr had gone.

Once Landers had come in to go away trembling not at Foulds' whispered curse, but at what he saw in his master's eyes.

Presently he stirred himself. His eyes wandered to the portrait of his wife—the woman whom Kerr had loved silently, generously through the years. Her spirit seemed to reach out to him. A shimmering of the substances of memory and hot lace unfolded before him.

Then it came over him with a rush, his pride, his stubbornness, his lack of vision. It was like the touch of cool, living fingers to the eyes of his mind. How blind he had been that he could not see that he was sacrificing his boy to his own stiff-necked pride. He felt very like a prodigal. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" he moaned. Then "Donny, Donny, boy!"

Tears trickled down the age lines in his face and tasted salt in his mouth. Terrible old-man sobs shook his frame. It was like the shivering of a centuries-old oak under the blast of rushing winds.

Then because of the pain at his heart he became quiet.

The next morning when Landers came in, Foulds was still in his chair, his face like a gray mask.

'You are ill, sir!' began the servant.

'Never mind' muttered Foulds. "Get Kerr as quickly as you can.'

His tone more than his words sent the man scurrying to obey.

Besides the agony of his pain but one thought persisted in Foulds' mind that it might be too late to get Margaret's and Dunn's pardon for what he had attempted. In trying to stop their credit he had sacrificed his reason to his pride and in his new frame of mind he could appreciate the baseness of what he had attempted. And Margaret had said that she and Duncan could never forgive that.

Just then Kerr came in.

Foulds got to the point with his customary directness though it cost him something in self-esteem for he had yielded to few men in his life.

'You were right, Tom—and I was wrong. I am a fool, and a hypocrite, too, perhaps. But I want to square things. I want you to get Margaret—I shall come. I—I'm not sure that she will.' Foulds' voice was husky. His eyes were dull, sunken in their sockets.

'You need a doctor more than anyone' said Kerr again the man of hidden forces. 'Landers and I will get you to bed.'

'Bed!' scorted Foulds with a touch of his old fire. "I asked you to get Margaret!'

'Margaret may not come,' said Kerr coldly. 'I wouldn't blame her much if she didn't.'

Foulds seemed to shrink a little.

'Tom—'

'If you want me to look after things you had better do as I say.'

Landers and Kerr between them got him to bed at last. Then Kerr telephoned for Binns.

'Did you get Margaret?' asked Foulds wistfully towards noon.

'No' admitted Kerr, "I didn't. I want Binns to see you first.'

'You'll get her for me—won't you?'

'I'll' Kerr was non-committal.

'Do—do you think she won't come?'

'Would you blame her if she didn't?' Kerr turned away.

THE pain was less severe now and Foulds sank into a sort of physical lethargy though his mind was busy enough. He was just beginning to realize that his career had been out of balance, that the things he had always taken and which he had thought were solid and sound, were really phantoms, that had given him only bitterness and made life a series of material, fake sensations that had deprived him of the tendernesses, the human associations that the practice of tolerance and love and human kindness only can bestow. He felt that he had cheated himself of everything worth while simply because in demanding all he had received nothing. He had lost his son and the joy of re-living in his son. And the thought that it was too late choked and humbled him.

Binns came in the afternoon. He was a little round man with mild blue eyes. He did the usual things to Foulds with his stethoscope and his blood pressure apparatus, and then he thumped over Foulds' hard, old body with his flat forefinger.

"What a wrong Binns?" demanded the patient.

Over his glasses Binns looked at Kerr, who was maintaining a suspiciously grave face.

"Well" explained the doctor. "You're not unlike a clock that has been wound up too tightly and has nearly stopped. Do it too often and you are pretty sure to break the spring, otherwise the clock will run until it's worn out. You are in fine shape for your age Foulds but don't do it again.'

"What do you mean?'

"I mean" explained Binns, "don't wind the clock up too tightly or it'll stop." Binns passed out of the room, Kerr after him.

"He wants me to send for Margaret," Kerr told Binns. "He's been after me all day. Thought I'd wait until you came. He's not sure that she'll come."

Binns looked at Kerr shrewdly. 'The wait has done him no harm—some good perhaps. He'll be all right as soon as his mind is at rest. What he needs is just—happiness pure happiness. But he doesn't know that girl of Duncan's, Kerr she's one in a thousand—in a million!'

AND SO hours afterwards when Foulds awoke from a troubled sleep into which had poured in a bewildering torrent all his hopes and fears, until with the mad inconsistency of dream matter they had assumed fantastic shapes that gibbered at him and mocked him until his poor mind tottered, he saw her through a filmy mist, sitting by his bedside.

The spell of his presence and the forgiveness it portended held him in a queer blissful trance. She was sewing and at first she did not notice him. Then she turned and saw that his eyes were open—and then she smiled, a glorious, heart-stirring smile.

He knew she was bending towards him but because of the tears in his eyes her face became an indefinite blur.

"Could you forgive Margaret?' he managed to stammer in a voice that he hardly recognized as his own.

"Could I forgive?' she murmured. 'Why there's nothing to forgive—now—you did not know me that was all.' Her voice seemed to come to him through vast distance that gave it glowing golden tone.

Dead weights were slipped from his heart, years seemed to fall from him.

"I wonder" he asked tremulously, 'if you would mind calling me—calling me Tom, like Duncan did?'

"Dad! Dad! Dear dear Dad!" tumbled in laughing tearful gasps from her lips.

Then very suddenly Margaret bent down and kissed him.

The Big Time Man

Continued from page 14

Douglas pahey to seek to make direct capital out of their difficulties. Now and again Wiegata dropped to Jim an irritated remark about the stuff Mulhouse was delivering to him but the MacPhee commander-in-chief had something else to do than—in the graphic phrase—knocking the adversary as uttering the Peckamillan "I told you so!"

Toward the end of the year when the Mulhouse contract was nearing completion, the latter leaned up the quality of his goods again with an eye to the future. By this time the last of the withdrawal of the MacPhee concern from the association had become generally known and had created a mild sensation. As soon as he heard of it Mulhouse went to see Jim but could get no satisfaction there.

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Douglas It is clearly a combination in restraint of trade and I've no hankering after the costs of a Government suit and possibly a stiff fine Besides that I like an open market I've got a good plant here now, and I want to get the benefit of it If I want to cut prices and am able to do it why should I have to keep myself in the pace set by the slowest craft in the bunch?"

FROM now on the fight would be in the open each man out for blood, and Mulhouse didn't relish the idea of a rough-and-tumble scrap with the hind of dreadnought MacPhee was Now that the letters were all in his hands Jim Douglas had the resources of his dispersal that would enable him to run the Mulhouse concern off its feet in very short order Altogether Mulhouse began to feel that welshing does not pay, that to ignore the rules isn't the best policy

He had reason for anxiety, for his business campaigns had been expensive ones He had started out with good financial backing friends and relatives had invested largely in his stock, making the firm pretty much a family affair His ideas had been large and had cost money The plant he had established had involved a bigger outlay than he had anticipated, and he had gone after business regardless of price and profit His idea was that if he could secure trade he would be able to scrape through with sufficient margin in his favor to show something for his work, and later, soundly established, he would be able to recoup what he had foregone in the early years Business at all costs had been his motto and when he secured a contract he set to work to see how he could so manipulate it that he might increase his margin

The main Mulhouse reflected the clearer the conviction that the solution of the problem was capital. Not much guessing about that The next point was, where to get it? He had a plant, and a good one, but the kind of business statement of affairs that an accountant would draw up after going through the books would not be much of an inducement to investors There were here or three things on the plant itself a few obligations to one of the Hargrave Banks—nothing more, he told himself than the ordinary commercial house incurs His was solvent all right, that is if his assets were figured up on those of a going concern Of course one never knows what the most valuable property will yield if put up at forced sale He got up and went through the offices, then through the works. It seemed to him that from every side one word was shouted to him repeatedly

"Capital! Capital!"

HE WENT home earlier than usual that afternoon, for he wanted some place of retirement where he might think things out without interruption After a dull dinner he disconnected his telephone, told the servants he was not at home to anybody, and retired to his library He lit his pipe and lay back in a comfortable chair, watching the smoke wreaths curl and twist sinuously toward the ceiling. They made fantastic shapes, sometimes seemed to form letters. That one looked like a big C

"Capital!" said Mulhouse to himself 'More Capital!'

* * *

There was another method of combination besides that directed against the windpipe of a customer Apart from business, MacPhee had shown a sympathetic side toward him, Mulhouse reflected The old man was like not a few of his kind Risen from the ranks and keeping socially to the ranks whence he might have gone up higher, Old Mac did not think that what was good enough for him would be good enough for the girl

He had dreams for her and when a man like MacPhee dreamed, he dreamed big The Mulhouses were people who had rounted and still counted in the social world There was an old title in the family dating back to Elizabethan times in the old land, some of the members of the house that had established an overseas branch had been prominent in the political and social world this side the Atlantic. All the way from the Maritime Provinces to British Columbia there were traces of the work and influence of the family They had given soldiers and lawyers and clergymen to the new country and though not wealthy their present eminence proved that, even in a new world something counts besides money

Mulhouse of the Glassworks had been the first to leave the professions or farming for trade In the manufacturing across MacPhee, who knew his Canada as well as most people, and was the odd combination that blends essential democracy with staunch belief in monarchial and aristocratic institutions, had regard for lineage, family name and social prestige He would doff his hat to a ruler, not as to the man as much as to his office, he considered himself as a man the equal of any other who breathed, but there was a latent streak in him that made for belief in social order and respect for those who had written their names on the foundation stones of the building of Empire Men were no more equal than horses. Mulhouse believed that if he went to MacPhee and told him that he had won the promise of Ida to marry him he would be more than satisfied, and then—! The dreams became golden

THERE was a business meeting at the church of which MacPhee was member and office-holder, and the old man never failed in his attendance at the services or at meetings connected with its welfare Mulhouse from the windows of his house saw the old man drive by, and knew the business that took him out at night. Putting on a sweater and hat he set out to walk to the house on the hillside Ida was chatting with Mrs. Dawson in her sitting-room when the knock came at the door The housekeeper answered It and Ida heard the voice of Mulhouse She went into the hall and greeted him

"Is Mr MacPhee at home?" he asked with perhaps pardonable casuistry

"No, there is a meeting down at the church" she replied "But come in, Mr Mulhouse, perhaps he won't be very long, and he would be sorry to miss you. If it is anything important I can get him on the telephone"

"Pray don't," he laughed. "I was just dull and lonely and thought I'd step up and have a sociable hour or two with him."

"I don't imagine you could ever be dull and lonely" she laughed "You always seem to have so much to do. Won't you take off your coat and come in and wait for him? I had a lot of new music sent up to-day, and I'd like you to try some of it, too"

That will be delightful," he answered.

Mrs. Dawson went into the drawing-room, turned on the lights, and left them. A wood fire was burning on the hearth. He called to the maid to bring in more wood and replenish it. Seated on the sofa side by side the two looked over the new music and presently went over to the piano. Of the two, Mulhouse was much the better musician He played really well at sight and presently the house was enlivened by the merry music They banned the more serious items in favor of frivolous jazzy things, for Hargrave like was serious enough in its way, and the light opera songs and syncopated stuff seemed to match the place and hour and moods of the two.

For an hour this continued, then the two withdrew toward the fire and began to chat, reviving experiences of the Western trip Mulhouse was a good conversationalist, and this night he was more entertaining than usual. There was a pleasant note of intimacy in his light gossip Some of her masculine callers were very stiff and formal throwing the burden of their entertainment on her Mulhouse, however was the entertainer, never at loss for a topic touching most things with a light humor and illustrating from a wonderful repertoire of stories. Toward ten o'clock he became a little more quiet and serious and she thought that perhaps he was finding the long wait for her uncle rather tiresome

"I think I had better call up uncle and tell him you are here," she said He is a terrible gossip when he meets his church cronies and there is no telling how long he'll be if Mr Fenton invegles him into a game at chess"

She rose from her chair to go over to the telephone that stood on a table near the fireplace He got up at the same time

"I hope you won't disturb him" he smiled It has been one of the most delightful evenings I have ever spent A man living alone as I do realizes what loneliness is and therefore can appreciate the charm and comfort of a place like this with such companionship"



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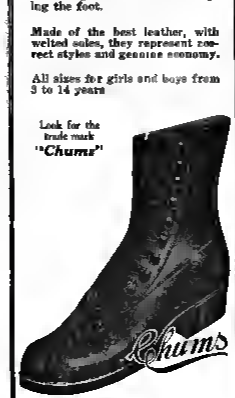
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A SMILE dimpled her face. There was a touch of formality to what he said, and in his manner that contrasted with his earlier gaiety.

"That is very nice and polite of you, Mr. Mulhearse," she answered. "I never supposed that you knew what a lonely ten minutes could be. You always seem to have so much to do and to be in everything there is in Cargrave."

"But a man may be lonely in the midst of a busy life," he answered. "That sounds to that money, doesn't it?" and he smiled across at her. He was standing now with an elbow on the mantelpiece, she by the side of the telephone. "Now and again I get really serious fits, and tonight when I was a bit dumpy I began to recall the pleasant time we had in the Rockies and the recollection drove me up here."

"I was very much obliged to it," she laughed. "If you had called up before you came uncle probably would have given up the church meeting which is only a business affair."

"I knew he wasn't here," he smiled. "I happened to be looking out of my window and saw him drive by, then I made up my mind to come up here."

"I don't know whether I ought to take that as a nice little compliment to myself, or censure it as a slight to uncle," she responded.

"As a compliment to yourself, and as a great kindness to me," he replied. "I have wanted to come to see you very often lately, Ida, but for one reason or another I stayed away. I have had dreams lately, day dreams very delightful dreams the kind of dreams that draw you on and then check and hold you back. Until a few months ago all my visions were of business, for I am, architecture I am not a very rich man and from the time I embarked on my enterprise here all my thought has been centered in it that is, until very recently."

"There is nothing evil in the ambition to succeed," she said. "Sometimes he had been a trifle gaily flirtatious, as many of the young men were she met. It had all been good fun. But this seriousness on personal topics was new to her in him.

He took a step nearer to her, then stopped.

"Ida," he said. "I have come to know that the old ambition will not suffice, it is outworn, and a new one has taken its place. Away there, in the hills, I came to know you, and to know you was to love you. Can you wonder that I have found business tame and dull and life lonely? So when I saw Mr MacPhee drive by this evening I came up at once that I might tell you this. I love you, dear, and I want you. That is my ambition now. What have you to say to me?" He stretched out his hands toward her, and waited.

THE color flushed her cheeks. She had not in her remotest thought ever imagined that he would fall in love with her. Perhaps her mind and heart were so centered on Jim Douglas that she had never thought of any other man.

"But I had never dreamed of any such thing, Mr. Mulhearse," she replied. "It was very pleasant out there in the West, you were wonderfully kind to us but—"

"Kind!" he smiled. "I suppose love is kind, but I had not thought of it in that light. I have surprised you, Ida, perhaps I have spoken too soon."

"No, it isn't that," she answered quickly. "I like you as a friend, but not—not as you say you think of me."

"Perhaps I did not expect you would, at once. I ask you to let me have a chance, to think of me as nicely and kindly as you can, and to think of me knowing that all I want is to make you the best loved and happiest woman in the world," he said.

She shook her head slowly, he read finality in it.

"I wish you hadn't told me. I wish you hadn't thought of it," she replied. "It seems to spoil everything. I like you as a friend as a friend of uncle, but there can never be anything more than that. I don't want you to feel hurt, but let things be as they were before and let all this be forgotten."

His face grew hardm, his lips were drawn tightly together. He knew that her decision was final. There was a decisiveness, more in her manner than her speech, that convinced him the same decisive quality that one met with in his uncle.

"I am sorry," he said. "No, I won't wait for Mr. MacPhee. Good-night."

He did not offer his hand, to his great satisfaction. She stood by the fireside till she heard the door open and close, and knew that he had gone. She was really sorry for him. The thought that he was a fortune hunter in need never occurred to her straightforward mind. No pride came to her at the thought of his offer. What was there to be proud about? Only one thing, as far as she could see, and that was the thought that another man's ambition was centered in her, that of Jim Douglas.

Halfway to town Mulhouse saw MacPhee's car approaching. He drew more deeply into the shadows of the tree-lined walk and waited till the old man went by.

"Damn MacPhee!" muttered Mulhouse irritably as he took his homeward way again.

Ida met her uncle at the door and helped him off with his overcoat and muffler, then escorted him in his chair, gave him his pipe, and knelt down on the rug to take off his shoes.

"Hold on there!" said the hustled old man. "I never had a woman take off my shoes, and I won't—"

"Yes, you will, so please keep quiet," she replied.

"All right if you say so, but never was a man so put upon since Xantippe pulled the hair of Socrates," he yielded. "Ay, that is comfortable after all. It's a longer distance to my feet than it used to be. By the way I thought I saw Mulhouse on the sidewalk as I drove by. I waved to him but he didn't seem to notice me. What could he be doing up this way?"

He was here," she told him. The brevity of her reply and something in her voice that his quick ear caught made him look up. There was a little extra color in her face.

"He was, eh!" he commented. "Anything special he wanted to see me about, or just a social look-in?"

"A social call," she replied, a faint smile curving about her lips. "I wanted to ring you up thinking you might be gossiping, but—"

"A lot he'd want with me," he interrupted. "Anything new he'd get to say?"

"Yes," she told him, dusting some imaginary untidiness from the mantel shelf. "He asked me to marry him."

Like his impudence," he replied his keen eyes twinkling. "And the rest of the story."

"There's no rest to it, she said. "You know that. I don't want to marry Mr. Mulhouse, Auntie."

Be careful about sweeping statements," he grunted. "So you gave Mulhouse the mitten. Darn his impudence coming pouching round my place. I hope you gave him his answer as a MacPhee should. How did he take it, honey? He's not the kind that is used to getting set-backs."

"I don't know what made him so ugly," she said, irritably for her. "He was nice and agreeable as a friend."

It's a way young men have they tell me," he replied. "I never fell in with it, perhaps to my own loss. But you can't blame 'em. A bonnie lass is the most upsetting creature in God's wide universe. If she smashed up the first Eden for the first man, there's no wonder the habit stuck. But Mulhouse comes of good stock—real big-time folks generals and bishops and judges. Real society folk, both sides the water. You gave it thought I suppose, Ida?"

It didn't need thought. You didn't want me to marry him, uncle, did you?" she asked, a trifle impatiently.

Marry him! Not I. Do you think I want to pass on my sunshine to another man's house? I'd sooner take a shotgun to him, that's as far as I'm concerned, but I can't expect to keep you always—and I'd like you—when you do weed 'em out—to get the right man," he replied. "To my mind there's none I'll think good enough for you, but I'd like you when you do settle things to take the least undesirable. I'll have to tell Jim Douglas about this, hell!—"

You mustn't do any such thing, she answered sharply. "Or anybody else. It's just a secret between us, and, if you tell, I'll never entrust another to you again, you say," he surrendered. "But it would have interested Jim, I think."

WINGATE heard of the withdrawal of the MacPhee concern from the association with great delight. He was amused with Mulhouse on account of the way he had handled his contract. Being a man of strict business honor himself, he had small opinion of one who would play traitor to his associates, even though Wingate might profit by the crookedness. It was early in December, a couple of months before the Mulhouse contract was due to expire, that the big manufacturer spoke about business to Douglas.

"I'm making a departure in my way of putting up some of my stuff for a special market," he said. "It is for foreign trade and I want a distinctive kind of a bottle for it." He went on to explain in detail just what his ideas were, and indicated that he wished to take no chances about the quality of the container. There would be probably a large number of these specials in the next big contracts, but for the present he had need of thirty thousand gross, and wished them to be turned on and delivered as quickly as possible. Could Douglas handle the matter?

Jim jumped at the offer, a price was fixed then and there of four dollars and eighty-five cents a gross. Within the next few days Wingate gave out the quantities and specifications for the next contract. It was the biggest Jim had ever seen from one customer, and covered practically all the bottles the big firm would require for a twelve-month's output of its medicine. In it was a large instalment of the specials on which Jim had taken the emergency order. When MacPhee dropped into the office that morning after he had made his deal with Wingate, he glanced over the terms of the order. These late days he was showing more interest in the fight.

"I see you haven't lowered prices, Jim," he said. "Four eighty-five is fair. We could always make a fair profit at round that figure."

"It will be better one new with the new machinery you'll use. We'll knock that off in little more than half the time, at round the same overhead," replied Jim.

And as to the next year's contract. If I'm not too inquisitive, how are you going to quote on that?" inquired MacPhee.

"Much the same as last time," Douglas replied.

"Not scared of Mulhouse getting away with it again?"

"He may, and again he may not," said Jim dourly. He made nothing at all, if he didn't lose money on the last and I guess when Wingate starts in to shave down the invoice on account of breakages, there won't be much to show for all the work. We are asking fair prices and better lose the contract than work for nothing. Any fool can throw money out of the window."

"Thotla sa," agreed MacPhee philosophically.

"I'll have a bit of a rush to get this order —the special—out for Wingate in time. I find," Douglas resumed. "I was so eager to grab it that I wasn't over particular about figuring delivery. I've a sort of notion that I'll ask Mulhouse to take a few thousand gross off my hands."

MacPhee stared at his manager speechlessly, opened his mouth as if to say something then shut it again for a while. He lit his pipe, enveloped himself in smoke with a dozen terrific puffs, then delivered his soul.

Jim I don't pretend to fellow all the curves and zigzags of your actions. Likely enough there's method in them, but I'm getting old and dull and slow-ish. You take an order from Wingate, and then above a slice of it over to your keenest rival, knowing that the same bottle is going to figure largely in the next year's contract. To the naked eye it would seem that you are giving your adversary a chance to get on the inside with the job. Mulhouse will stick up that small quantity of stuff just to get ahead of you to the wire."

"I'LL have to take chances on that," Jim replied. "Mulhouse will be doing the job for us, and he will deliver to us not direct. That arrangement will ease things, for we have about all we can handle this side the New Year."

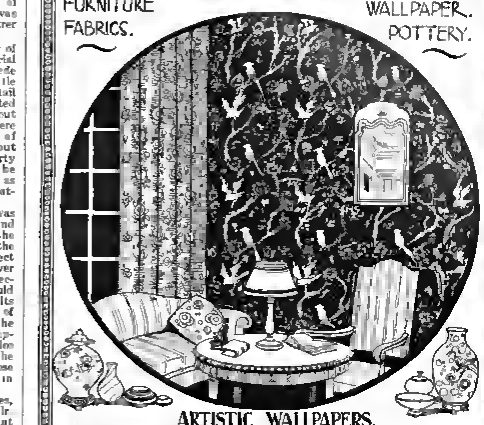
MacPhee said no more. Jim was in the saddle, and he could ride to the devil wherever he fancied.

The same afternoon Jim called Mulhouse on the telephone.

"I've taken an emergency order on some specials for Wingate," he said. "A small affair to tide him over till the new contract is given out. We are pretty busy just now, and considering our crippled state are rather rushed. I wondered if you could do a few thousand gross for us?"

"Why I think so," replied Mulhouse a

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little surprised at the request, and taking it on a friendly overture "I'll look in and see you about it as I come up-town."

An hour or two later he called and had his talk with Douglas

"I've gone over the matter, and I can reshape to squeeze you in a few thousand gross," he informed.

"What are you going to ask me for them?" Jim wanted to know

"I've looked over that. It is a special bottle and prices are stiffening a little. I can do them for you, say, at five dollars and thirty-five cents a gross," Mulhouse replied

Jim tapped the letting pad on his desk with the pencil he had in hand. He did not think much by the flicker of an eyelash did he intimate his feelings. He wanted the help and Mulhouse was skinning him. The price was sheer robbery.

"A trifle stiff isn't it?" Douglas suggested

"I don't think so," the other replied. "That is considering it is a special and an emergency special."

"It's still high. I've got to have the goods," said Jim. "I'll take ten thousand gross at your figure."

They chatted about delivery for a minute or two, then Mulhouse took himself off. On his way downtown he met MacPhee on the street.

"Just up at your place for a talk with Douglas, he said. "I'm helping him out with ten thousand gross of that Wingate special."

"What's he giving you fm them?" asked the old man

"Five dollars and thirty-five cents," replied Mulhouse cheerfully

Old MacPhee's cast-iron face and imperturbability of spirit never stood him in better stead than in that moment. He did not betray his thought that Jim had taken leave of his senses for a single moment, but acted like the straight tried man he was

"Isn't the price a mite stiff?" he observed, using almost the exact words of Jim. "Where do you think we get off on a rate like that?"

"No fear of Jim Douglas overlooking that factor," Mulhouse grinned.

"Well, neighborliness at that figure is surely profitable," remarked MacPhee. "But we'll have to get back at you one of these days."

When Mulhouse had gone away, the old man turned to go up to the works to have a word with Jim about this last suggestion of imbecility, then suddenly changed his mind and marched off home. It was Jim's affair, not his. He should have his head, come what might. Yet, it wasn't a bit like Jim. Fifty cents a gross for the sub-contractor more than Wingate was paying MacPhee's for the stuff! This was truly a world of wonders.

MACPHEE went away, taking Ida with him, in the early weeks of December. Three days before Christmas they returned to behold Christmas weather, deep snow on the ground, clear skies, frosty air. On Saturday evening Douglas received a call on the phone at his hotel and heard the voice of MacPhee.

"We're back these four hours. Come up for supper, Jim, will you?" the old man asked

And up Jim went. Ida thought he looked more thorny than when they went away. There was reason for this, as he told them that the new machinery was now about all installed, and he was pretty sure that after the holidays MacPhees would be able to give the "Full Steam Ahead" order

"Any more sub-contracting at a loss of fifty cents a gross, Jim?" MacPhee inquired nervy enough to touch lightly on such a tragedy

"No, we've had no more of that kind," Douglas laughed. It wasn't his money, reflected MacPhee, or he wouldn't grin as readily about it.

"When does Wingate decide about that big year's contract?" the old man wanted to know

"It was altered" replied Jim. "Instead of putting it out for a year, he made it for three years. He has decided it—this morning. Everything closed up," Douglas spoke with unusual seriousness.

"And Mulhouse got it again?" demanded MacPhee showing his teeth like a dog from whom a bone has been snatched.

"He did not. It has come back to MacPhee's." Crash went a plate on the floor. MacPhee rose to his feet and gave a whoop that brought Mrs. Dawson and the little maid from the kitchen in wild alarm.

"And no prize cutting either?" he demanded.

"Not the shadow of a shaving. The figures are just as you saw them before you went off," answered Douglas. "You see, Mr. MacPhee, Mulhouse quizzed himself with Wingate when he quoted the specials at five dollars and thirty-five cents a gross, and the other items all the way down the list, at about an average fifty cents advance.

"That five thousand wasn't altogether wasted. It was worth while baiting with the sprat to catch the whale. You can see how Mulhouse figured, as I thought he might. When he offered to make the ten thousand gross of the specials for us, and upped five, thirty-five, it was just a bit of angling to find out what I was getting.

"When I took his thieving bid, he calculated that I must be getting my margin of profit above that, and so when he figured on the big deal he took these prices to guide him. Wingate was disgusted with him, and, of course, saw through the game. He suggested that instead of this one-sub agreement we make it a three-year term on the same quantities with an option in his favor to increase up to a certain point, if he wants to do so. There was a neat profit at the rates with the old machinery, but wait till you see the new plant in action! We've had most of it in operation this week, and it runs slick as oil."

"Crow away, kid, crow!" shouted the old man. "You're the big IT and Pco the has-been. I'll step into the orogery and think over what you've said Mrs. Dawson. I'm sorry I broke that plate, but it's a great day fm old MacPhee. And, if you, Ida, and Jim, are in no hurry for supper, we'll hold it back for as hour or so."

The wood fire was burning in the drawing-room, and as yet the lamps had not been lighted.

"Don't light them, if you don't mind, Jim said to Ida. "I like this time of evening."

And they sat, not very fm from each other. Outside the dark clouds had almost covered the sky, the last ray of the setting sun had faded away. Round the corners of the house the night wind whistled. The glowing embers on the hearth took curious shapes, dissolved, reformed their forty stage tableaux.

"And so," said Ida, looking into the red heart of the fire. "You have justified your hopes and our faith, Jim. We knew you would—we were certain of it. And so after the holidays the whole plant starts up again?"

"Yes, the whole of it," he answered

"Jim!"

"Yes, Ida!"

"I feel terribly out of it. I've been wondering if I could have my place again down in the office. I am sure I could persuade uncle to let me go back. I am not a bit of the social-light woman, I'm sort in me, and I never could grow into one. I am just a small town women with small town ideas and small town tastes and likings," she said

"Afraid I can't do it, Ida," and he shook his head gravely. "One of the clerks from the main office has been promoted to the position, and it wouldn't be right to take it away from him."

"No, I suppose not," she said

"And if I could give it you, I don't think I would."

"You wouldn't, Jim?"

"No, I wouldn't. There's another place vacant though, Ida girl. It has been vacant quite a while and it will remain vacant till you make up your mind to fill it."

"I don't want a secretary, Ida, but I do want a wife—a sweet, true, small town wife. I've wanted her a long time, and wanted till I thought I'd made good. Then I was afraid. I heard she was to be a very rich woman, not a small town woman at all, and it seemed to cloud everything up. I wished you had never been the heiress. I wanted the girl from the office from the boarding house the girl who worked for her living—and it was an awful disappointment to me selfish as I was to find that she was to be rich. I wonder, Ida, if—?" Then he stopped suddenly seriousness.

"And Jim, I've been wondering much the same—if?" she laughed, as he drew nearer to her.

Then a deep silence fell over the room

The City of Peril

Continued from page 20

different and yet peculiarly engaging smile. "I say—where you say?—standing pat," he said, in the lisp of the street. "I am 'under the eye.'"

"Then I'll try it alone," I declared. The man had resented himself at his little low stool. I was still in doubt if by any word or gesture I had betrayed myself to him.

"You go up through the factory to get to him?" I asked again, in desperation.

He did not deny it.

"And you say he won't see me?" I persisted.

All the man's thought seemed wrapped up in his hammer and sole-leather.

"*Has house is runnin'*," he said, without looking up. Sent beyond this disturbing laconicism I could get nothing out of him. And time was precious.

So I opened the door and looked through as though to make sure that the coast was clear. Three minutes later, I had rejoined the anxious Lefty and was scanning the skyline of Fifth Street.

"He said it was above a factory," I explained as we went. "How many factories are there in this last block?"

"Here's a moldin' or a picture-frame factory from the smell of the kanona-oil," said Lefty. "And two doors closer to the river's a hum cigar-factory. Those 're the only two."

"Then we've got them!" I declared.

"Where?"

"At the top of that cigar-factory."

Lefty peered up at the place, with its sullen five storied wall and weather-worn Italian sign, in open disgust.

"They're there. And we've got to get them." I declared feeling that the end of the long trail was almost in sight. "Well, that's a mean place for a round-up," said Lefty plaintively.

CHAPTER XLV

The Ascent to the Roof

I POSTED Davis on the corner of Avenue D to act in the capacity of a gay-cat, as the yeggmen would call it. Lefty I sent into the rigar-factory itself, for a guarded reconnoitering of that territory, while I erected the block, with the understanding that we should come together in fifteen minutes, at the latest, under the portico of a street-corner saloon.

My excursion about the block resulted in no solution of the difficulty. Rows of crowded tenements, shouldering close together made up the three sides of the square of which Fifth Street, west of Avenue D, was the base. I saw nothing to suggest a new line of attack. Neither did I see anything to arouse any suspicions. Nothing met my gaze beyond the homely lights and pastimes of an East Side street. Nothing cropped above the surface. Nothing gave any inkling of the culminating drama that was being enacted behind such sordid and unconciliating brick walls.

I joined Lefty and Davis as they dipped casually into the gilt-portioned saloon. I saw gloom written on the face of the little stool pigeon.

"They've been handed a tip-off," said Lefty, in little more than a whisper. "He's got a gang of dago cigar rollers to back him up, and you'd no more get up into that joint than you'd get into a armory."

But we've got to get there."

"Good heavens!" said Lefty. "He's not only up at the top of that whole bunch of Bolsheviks, but he's got his upper stairway armored with a door full of gun-shells!"

How do you know that?"

I stumbled up into it before they could haul me down. He's made that door into a regular machine-gun, berin' it full of half-inch holes and plugged them with loaded shells. Then he's gone and clapped perforated boiler plate or something like that over 'ere and ten to one he's tapped a light-circuit, to set 'em off by 'lectricity. That stairway's the only way up—and he could rake it like a Gatlin' gun!"

Davis discreetly suggested a search-warrant and the police in force.

"A search warrant!" scoffed Lefty, under his breath. "You might as well talk of a search warrant for a hawk in Central Park."

"Look here," I said, only too painfully aware of this freedom since we were losing time, "you say?—standing pat," he said, in the lisp of the street. "I am 'under the eye.'"

"I'm going to tackle this place from the top. I'm going to get up to that roof and work down!"

"By sunship?" inquired Lefty.

"I don't know how yet, but I'm going to get up there. I want you two to keep watch below east and west of that cigar factory, and if I'm not back in thirty minutes, m haven't given you a sign, you'd better send to a general alarm and get a police cordon established. But remember, that's only a last resort. The best way to do this thing is to do it quietly. It's the only way, as far as I can see."

"Make your sign a revolver-shot," suggested Lefty. "And remember this Mutashenko's most likely got that joint 'is mined!'"

He called me back for a moment, as I started for the street.

"You know what you're up against?" he asked, with a more intimate note in his customarily offhanded way of speaking.

"I haven't any choice left in this, Lefty. I've got to do it!"

Go ahead" he retorted, quite cheerily. "And be so good as to keep Davis from following me up." I warned the little man at my side. "There have been times when his feelings have rather run away with him."

"I'll hold him off," said Lefty with a grin. "We'll have some trouble of our own down here, maybe!"

My intention on leaving the other two men, was to go to the picture-frame factory and dodge or bribe my way up to its roof. But even while I was lamenting the toss this would force a new plan on me. It came as I turned into Lewis Street and let my glance fall on a black and grimy figure hauling a bucket of tar up to the roof of what seemed to be a feed and boarding-stable. That stable was some five or six doors north of the Fifth Street corner. Beside the roof stood a smoking tar tank on little iron wheels. Three or four planks nailed together heeled out from the roof-front. The men, obviously, were engaged in tarring the roof of that shabby-frontad boarding-stable. I saw my chance, and seized it.

THE empty black bucket came swinging down just as I reached the workman's side. I thrust a bill into his hand and pointed to the roof.

"Full me up quick!" I said.

He looked at the bill, and then looked at me. He sat me down at once as a generous-handed roadmen.

"I can't do it," he said, still eyeing the bill.

"You've got to," I told him.

"Fhwat for?" he demanded.

"I've got a hen-kite stranded up there," I told him, glibly enough.

"Then Mike'll throw it down to yez."

"That's just it. For the love of heaven get me up!"

"I haven't the st ength, onnyhow," he parried.

I repeated the movement of pressing a bill into his tar-stained hand. Then I called to a hulk of a youth overturning holes of pressed hay with a short iron hook.

"Give Tim a hand here," I told him. He lashed up and down his hook and came sauntering leisurely over to where we stood. I thrust my feet into the tar-filled bucket and caught the rope. A look passed between the two men a look of amusement touched with craftiness.

"Make way for the inspecthor, Mike!" called the man who had pocketed the bill with an indifferent grin, as the rope tightened and I swung up through the air.

"Inspecthor or no phwat?" demanded the tarry figure called Mike, as he swung me in upon the narrow plank landing.

Of light and power-wiring. I answered as I freed myself from the bucket.

"And phwat are yez afther?" he demanded. "There's no wurrk on *this* roof."

"But there's going to be," was my mendacious retort. "And here's a dollar for your trouble."

He took it with the utmost gravity as though it had been well earned and long overdue.

"Don't be rude-strhippin on that lot av fresh roofin'," he warned me as he once more lowered his bucket and hawked for more tar.



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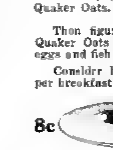
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I was over the wall-curb before he could look around. Then quickly I crossed a surface of sloping red-painted tin, and climbed upon a second roof some four feet higher than the first. I kept rising in a series of steps, past water-tanks and chimney tops and wall-tiles, swinging around with the line of rails as they angled off and followed the line of Fifth Street.

A soft spring sky of rubin-a-egg blue arched over me. I could see the East River, a wide ribbon of beryl-green veiled here and there with the grays of passing ships. I could see a Greenpoint ferry circling up against the tide north at Bushwick Inlet. The sounds from the city were muffled and far away. A sense of loneliness seemed to lie over all New York. I seemed to be alone in a city of sleep and ruin as I clambered on and on, until I found my way blocked by a blind wall of red brick ten or twelve feet in height. It held nothing up which I could clamber. There was not a trace of water-pipe or wire or woodwork to help me out. Yet not one hundred feet beyond that wall I knew was the roof of the Italian cigar-factory—the roof where my journey would end.

I leaned against that unlooked-for parapet and studied the situation. I had not come prepared for an escalade. And I might have found no way out of the dilemma had I not after scrambling inquisitively back over half a dozen roofs, stumbled across what looked like a disused, discarded fire-escape stowed in under the shadow of a wall curb. It taxed my strength to lift this cumbersome ironwork, but I succeeded in getting it to the blank wall and resting it against the brick. Even then I found it necessary to exercise the greatest caution in mounting that precarious scaling ladder, for many of the rods were all but rusted out, and the entire fabric was perilously loose-jointed and unstable.

But it got me up and over to the next roof upon the highest point of the skyline along the south side of the block.

ON SECOND thoughts, I stopped and leaned back over the wall-end—drawing the rickety fire-escape section up after me. I felt as alone as a sailor wrecked on a South Pacific island. Nothing was in sight, outside of a chimney top or two, a saddle-backed wall-coping, a flat stretch of tinned roof. I noticed that one wide oval of this roof was worn through. This discovery occurred to me at first until I saw that the tin had been eroded by the passing to and fro of restless feet. In the centre of this strange oval I noticed a transom, opening like the hood of a ship over a flat deck. The roof, apparently, had been used as a place of exercise, for many weeks.

I tiptoed over to the transom and examined it minutely. It was locked down from the inside. I discovered, but years of exposure had left its two hinges well rusted about the screw-heads. So I tiptoed back to my section of fire-escape and wrenched free one of the rods. Then I made my way quietly back to the transom.

Before I ventured on my next move I took my revolver from my hip pocket and dropped it into the side pocket of my coat. Then cautiously I inserted the end of my rusted iron rod under the transom-hinge, and gently pried it free. This operation I repeated with the second hinge. Then slowly and carefully I lifted on the transom-door, to make sure that it would come away without undue resistance.

It took considerable force to strain the lock-bolt, but in the end it came away without any loud report. I restored the door to its place and dropped to my hands and knees, pressing an ear against its tinned surface. I could not detect anything suspicious. There was so far as I could make out, not a sound or a movement below.

Then I lifted the door entirely away, and waited, scarcely breathing, wondering if the volcano I was uncovering was to prove extinct or active.

But nothing broke the silence, nothing revealed itself. So I leaned in over the open transom inch by inch, prepared to draw back at the first sign of danger.

No danger manifested itself, however. I peered down into a dark and narrow hall as cramped as a well out of which opened a door covered with sheet iron. An iron ladder from the transom ended almost to the foot of this door. But otherwise the little room was bald and empty.

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I watched that iron-sheeted door for a minute or two, studiously. Then slowly I lowered myself through the transom carefully replacing the covering as I did so leaving the place in utter darkness.

I went down the ladder cautiously, step by step, until my exploring toe came in contact with the wooden boards of the floor. Then I took out my revolver, turned to the door, and listened for another minute or two.

As I did so a faint sound broke on my ear. It reminded me, at first, of the merry tapping of a hungry woodpecker. It sounded like a dozen little hammers playing on a dozen muffled anvils. It reminded me of something I had passed through before—of some moment similar to the moment before me.

It all came to me in a flash. It was the sound of a typewriter to which I was listening. It was the same muffled and metallic staccato I had heard as I stood outside the locked door of Conde di Marco, and something suggested to me that the same fingers were striking on those same keys. Then I heard a canary sing unexpectedly incongruously, and a woman's voice speaking to it. Some instinct as compelling as vision itself, told me that the woman who had spoken—the woman in the next room—was Elvira Sabinoff.

We were together under the same roof, she was there before me, with nothing but a door between us. The tangle of uncertainty had at last come to its solution.

My work was not over, my danger was not yet a thing of the past. But the long and seemingly hopeless trail, with all its blind gropings and unlooked-for turnings, had come to an end.

CHAPTER XLVI

The Supreme Descend

I TOOK a deep breath, and turned the handle of the door that stood between us. I turned it slowly and noiselessly, holding it back to soften any click of the released latch as it opened. I could hear the canary still singing, the sound of the quickly tapping keys did not cease.

I opened the door back and out from me, quite as cautiously for I was still in doubt as to what might face me in that unknown room. And I wanted to be on the safe side.

I stepped inside quietly with my back to the wall and the door still half-open. The sound of the typewriter went on without interruption. In front of me sat Elvira bent over her work. We were alone in the room.

I dropped my revolver back into my side pocket somehow a little ashamed of it. But I still stood there, watching the woman in front of me, studying the face bent low over the little machine that had sounded so like the drumming of a hungry woodpecker still rising and falling in its little spurts of speed.

She sat at a plain deal table, covered with a litter of papers with here and there a book of reference, a blue-print or two, and a sprinkling of yellow-bound pamphlets. On the floor lay a large wall-map, unrolled, as though recently emptied. To the right of the table were two high windows, with the shades drawn up to the top. In one of these windows hung a bird-cage. In the other stood a row of potted plants. The room was like a cellar, the room, which was almost jail-like in its baldness. And yet it carried a persistent sense of cheeriness, whether it was the canary, the strong spring light from the open window-spaces or the vibrant row of potted flowers—I could not say.

But my eyes kept returning to the girl bent over the typewriter. I could see the dark hair parted plainly in the middle, having a straight white line beneath it where combed and massed in a heavy crown. I could see the familiar oval of the face, with the tender hollow under either cheek bone, the hollow that had always given to my love its inexplicable yet persistent note of tragedy. I could see the translucent pallor of the skin, with its strange angelow of warmth like ivory played on by some pale rose light, so pale as to be almost imperceptible. I could see, too, one of the month's delicate sensitive, but not without their touch of audacity, so wistful to be youthful too softly curved to be excessively humanized by the repeated weakness of the under lip, that had the habit of squaring itself, in an almost childlike movement, when it framed itself for speech. I could not see her eyes yet I seemed to feel their presence as the essential culmination of the luminous vitality that crowned the entire face. And I could see that it was a face on which peace rested, yet peace I felt achieved only through abnegation.

She looked up suddenly, when I was least expecting to see her move, her eyes, as they rested on me, widened slowly. I raised a hand to silence her for I thought at first that she was about to cry out.

"You!" she murmured under her breath turning white to the very lips, until her hair looked blue-black against the pallor of her face. "You!"

So motionless did she sit that for a moment or two she seemed more like a Milonese Corapo Santo figure than like a living and breathing woman.

I shut the door and stepped out to the middle of the room.

She did not move but her eyes followed me. Then she seemed to awaken. She started up with a quick side-glance at the inner door.

"Why are you here?" she asked. The mere fact that she spoke in little more than a whisper warned me that I was still in the midst of danger, that there were still obstacles to be overcome.

"Why are you here?" she repeated, crossing to the inner door and standing with her back to it.

"I have come for you," I told her. The words seemed inadequate, even as I uttered them, they seemed bald and commonplace. They seemed to express nothing when there remained so much to be said.

"For me?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"I cannot go with you," she said quietly, her eyes still studying mine.

"You must come," I told her wonderingly at the unhappiness, the wordless sense of rebellion that welled up in her face.

"That is impossible," was her reply, uttered as quietly as before. "And you must not stay here. You don't know the danger you are facing."

"You are facing greater danger," I warned her. "And this is more than a matter of expediency. I have something to explain—something I must explain. Can't you look that door?"

HER fingers groped for the key, though her puzzled eyes were still on mine. I saw the expression in them suddenly change, the wonder and perplexity in them died out, and fear leaped into them.

"Quick!" she whispered, motioning toward the door through which I had entered. "Quick—or it will be too late!"

"But I must talk with you!"

"Yes later," she gasped. "But you must not be seen here. Quick!"

I looked through the door and closed it after me. A moment later I heard the sound of footsteps on a bare floor—and then a door opened and closed. Then came the quick murmur of voices—the rich muffled tones of the woman, the harsh, throaty, and almost guttural notes of a man, speaking in a tongue which I could not decipher, speaking hurriedly, impatiently, almost dictatorially.

I heard the steps pass out through the door again, the slam of the door and then the uneven tapping of the typewriter's keys. I listened for a moment and then stepped back into the room. A thin veil of cigarette smoke still hung in the air, I knew, by the aroma, that it was Russian tobacco.

I crossed straight to the inner door and turned the key in its lock. Elvira watched me with troubled and questioning eyes.

"Why have you followed me here?" she asked almost defiantly.

"Don't you know?" I asked in turn, crossing the room to where she sat.

"No, I do not. All I know is that you are making it dangerous for yourself and doubly dangerous for me. Why—why have you come here?"

"I have come for you."

"But why?"

"Because I love you—because I have always loved you and always will love you!"

I bent over her—defiantly, almost—as I said it. Her face was white as stone, her eyes were looking up into mine. But her face was of the color of paper, as cold and dead as ashes. Yet I could see by the heaving of her bosom that her breath was coming in hurried gasps.

"You have no right to say that to me!" she whispered at last. "You need not have come for that!"

"I had to come for that—so that you would understand."



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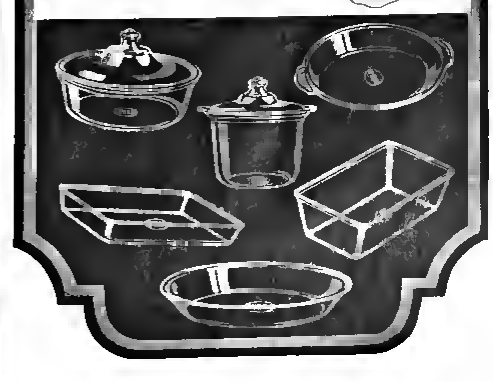
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She was on her feet now, facing me

"I'll you who do not understand. You do not know where you are what this place is, what being discovered here would mean to you!"

"I understand everything perfectly I know what to have. I know why you are here And I know why you must not stay here. Yes, of stop me I know Mutashenko and all his story I know what he is, and what he intends to do I know why you are with him and what your work with him is And I know what I'm and of it will be!"

She gave no notice to my implication of impending danger. It must have been an old story to her.

Then why leave you followed me here, if you know all this?" she demanded with the first touch of resentment in her tones.

"Why are you here against my wish? Why are you planning to rob me of what happiness I may have found in my work? Why do you wish for the second time, to make me miserable?"

"Wait" I said forcing myself to calmness "This means too much to me to let foolish pride come between us. I'll answer your question but you must first answer one of mine!"

"What is it?" she asked

"Why did you drop out of my life the way you did?"

She did not look at me this time, and I could see the effort it cost her to frame her reply.

"Your life was full," she answered, a little bitterly

"Not until you came into it!' I cried

"It meant nothing to you," she went on in her studied monotone. "It was—it meant everything to me It wasn't until I realized how little it meant to you that I went.

"What made you realise that? I mean, what made you think that?"

She looked at me now, and if the tones of her voice had been disturbed and bitter, the calm wistfulness of her great eyes now doubly stoned her.

"I had been blind and very foolish It was pointed out to me by some one who could judge better than I did."

SHE came to a stop, and I caught up the thread of her explanation

"It was Harvey Stillwell." I cried

"Hush!" she said, in alarm with a terrified glance toward the locked door "It was Natalia Stillwell's brother who came to you?" I went on "and gave you to understand that I had obligations elsewhere—that you and I could never be friends—that I was not fit for you?"

No!" she replied, with han courageous determination to have the whole truth out once and for all "It was that I was not fit for you!"

Then the matter was finally answered as the other The fact that I'm here, that I've found you is answer enough The fact that Natalia Stillwell is marrying another man is still further answer It means that I've come for you It means that I will not go away without you."

Then coaxing swinging to the window sang and trailed for a little time Elvira did not answer I stepped nearer to her, but she drew away from me

It's too late she said, with one hand on the bank of her nhem speaking slowly, yet with a tremolo of disquieting feeling in her voice "I must finish my work here with Mutashenko. He needs me. Then I am to go back home—back to Europe There's work for me there—oh so much work!"

I looked at the slender figure so apparently ill equipped for struggle at the girlishly sloping shoulders at the shadowy eyes that carried their indelible sense of humanity I cried out the sheer injustice of it all made me reckless

"Are you so essential to these people?" I cried

She stopped me with a gesture, before I could go on.

Yes if I must tell you I am essential to these people. Mutashenko is helpless without me His wife is ill, she may be dying they seemed to weigh me down until my face was blood above her upturned face—above the trembling scarlet lips that whispered so weakly. I love you!"

Her eyelids drooped and her shadowy eyes, and as I held her there our lips touched and met and clung together and the world and time and opera were forgotten

"It's wrong," she murmured wearily, half heartedly, altogether happily

not so much duty on my part as pity—for my own people in misfortune."

"But no matter how you pity them, you can't stay with them It's known, even now where he's hiding This very building is being watched even while we stand here talking

That does't disturb me I'm not a criminal or a fugitive"

"But you are co-operating with a fugitive—a fugitive whose nature their papers are even now made out That means that he will be deported sent back to Russia and what follows that you know!"

She did not seem as disturbed as I had expected She did not even seem surprised. She stood in drop thought, for a moment or two

"Are you sure of this?" she said

"I am sure of it." I told her

He will never be taken alive" she murmured as though to herself The extent of her dilemma seemed to be coming home to her slowly, minute by minute.

That is why you must remain with me—now of once, when we can still get away" I tried to explain to her

Why must I go with you?' she asked, looking at me as though she had seen me for the first time

Because I want you Because I need you more than this man Mutashenko does, or any of his kind Because I love you"

"And where would we go?" she asked in her studied monotone

"Wherever you say—anywhere—so long as you come with me—so long as you marry me!"

She fell back a step or two.

Marry you!" she said, in a sharp soprano unlike her natural voice

Marry me—yes. Why not marry me?"

She hovered her face with her hands and stood there as though in torture swaying a little unsteadily I tried to take her hands from her face Then she looked up once more white to the very lips.

"But me—you couldn't marry me You couldn't marry me as I am?"

"Just as you are!"

No—no!"

I love you! I have always loved you!"

No—no!" she repeated in some strange agony of spirit, as she groped blindly for the back of the chair I took her groping hand in mine and held it there.

"I love you!" I repeated inadequately foolishly I could see her trembling underlip square itself, as though she were about to speak, but she said nothing. She stood there with her troubled eyes staring into mine perplexed almost stunned I looked back at her feeling my throat constrict, I am not an emotional man I have looked on a few strange tragedies in my day, and on brutal sights and have not been moved I always that humiliated me I felt the hot tears running down my face

"I want to take you away from all this," I said, putting out my arms to her hopelessly until my hands rested on her shoulders. "I want to make your life what it ought to be I want to make you happy I love you!"

HER head sank low as she stood before me and I could feel her body shaking with a gush of sobbing She did not step toward me I did not draw her closer But our two relaxed and weary and unhappy bodies seemed to move and merge together as quietly as two streams meeting and mingling She was in my arms the tears still on her face her body still shaking, lifting high and then lowered as though with pain She was in my arms how wet face turned up to mine, and all the precious warmth and weight of her clinging to me

"I know it's wrong—it's wrong—but I have always loved you!" she was saying

I held her there almost drowsy with the mounting anesthesia of happiness, murmuring I pushed back the tumbled hair from her forehead I love you! I love you!"

Then her arms closed above me they seemed to surround and hold me like wings they seemed to weigh me down until my face was close above her upturned face—above the trembling scarlet lips that whispered so weakly. I love you!"

Her eyelids drooped and her shadowy eyes, and as I held her there our lips touched and met and clung together and the world and time and opera were forgotten

"It's wrong," she murmured wearily, half heartedly, altogether happily

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Love is never wrong! I told her holding her head back so that I could see into her eyes.

"Never?" she questioned

I did not answer that question for even as she spoke there came to our ears the sound of a sharp and peremptory knock on the locked door behind us, followed by the crash of a great blow

CHAPTER XLVII

The Enemy Intervenes

I HAD no time to turn My instinctive movement was to thrust Elvira behind me, to stand between her and possible danger But it was already too late for this. There was the sound of a second crash before I could move, and the door swung bank with a shattered lock

Through it stepped one of the strangest figures I have ever looked upon It was that of a leather-belted thick set, black whiskered man in grotesquely loose trousers and a blue flannel shirt on which shone mother-of pearl buttons, with a brightness that seemed almost incandescent against their dark back ground

The first impress this figure gave me was that of a huge form in some strange process of deliquescence The skin seemed to cover his frame as loosely and unevenly as a suit of nightes hangs over a tiny diminutive tailor's dummy The blackness of the bushy and almost patriarchal beard accentuated the cadaverous pallor of the man's skin On his face I could see anger and fear and distrust. His eyes in fact looked like those of a hare, with their high-arching brows above and their curving yellow pouches below leaving a number of concentric lines about them, like the lines of a target Between these stood a flat centilaginous nose with distending nostrils.

I realized for the first time that the man was holding a long barrelled revolver in his hand—a sinister weapon at a make once much used on the Continent for dueling

The intruder I knew was Mutashenko I could not see much about the room to admire

What I liked least of all was that blunt barrelled revolver with which he began to gesticulate as he lurched into a babble of some unknown tongue I assumed the talk to be Russian, but I had no way of making sure It did not escape me though that as he advanced into the room Elvira changed her position so that she stood between us And as she stood confronting him some argument which I could not comprehend was shuttlecocked back and forth between them Some spirit of his vehemence seemed to impart itself to her as they carried on that verbal warfare, for I could see the rise and play of a new fire in her eyes Her replies became more and more tempestuous Mutashenko's charges seemed to grow more and more passionate

"What is it?" I demanded for I perceived, if there was fighting to be done to be a party to it

She answered me with nothing more than a quickly upthrust hand as though to wave me out of the action as she faced Mutashenko and flashed out her retorts at him—almost in defiance now, it seemed to me

"What are you pushing about, anyway?" I demanded of Mutashenko

He paid no attention to my question, but still horried and shouted at the woman in front of me.

She fell back until her body was almost pressed against mine I saw her hands clinp and unclasp in what was a little wringing motion as though under terror and taken possession of her It was then I decided that the time for me to act had arrived

"He will not believe me!" cried Elvira, in despair as I drew her to one side and stepped forward

As I did so I saw Mutashenko's face harden and change Before I could comprehend his intention his hand swung forward and up, and the villainous black barrelled thing in his hand flashed out its stab of flame

To be concluded.

Iliad of the Oyster

Continued from page 12

word of spiritual comfort and encouragement would have meant as much as fifty pounds of weight in his favor He had, in fact, arrived at the Psychological Moment There was no professing psychologists in those days but there was psychology and it worked itself up into moments even as it does to-day

Probably Arboreal's head was under the water, and hazy fears and salt ocean mingled nauseatingly in his mouth.

I am lost he gurgled

But at that instant a shout went up—the shrill, high cry of a woman Even in that moment of agony he recognized the voice of Parrot Feathers! With a splendid rally he turned his face towards the shore

'Watch him! Watch him!" shouted Parrot Feathers. 'Don't let him do that again! When he has you under water, he whacks your eye with his tail. He's trying to blind you!

And indeed these seemed to be the desperate oyster's tactics. If he could but destroy our hero's sight, the end would soon come.

"Probably—do you hear me?"

He nodded his head he was beyond speech.

Take a long breath, and dive! Do you get that? Dive! Dive at your own feet! Grab your feet in your hands and roll under water in a bunch! Roll towards the beach."

SHE was struggling through the crowd, fighting her way to the front rank with the fury of a wild-cat. She had just learned her fathon and the earth was still dark and damp upon her hands, but the magnificent creature had only one thought now She thought only of her lover her heroic lover in her mortality of soul she had been able to rise above the pettiness of spirit which an other woman might have felt she knew no pique nor spite Her lover was in trouble and here was her place might be—she flung a false manimaly modesty to the winds and acknowledged him and sheered him on careless of what the assembled world might think.

She arrived at the Psychological Moment.

'Probably! Probably!' she cried 'Don't give up! Don't give up!' For my sake!

For her sake! The words were like fire in the veins of the hero He made another burst ing effort, and gained a yard But the rally almost exhausted him The next instant his head was under water once more.

Would it ever reappear again? There was a long moment while all mankind choked and gasped in sympathetic unison and than the dripping head emerged It had hit a stone under water and it was bleeding, but it did emerge Besides the nut on his head one eye was nearly closed

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PAWNED

The pawnbroker was silent for a while, then
"My wife and I will take little Claire—on one condition," he said at last, gravely "And that condition is that she is to grow up as our child, and that, though you may come here and see her as often as you like, she is not to know that you are her father"

The cabman turned about a haggard face

"Not to know that I am her father—ever," he said huskily

"I did not say that," said Paul Veniza quietly He smiled now, leaning over the cabman. "I am a pawnbroker, this is a pawnshop There is a way in which you may redeem her"

The cabman pressed a heavy hand over his eyes

"What is that way?" He swallowed hard as he spoke

For the remainder of this read—

FRANK PACKARD'S

stirring story which starts in the next issue of MACLEAN'S—February 15th The first instalment will be the *largest ever run in one issue* of a Canadian magazine It is a story of thrills, of heart throbs, of drama and melodrama



FRANK LUCIUS PACKARD

Packard was born in Montreal in 1877 and graduated from McGill when he was 20—in engineering In 1906 he abandoned engineering and took to editing and writing as a profession For several years he worked and wrote in the U.S but some time ago he returned to Canada to settle permanently at Lachine, Quebec He has written "On the Iron at Big Cloud," "Greater Love Hath No Man," "The Miracle Man" "The Beloved Traitor" "From Now On" "The White Moll," and some hundreds of short stories. If you once start "Pawned," it is a safe bet that you'll read thereafter every issue in which it appears in

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

and despair, while from the beaches rose a mighty shout. The sun, as if it had gestured flung the mists from its face and beamed benignly

"Back! Back! Give him air!" cried Parrot Feathers and she addressed herself to the task of removing the oyster from his foot

That giant heart was dying and its jaws were locked in the rigor of its sufferings There was no way to remove it gently Parrot Feathers laid her unconscious hero's foot upon our rock and broke the oyster loose with another

Incidentally, she smashed Probably Arboreal's toe.

He sat up in pained surprise Unthinkingly as you and I would put a hurt finger into our mouth he put his crushed toe into his mouth At that period of man's history the trick was not difficult, And then—

A beatific smile spread over his face!
Man had tasted the oyster

IN HALF an hour, mankind was plunging into the waves searching for oysters The oyster's doom was sealed His monstrous pretension that he belonged in the van of evolutionary progress was killed for ever. He had been tasted and found good He would never again battle for supremacy Meekly he yielded to his fate He is food to this day

Parrot Feathers and Probably Arboreal were married after breakfast. On the toes of their first child were ten cunning diminutive oyster shells. Mankind up to that time had had sharp toe-nails like claws of a bird But the flat, shell like toe-nails, the symbols of man's triumph ever, and trampling down of, the oyster were inherited from the children of this happy couple.

They persist to this day.

Fusing Babel's Brood

Continued from page 13

to withdraw their boats from the service in immigration work To their surprise Sir Clifford readily assented, in which event, he added the government would inaugurate its own transportation services to replace them. It was at this juncture that Sir Wilfrid Laurier turned to the transportation men and said in his bland way "Well you have your answer gentlemen"

Needless to say the ships were not withdrawn

The next step was to get the sympathetic co-operation of the Atlantic Conference and thereby organize the steamship people in such a manner that they would reach out and bring from Europe the class of settlers desired Once the steamship companies were organized to suit the department representatives were despatched into the countries from which settlers were desired.

Spirit of Service Under Calder

IT WAS largely due to this program that immigration to Canada grew and grew till it reached a peak of nearly half a million newcomers in the year 1913

Under the present Minister of Immigration and Colonization the Honorable J A Calder the spirit of service, which, during the past few years has taken such a hold on well-conducted business institutions seems to have become more and more a first rank departmental policy with Canadian immigration officials The accepted immigrant who lands in Canada to-day without a definite destination is advised where to go and is taken care of until settled Even afterwards the department keeps in touch with him and, if he shows any tendency to make good, gives him every help in its power

In this connection I was recently told a story of one rather touching little incident Out in Alberta a Canadian wheat-grower noticed a Polish neighbor at different times snatch up his (the Canadian's) little one and hold him hungrily One day the father of the boy observed that the Pole was actually repressing tears Inquiry brought out a broken-hearted account of how the Pole had struggled alone on the prairie looking forward to the day when he could bring out from Poland the wife and baby he had left behind Then Germany loosed the turmoil on the world that has not yet entirely subsided The Pole's wife and baby son were swallowed up in the fog of war Since some time in 1915 he had been unable to get the least trace of them Whether they were butchered by the Hun or Bolsheviki prisoners of war or refugees, he had been unable to learn

The Canuck farmer wrote the immigration department a letter about it appealing to them to do anything they could to find the man's family for him

He was only a poor Pole, alone and a stranger in a huge, strange land But beneath the official veneer at Ottawa there beat hearts as big and sympathetic as anywhere in the world While engaged at their regular duties, Canada's representatives in strife-torn Poland patiently inquired and searched until they located the missing woman and babe and not so many months ago a happy family reunion took place away out on the tawny prairies.

Help the New-Comer to Understand Us

MOST of us do not understand the foreigner who comes to our shores, though he is doing his best to understand and enjoy us if we only give him half a chance There is good and bad among them as there is in every nationality but the majority want to better themselves and are willing to work harder at lowlier tasks than the rest of us to accomplish that end With very few exceptions even the Southern Europeans are bringing their children up to know and call themselves "Canadians."

Some six or seven years following the observations in a colonist coach of foreigners told of at the opening of this article, I had the privilege of attending a number of Northwestern school playground festivities held in honor of a visit from Archdeacon J. H Cody, then Minister of Education in the Ontario Legislature At one of these there were children descended from Europeans speaking some twenty-seven languages or dialects The Minister was tremendously impressed and I never remember looking upon a sturdier, cleaner-limbed, more vigorous looking lot of tots, and when they sang "O Canada" how their eyes sparkled—and the zest they threw into the singing of it! When the Minister of Education addressed them as "young Canada" you could note native pride of race glow all over them

Canada's officials may guard her ports of entry and pick and select from the candidates that knock for entrance into her citizenship, and it is no doubt well that they should do so. But it has always struck me that a Higher Purpose is at work regardless of the race or religions of the first generation of new-comers—that our wide spaces, rugged environment and climate will mold, as the generations of native-born stock succeed one another, people of distinctive traits and potentialities. To take liberties with Milton:

Canada, the empire alchymist,
Can turn or holds it possible to turn
"Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold."

Orlando is Calling You

Do you want to get away
From the grind of every day—
From the drudgery of things you have to do?
Or you want to settle down
Near a lively, busy town,
Where the joy of living will appeal to you?

Do you want to scent the breeze
Coming through the orange trees?
Do you want to hear the birds call—loud and clear?
Are you seeking perfect health
Then combined with certain wealth
And an income from an orange grove each year?

Do you want a piece of land
That will grow to beat the band
All the different garden crops that you enjoy?
Do you want to make a Nest,
And a permanent bequest
For the future welfare of each girl and boy?

Do you want a sunny clime
Where there's fishing all the time?
Where there's ducks and deer and quail and other game!
Where the summer climate's cool
And within each lake and pool,
You can swim in January—just the same?

Do you want to buy this land
On an easy payment plan
With about your monthly outlay for cigars?
Do you want to read a book
That will make you want to look
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My Confession of Faith

Continued from page 8

of the League of Nations at Geneva has a welcome significance that our day of tutelage is over and has evoked no criticisms from our movement.

But one difficulty is that the growth of the outward forms of nationhood finds us still lacking much of the common consciousness that is the core of the best type of national spirit. To one whose duties usually take him each year to every province of Canada nothing is so deplorable as the comparative ignorance of the inhabitants of different parts of the Dominion concerning the views and needs of people in other sections. In one sense the new political movement offers great hope of becoming a unifying force The farmers of the West have abated much of their hostility to the East when they realize that a very large element of the citizens of Eastern Canada fully endorse their views and policies.

Then the case of our foreign-born population must never be forgotten. We have invited and welcomed to our shores people of many varied races most of them have found security and comfort in our midst but in other directions our treatment of them has not always been generous or wise There is much that we can learn from them and with proper encouragement they can be made more valuable citizens. Many of them are pathetically anxious to become Canadians in the fullest sense and any policy such as electoral disfranchisement, which might drive them back into sullen racial groups is an error of the first magnitude These foreign settlers in the West are generally ready to throw themselves into any progressive movements in their communities for instance a large number of the co-operative societies registered with the Provincial Secretary in Alberta have been formed by Ukrainians or other groups of immigrants from Continental Europe

The Real Ideals Behind

NO COUNTRY needs for its successful welding into a true nation such a measure of mutual toleration among its different racial elements as this Canada of ours and no country has been so cursed in the past by cowardly and unprincipled appeals to racial passion and religious prejudice As long as appeals to these vices were the staple currency of our political life it was equally hopeless to dream of any sane discussion of our grave economic and social problems or any progress to decent national idealism. But happily that unpleasant atmosphere has either disappeared or is disappearing and it is not unlikely that the Canadian people will visit with prompt punishment such mischief makers as seek to revive it, for they have no greater enemy

If I were asked to sum up the real ideals behind our program I would say that we aim at the abolition of all privileges conferred by legislation on one section of the community at the expense of the rest at the complete fulfilment of our aspirations internal and external for true nationhood and at the establishment of a real democracy in our economic and social life without which mere political democracy is too often a mockery We also desire by the better organization of our national life to make an end of the greatest of all our scandals—that this great Dominion with all its vast resources, should fail as it visibly does to-day to afford ample security against want for any but a very meagre proportion of its eight or nine million inhabitants

But I will be asked was it necessary for the farmers to create a new political party to accomplish these things. Could they not have been effected by bringing pressure upon or working inside one of the old parties?

My own view is that this method of approach would have involved us in many disappointments setbacks and delays. Prior to the war there was a distressing unreality in the conflict between our two historic parties This atmosphere might have been indefinitely perpetuated but for the appearance of the agrarian movement one of its effects has been to produce a real cleavage in our politics which will in time result in the development of parties representing real views and divergencies of opinion rather than mere sentiments and family traditions as in the past Our party came at peace and not at war It began its agitation for reform among a certain social group which was notoriously handicapped by the existing system It took this course because it was compelled to It hopes to build up among them and then to spread by the conversion of other elements of the community a new social philosophy and with it as a basis to create a new economic system.

No Class Warfare

IT IS easy to unload airy epigrams about class warfare and bewail the advent of what some of our critics call occupational politics But the actual fact is that the farmers have been the last of all classes to organize for the protection of their interests the manufacturers, lawyers, bankers and urban workers were in this field long before us Class cleavage has spread because our present economic system is too largely a system devised for the benefit of a small privileged class and the existing state a one class state

Liberals of the older school have always had a touching faith that popular self-government would prevent any monopoly of the state by any one class, but our electorate has in the past been too gullible and careless of its real interests to make this

Continued on page 54

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A Winter Fruit Season

I WONDER how many of us when we are trying to think of something different in service, overlook the delights offered in dried fruits—apples, peaches, apricots and even cup cakes and the prune.

During the months when fresh fruit is rare, I have found that the most delightful and wholesome uncooked desserts may easily be made at small cost with Knox Gelatine and dried fruits. Try these two very tempting recipes:



APRICOT CREAM PUDDING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup cooked apricots and juice
¼ tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup water
¾ cup sugar
1 cup whipped cream
2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing in hot water. Put apricots and juice through a sieve, add lemon juice and sugar, then the gelatine. Add sugar and when dissolved and beat in one of the whites until stiff. Then beat until mixture begins to thicken, add egg whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a mould and when cold and firm serve with plain cream, whipped cream or custard sauce.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup chopped nuts
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup scalded milk or cooked prune juice
½ cup cooked prunes
2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk and rub through strainer. Add sugar, vanilla, nuts and beat constantly until mixture begins to thicken, then add prune chopped fine, or beaten cake crumbs. Add egg whites beaten stiff. Turn into a mold which has been wet in water of which are garnished with halves of pitted prunes that have been cooked plump and tender, whipped cream or custard sauce.

To make a "moist as high" more creamy, more tasty and tying add one teaspoon Knox Gelatine, softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water to your favorite icing recipe. Beat in well before spreading on cake.

There are many other delicious desserts we could name, many of them simple, or rather plain in our booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Send for them, including the two illustrated in color, postage and stationery your grocer's name.

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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

Edited by Ethel M. Chapman

When You "Go Shopping"

By CLARA SAVAGE

ONCE out of every five times a woman buys an article in a retail dry-goods store she buys something that has been purchased previously and returned. It was the general manager of a large department-store who was speaking. "I wonder," he said "if the majority of women realize what this practice of returning goods costs."

To show how many goods which are purchased do not stay purchased, he led the way to the room where merchandise returned to this store is sorted and examined. Here packages were piled high on the tables which lined the walls—and such packages! The boxes were crushed and broken, the articles half in and half out of unwrapped, some had been taken to assure their safe return. A girl held up a dancing frock of lace and silk. It was badly mussed and wrinkled and looked as though it might have been worn the night before. Out of the end of another package protruded folds of heavy white satin.

But of even greater importance than the condition in which goods come back is the amount of goods returned. In the first room clerks were busy examining and sorting. It was a gigantic task, judging from the packages which were stacked high on the tables and which according to the manager, came pouring in every morning. Do women realize what staggering proportions the matters of returning goods has assumed? Figures given by the general manager are that department stores in New York city alone cost as high as thirty per cent. of all goods purchased and charged to customers accounts are returned, twenty per cent. of all goods shipped C.O.D. are refused, as are accepted ten per cent. of all cash purchases are exchanged.

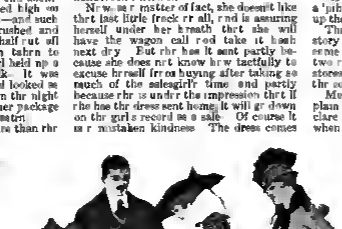
How to curtail this practice of returning goods is one of the greatest problems which confronts the retail merchant today. The abuse of this privilege is calling down upon the heads of shoppers severe criticism from the business world. There are of course two sides to the matter, but it is worth while to consider first the charges which are being made against the women shopper. They are in brief, that women are careless shoppers and inconsiderate customers, that they abuse the privileges granted them and by so doing are working havoc in business as well as increasing the cost of living for themselves and their families. And these assertions on the part of store-keepers are backed by a wealth of story and incident which makes a startling and costly thoughtlessness among women.

There is for instance, the general manager will tell you, the woman who "just loves to shop." It would seem that she rises up early on the morning in order to put in a long day at her favorite pastime. Often she takes a friend with her to pass on the purchases she makes and to suggest further ones. It is partly to impress this friend that she orders an expensive silver coffee service sent home. It isn't long before it comes back. The woman has never really intended to keep it.

Of the same type is she who wishes to impress her neighbors by having the delivery wagon of the most expensive and fashionable store in town stop before her house. The neighbor—dear, unsuspecting soul—can not tell by appearances whether the goods are coming or going, and the woman believes she is making an impression of wealth and distinction.

OR PERHAPS this woman goes to a store and tries on dresses. After taking an hour of the salesgirl's time she remarks wearily: "Well, you may send that last little frock I tried on."

Now, as a matter of fact, she doesn't like that last little frock at all, and is assuring herself under her breath that she will have the wagon call and take it back next day. But she has it sent partly because she does not know how tactfully to excuse herself from buying after taking so much of the salesgirl's time and partly because she is under the impression that if she has the dress sent home it will go down on the girl's record as a sale. Of course it is a mistaken kindness. The dress comes back, the sale is not credited to the girl, and an immense amount of time and effort has been needlessly wasted.



The woman probably thinks she wants what she buys when she buys it, but the man behind the counter knows from figures based on actual experience that within she pays cash the chances are one in five that the article will come back

According to another store, a woman will take to have ten or fifteen suits sent home on approval. She chooses one, getting a girl demurs. Apparently it does not occur to her that this is entirely unfair to the next customer who is willing to make her choice in the store but finds it depleted in both and much smaller variety from which to select.

Another general manager dwelt with some bitterness on the instance of the woman who comes into a store carrying a large bundle. She buys some small article and asks to have all the packages wrapped together and sent to her home. In this way she saves express charges. "Some women leave their consciences at home when they go shopping," he commented.

Just one more instance—store managers have a surprising large supply—of flagrant abuse of the privileges extended to shoppers. A woman bought half a dozen very expensive enamel buttons and wore them on one winter on a velvet suit. In the spring she disposed of the suit, but ripped off the buttons thinking them too valuable to give away. They showed no wear so seized with a bright idea, she took them back and had them credited. This happened in a store that never questions a returned purchase. In this case, can there be any doubt that the store was willfully and intentionally imposed upon?

But why women the only ones against whom such an indictment can fairly be made?

Men almost never return goods, said the manager of one store.

"A man would wear a necktie he detested for three months rather than return it," said a second.

A man who returns anything feels like a "quitter," said another manager summing up the situation.

The specialty stores firmly tell the same story. "Less than one per cent. of our goods come back" was the statement made by two of the largest men's furnishing stores, stores which have branches throughout the country.

Men managers are all too ready to explain why men do not offend. They declare that "a man knows what he wants when he wants it" that he doesn't go shopping "for the fun of it," because he doesn't want to waste his time that way. But these explanations are, after all decidedly superficial.

In the first place, women are the buyers. They do eighty per cent. of the buying that is done and this includes all kinds—household furnishings, wearing apparel, supplies, and commodities. Men do little of the actual buying. Their work is production. Women are the consumers or the spenders. No wonder men spend little time in shopping. This is not their part of the work.

The statement that men know what they want and get it without much trouble was made in regard to their buying wearing apparel. It is easily understood when one goes to think of the problems in clothes which confronts the man as compared with that which confronts the woman who goes shopping.

His styles are stable, his clothes are cut on conventional lines which change but little from season to season. It is customary for him to go into a store with a definite idea of just what he wants in the way of a suit. There is every chance in his getting it. But the woman who starts out with a definite idea is doomed to disappointment. It may be all very well for her to have a picture in her mind of the frock she would like, a dark blue suit but further than that it is wise for her not to attempt to make up her mind. If she has a complete mental picture of that suit, she will never find it. It would be much better for her nerves and the patience of the sales-girl for her to start out fancy free and buy what fashion furnishes and try to be satisfied. It is unfair to attempt to compare the men and women shopper for their problems are very different.

In the varied and somewhat overwhelming entourage of the women shopper, what is the truth of the matter? Is the fault entirely hers? Is the criticism justified? Do women deserve such wholesale condemnation as is being meted out to them?

THE truth is that in all this question of returning goods, the blame should be about equally divided between the stores and the women who buy. There is no doubt at all that the stores encourage the very evil against which they are strenuously protest. Salesgirls are instructed to urge customers to have goods sent home on approval and often do urge it even against the customer's better judgment. In an attempt to show purchasers every consideration the stores have gone beyond the bounds of reasonableness and grow find themselves in a quandary. Keen competition between large firms complicates the situation. One store feels that it can not afford to withdraw any privileges which it has granted to its customers since by so doing it may be allowing some other store to surpass it in courtesy. There is no question that in an attempt to outdo each other in extending privileges the stores have created for every large extent their own returned-goods problem.

Charge accounts may be blamed for a large share of the trouble. Managers admit that there is comparatively little trouble in the case of cash purchases. And yet the stores systematically encourage charge accounts. A woman the wife of a well-known banker purchased goods in a large department store and asked to have them sent C.O.D. When they came she found that they had been charged although she had no account at that time with the store. This is only one instance of the length to which stores have gone to encourage the opening of charge accounts.

BUT it must pay them or they wouldn't do it," some one says. It has paid in the past though the practice has now assumed such proportions that managers are afraid that it will not pay much longer. But does it pay the customer?

It does not. An average estimate of ten per cent. has been given as the probable increase in the cost of goods due to the custom of returning purchases. This is conservative. A manager puts it in this way: "Let me tell you what happens when a woman orders goods sent C.O.D. and then returns them. Twenty days passes hands the privilege from the time the sales check is written until the goods are put back in stock. The time that these persons spend in handling the goods has to be figured into the expense of selling. Added to this is the cost of sending the wagon on two trips to the home of the customer, the cost of the box and wrappings. In addition is the expense of reinstating it in the bookkeeping department, adequate to the complications which that buying which is not buying entails. Any one who stops to think can see that reckoned in this way ten per cent. is a conservative figure at which to put the increased cost of the goods. The woman who wishes to run her household on an economical basis will do well to stop and ponder these figures."

Moreover, the custom of returning goods is insanitary. Stores differ in regard to sanitary rules restricting the return privilege but many refuse all underwear or hats to be returned, and few question the return of gowns. In one store a visitor saw several articles of infants' underwear which had been sent back. A woman stepped to think that this was one of the objections would they be willing to tolerate it? Several stores have made a start toward abolishing the privilege of sending back underwear. Should this not be a general rule? Some stores fasten metal tags to a dress when it leaves the store, and no dress returned without this label is accepted. As it would be impossible to wear the dress with the tag upon it, and as it would be easy to tell if it had been removed and then replaced, the store protects customers in this way from buying a dress which some one else has worn. Should not women back them in this, and insist that other firms adopt the same precautions?

A FACTOR which should enter very largely into this whole question of buying goods is the salesgirl herself. There is not much employment days on shorter hours for her better pay or provisions for her recreation and health. A general manager who is a shrewd student of human nature remarked:

"If we could only get sympathy to the point of women instead of trying to uplift the shop-girl by supervised dances and special lectures would help her to make good in her job by seeing to it that the goods which she makes are put under the right retail goods sales. A girl who has the satisfaction of knowing that she is making good and getting ahead does not need to be uplifted. A saleswoman is usually paid on a percentage basis. These percents run from 1 to 5 per cent. in many stores. That means that a very evil against which they are strenuously protest. Salesgirls are instructed to urge customers to have goods sent home on approval and often do urge it even against the customer's better judgment. In an attempt to show purchasers every consideration the stores have gone beyond the bounds of reasonableness and grow find themselves in a quandary. Keen competition between large firms complicates the situation. One store feels that it can not afford to withdraw any privileges which it has granted to its customers since by so doing it may be allowing some other store to surpass it in courtesy. There is no question that in an attempt to outdo each other in extending privileges the stores have created for every large extent their own returned-goods problem.

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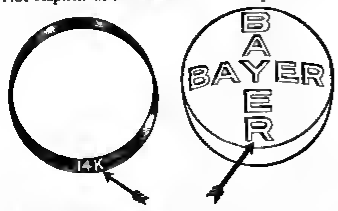
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girl who earns nine dollars a week is expected to sell three hundred dollars' worth of goods, a girl making twelve dollars a week, four hundred dollars' worth of goods and so on. If she sells more than this, she often gets a commission on her sales. If she sells less she is very apt to lose her job.

It is unfair to the salesgirl for a woman to leave a thing rent home when she knows she does not intend to keep it. A certain amount of returning goods is necessary and justifiable, but careless shopping and needless abuse of the privilege is making trouble to-day for all concerned—the storekeeper the clerks, and the customer.

Canadian Wife Controls Purse

BUT THERE is a still broader aspect of this question. The abuse of the returned-goods privilege is a serious charge to make against women, for it means that they are neglecting their job. The Canadian woman more than any other woman in the world controls the family purse. Without overestimating the importance of money it is plain that she who holds the purse strings shapes the family fortunes in more senses than one. To manage the family finances wisely, to expend the family budget to the best possible advantage a woman must cultivate the keenest sense of proportion, the nicest powers of discrimination. It means that she must be more than a good shopper, that she must see farther than the day's bargain sales. She must see into the middle of next week and years beyond. It means that she must have a vision of what she wants her family life to be and must realize that there is a close relation between two such seemingly divergent matters as visions and expenditures. For the little apparently unrelated incidents of every-day buying play an important part in every-day living. They play a large part in community life as well since each woman has her share in creating the standards of her community.

Buying is a Real Business

THE woman who does not know her business of buying will find that her family is constantly hampered by lack of funds. If she buys carelessly and without an intelligent plan she will never be quite sure how much money to count on. The dollars seem to leak from the family purse, and it is hard to tell for what they go. In this kind of living it is the things which are not bare necessities but which nevertheless add inestimably to the joy of life that are omitted. It means that mother does much of the drudgery of housekeeping, that father can never quite afford to join the country club and play golf—though he needs the exercise and it is the only game he really enjoys—and that there is never enough money to make it possible for the family to go all for a vacation.

But what has all this to do with the subject of returning goods to stores? Just this: the woman who shops carelessly who is willing for the sake of momentary convenience to allow the returned-goods evil to add ten per cent. to the cost of living is not a woman who knows her business. Careless return of goods is not only an insanitary practice not only unfair to the salesgirl and an extravagant custom but it marks the woman as a superficial and slapshod buyer who lacks the proper appreciation of her function as spender. The Canadian woman should remember the criticism which is being meted out to her as shopper and put a stop to the present abuse of the privilege of returning goods. And she will do this because she is an intelligent person with a good business sense, an appreciation of real values and a love of fairness.

My Confession of Faith

Continued from page 41

cure reliable. The one-close domination which has hitherto existed has also managed to poison the system of political democracy which was expected to effect the cure for all our ills. They cannot be permanently remedied unless political democracy is accompanied by social and industrial democracy.

Our aim, however, is not to substitute the domination of one class the farmers, for that of another, the financial and manufacturing interests. I think the Government of Premier Drury in Ontario provides a standing refutation of that charge. Mr. and his colleagues have already remedied many grievances of the farming community, but they have shown them no special favors and have never been wanting in their consideration for the general interests of the whole province. They stood to lose electorally by the introduction of P. R. but they are pushing forward plans to bring it into operation in several areas. The measure of goodwill and reconciliation which they have already earned for themselves among the ratepayers towns of Ontario is sufficient testimony that they have not pursued class policies in their administration.

I completely share Mr. Drury's view that there exists in our cities a large reserve of admirable progressive minds chiefly in the ranks of the educated and comparatively prosperous professional classes, whose aid and alliance the farmers cannot afford to despise. The view that the urban communities were a solid unit against our policy has always seemed to me erroneous and I have insisted that the realisation of our programme might well prove impossible without the co-operation of these progressive urban elements.

The truth is that, just as with urban labour, points of contact are often difficult and there are many suspicions to be overcome on both sides. But intelligent members of our party look upon themselves and their brethren not as a selfish group seeking to exact the maximum of blackmail from the rest of the community, but as blazing the trail for another lap in the march of human progress and liberation.

Miracle Man—and Others

Continued from page 23

of yours anyway Sam? asked G. H. H. anxiously.

'Some one said 'Not more than fifty.' G. H. H. looked relieved. 'Oh, is that all—lend me it.'

'Afterwards there was a steamed clam luncheon at Shoreacres and Samuel said that George put them all to bed.

Guess that all right—but even Ananias would exaggerate.

Larry Wilson's Candidature

AWAY back in the early '90's I was stationed at Moncton, in New Brunswick and just then a very important event happened in my life. I was up for the election of president of the Commercial Travellers Association of Canada. I knew a whole lot of the boys, and that fact led Sam D. Townsend now one of Montreal's rapid boys, but then a traveling ambassador of commerce for Larry Wilson—everyone knows Larry one of our biggest liquor merchants in America—to write me to secure my influence on Larry's behalf. I was laid dead with rheumatism, and so had plenty of time to attend to Sam's request. But I had been absent from Montreal for a couple of years, and not being closely in touch with current affairs, naturally sought for information. This was done in the following letter to Mr. Townsend:

Moncton Nov 19, 1892

My dear Captain—Yours of the 17th received this morning and found me full of rheumatism and sobriety but in all other respects, like our friend Mr. O'Reilly who keeps the hotel, doing well. I am not pledged to support anybody (except my family) and am willing to endorse Larry Wilson's candidature—or his note—if I can conscientiously do so. Let me say first, however, that the fact that he is a particular friend of yours will not seriously militate against him—with yours truly at any rate. I suppose he can't help it. You know I and men in his line of business must associate with all sorts of people, but let that pass. Before I could give my positive adhesion to Mr. Wilson's candidature however I must perfectly understand the platform on which he seeks election. Does he believe in protection or closer trade relations with Terra del Fuego and Totamagouche? Is he Protestant or no American? What are his views on the constitutionality of the Manitoba School Act, man or does he believe in five cent beer? Does he favor the absorption of the Intercolonial by the C.P.R. or is he a Home Ruler? What position does he take in Newfoundland's entrance into the Union and should he come would he put up at hotel or stay at home? Is he married, or does he sing in the choir and have more fun? Does he belong to the Loyal Orange Association and what are his terms to customers who are morally good but financially bankrupt? What does he think of Windsor Junction as a commercial metropolis? and does he look upon the wine when it is red, white and bling. Is he a Christian or a Grit? Does he travel on a pass or on his shape? Does he enjoy a University education and what is his attitude towards God-fearing hired girls? Can he drink gracefully out of a jug and who does he think should succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate? Can he skate or does he just let her slide? Is he a friend of the honest son of toil, and what does he think of William's Pink Pills. Does he shave himself, and can he repeat the Ten Commandments in the United States language? How is he on the goose, and does he pay by cheque or I.O.U? Which does he believe to be greater—Columbus' discovery of America or Shoda's Discovery of Wolfville, N.S.? Will he make affidavit that Jimmy McShane is a bigger man than Gladstone? Does he eat his hash with his knife or use Pauie's Celery Compound? Would he prefer the rheumatism to poker dice? What are his politics and how much are they worth? Does he belong to the Church of England or sleep in the store? And between you and me, what are Mr. Wilson's private views on the advisability of putting a case of Gold Lach on where it will do most good? These few questions satisfactorily answered will assure both my moral and immoral support. By the by, what office is he running for?

Mr. Townsend, unfortunately—for me—read this aloud to a tobacco store one evening. Henry Dalby, then a writer on the Montreal Star, entered the store to purchase some cigars, and getting an earful of the contents, grabbed the letter and to my consternation, it appeared in the paper the next evening just as I arrived in town and met the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who evidently had enjoyed the effusion. The next time Larry Wilson ran for president, his opponent was Mr. David Watson, and when Henry Dalby wrote me a note asking who would be elected I magisterially replied: "W—son."

Canadian Club

A GREAT many Canadians flock to Florida during the winter months—thousands of them—and St. Petersburg on the western coast is a favorite resort. They are greatly in evidence everywhere, and last January, on a very warm day, I strolled over to the City Park which was thronged with merry makers. The band was playing popular airs and many Canadians were indulging in dominoes, checkers, euchre and other old-fashioned card games, and for the first time since boyhood days I saw quite a number pitching quoits with horse-shoes. I took a hand in the game, and nearly hit the man that beat the big drum; goodness knows how many yards away.

It was a grand day. The Canadians are there during the winter in such strong force that they have a club room for themselves, only on the door was a card which read: 'Canadian Club' and beneath it, "1920"—signifying that a club meeting was to be held that evening at that hour. Mike Hannan, the Michigan Central Railway detective of Detroit, who is well-known through Western Ontario and who was visiting St. Petersburg, didn't meet it exactly in that light.

'Holy Smoke,' he said, 'Canadian Club—7.30. Mickey's the boy! I've bought for a dollar-ten aye an, for ninety cents."

And then everybody smiled.

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Town..... State.....

tion. Does he believe in protection or closer trade relations with Terra del Fuego and Totamagouche? Is he Protestant or no American? What are his views on the constitutionality of the Manitoba School Act, man or does he believe in five cent beer? Does he favor the absorption of the Intercolonial by the C.P.R. or is he a Home Ruler? What position does he take in Newfoundland's entrance into the Union and should he come would he put up at hotel or stay at home? Is he married, or does he sing in the choir and have more fun? Does he belong to the Loyal Orange Association and what are his terms to customers who are morally good but financially bankrupt? What does he think of Windsor Junction as a commercial metropolis? and does he look upon the wine when it is red, white and bling. Is he a Christian or a Grit? Does he travel on a pass or on his shape? Does he enjoy a University education and what is his attitude towards God-fearing hired girls? Can he drink gracefully out of a jug and who does he think should succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate? Can he skate or does he just let her slide? Is he a friend of the honest son of toil, and what does he think of William's Pink Pills. Does he shave himself, and can he repeat the Ten Commandments in the United States language? How is he on the goose, and does he pay by cheque or I.O.U? Which does he believe to be greater—Columbus' discovery of America or Shoda's Discovery of Wolfville, N.S.? Will he make affidavit that Jimmy McShane is a bigger man than Gladstone? Does he eat his hash with his knife or use Pauie's Celery Compound? Would he prefer the rheumatism to poker dice? What are his politics and how much are they worth? Does he belong to the Church of England or sleep in the store? And between you and me, what are Mr. Wilson's private views on the advisability of putting a case of Gold Lach on where it will do most good? These few questions satisfactorily answered will assure both my moral and immoral support. By the by, what office is he running for?

Mr. Townsend, unfortunately—for me—read this aloud to a tobacco store one evening. Henry Dalby, then a writer on the Montreal Star, entered the store to purchase some cigars, and getting an earful of the contents, grabbed the letter and to my consternation, it appeared in the paper the next evening just as I arrived in town and met the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who evidently had enjoyed the effusion. The next time Larry Wilson ran for president, his opponent was Mr. David Watson, and when Henry Dalby wrote me a note asking who would be elected I magisterially replied: "W—son."

Canadian Club

A GREAT many Canadians flock to Florida during the winter months—thousands of them—and St. Petersburg on the western coast is a favorite resort. They are greatly in evidence everywhere, and last January, on a very warm day, I strolled over to the City Park which was thronged with merry makers. The band was playing popular airs and many Canadians were indulging in dominoes, checkers, euchre and other old-fashioned card games, and for the first time since boyhood days I saw quite a number pitching quoits with horse-shoes. I took a hand in the game, and nearly hit the man that beat the big drum; goodness knows how many yards away.

It was a grand day. The Canadians are there during the winter in such strong force that they have a club room for themselves, only on the door was a card which read: 'Canadian Club' and beneath it, "1920"—signifying that a club meeting was to be held that evening at that hour. Mike Hannan, the Michigan Central Railway detective of Detroit, who is well-known through Western Ontario and who was visiting St. Petersburg, didn't meet it exactly in that light.

'Holy Smoke,' he said, 'Canadian Club—7.30. Mickey's the boy! I've bought for a dollar-ten aye an, for ninety cents."

And then everybody smiled.



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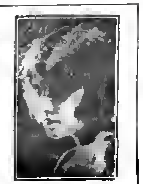
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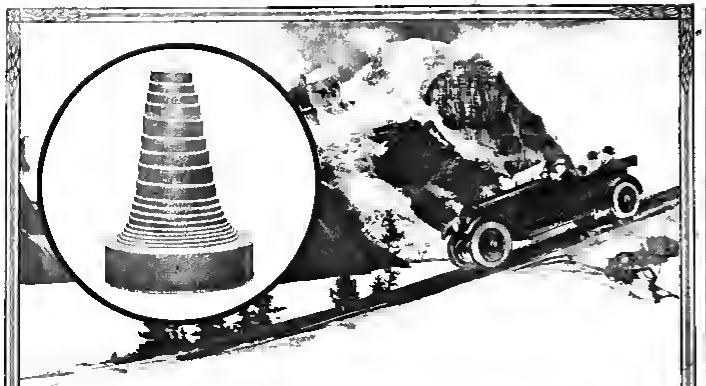
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Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



Indefinite —"Is this the hosiery department?" said the voice over the phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?" asked the voice

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady, "Whaddy ya want pink, yellow or black?" —*Cincinnati Inquirer*

Political Complications Mistress—How did you happen to leave your last position?

New Maid The lady fired me."

Mistress "Ah, she was dissatisfied?"

New Maid "Naw She was a pore-head I run for alderman again' her and won"—*Town Topics*

Excessive Gallantry "You seem to have been in a serious accident."

"Yes," said the bandaged person. "I tried to climb a tree in my motorcar."

"What did you do that for?"

"Just to oblige a lady who was driving another car She wanted to use the road." —*Birmingham Age-Herald*

Perfectly Safe — Are you the plumber?" asked Mrs. Cooke

"Yes, ma'am, I'm the plumber all right."

"Well," she replied, "I just want to caution you to exercise care when doing your work All my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me, slippin', lady, I've got nails in me shoes."—*Everybody's Magazine*

Self-Protection — "You admit, then," said an Alabama judge, "that you stole the hog?"

"Ah sure has to, Jedge," said the colored prisoner.

"Well, nigger, there's been a lot of hog-stealing going on around here lately, and I'm just going to make an example of you or none of us will be safe!"—*The Lawyer and Banker* New Orleans.

The Heavenly Handicap.— "Mr Blowster came very near bringing on a stroke of apoplexy the other day"

"How so?"

"His automobile engine stalled when he was giving the Rev Dr Fourthly a lift Mr. Blowster was as mad as a hornet, but he couldn't say anything stronger than 'tut! tut!'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Well Dusted —A little fellow sat on a doorstep crying bitterly Passers-by tried to console him, but without avail Presently a sympathetic old lady came along

"What's the matter, little man?" she asked.

"Got my new trousers covered with dust," sobbed the boy

"But they're clean now, dear," continued the lady

"I know they are," wailed the lad

"Then why do you still cry, child?"

"'Cause mother wouldn't let me take 'em off when she dusted 'em"—*Pearson's Weekly* London

Conclusive Evidence — "Yes," said the traveler, "I had an amusing journey up to town. There were two Scotsmen in the carriage

"How do you know they were Scotsmen?" asked the cashier curiously "By their accent, I suppose?"

"No, you see they both happened to take their pipes out together Well, they filled them and then each calmly waited for the other to strike a match"

"Well, what happened?"

"Oh, I brought out my pipe, as both of them waited for my match"—*London Answers*

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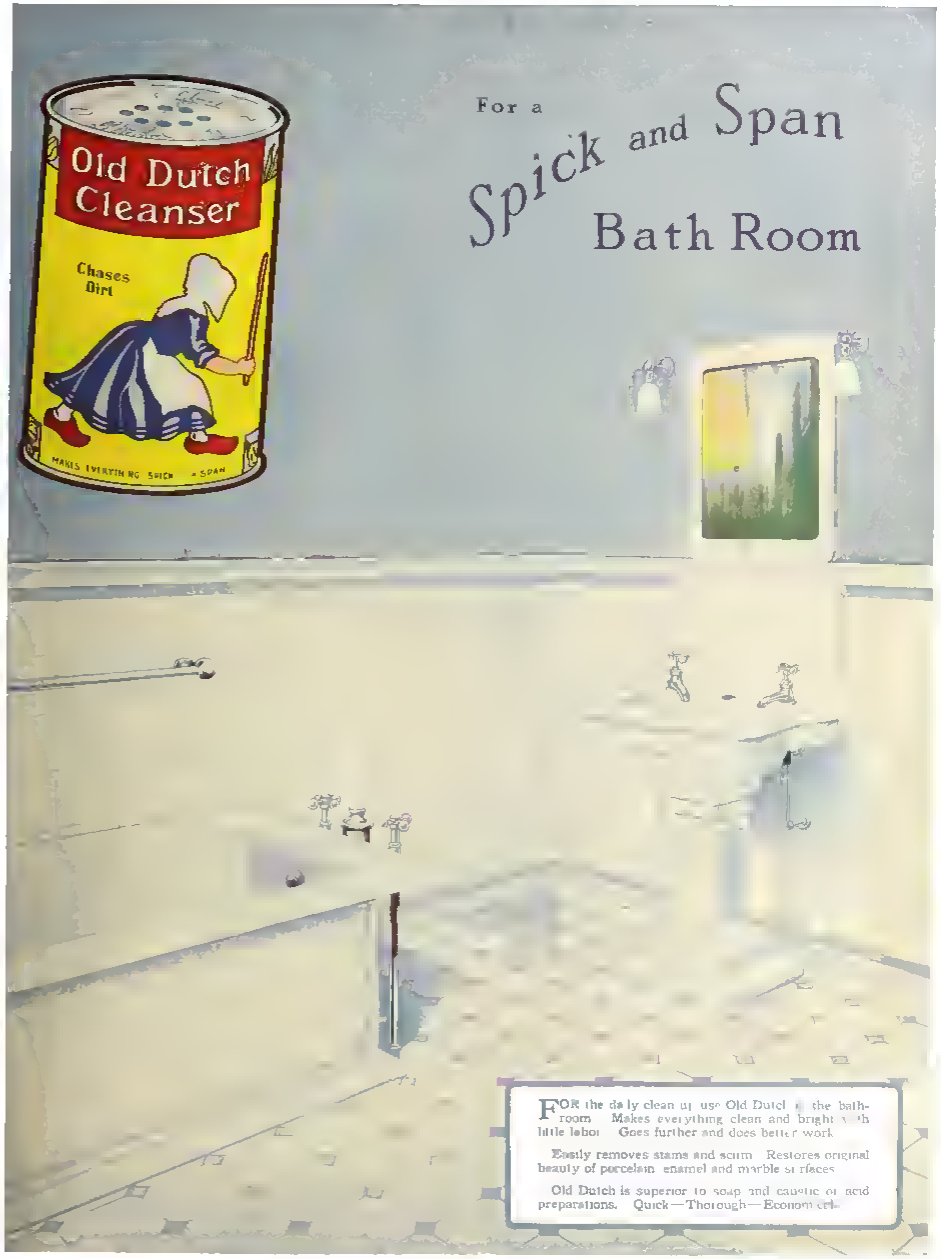
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